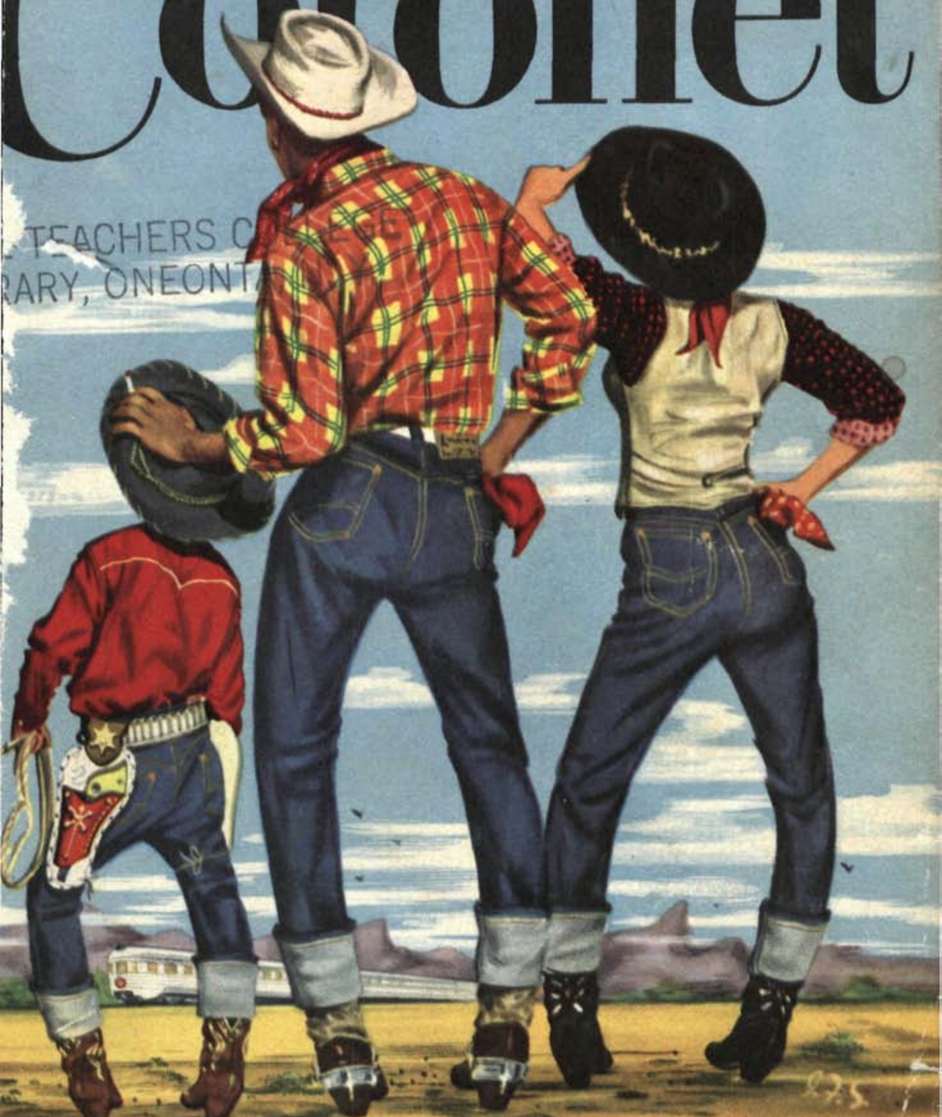
SEPTEMBER 25c

THIS PRINTING: OVER 2,500,000 COPIES

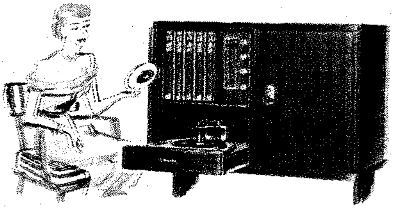
Coronet

TEACHERS C
RARY, ONEONT



Read the Revealing Exposé

THE NEW MORAL MENACE

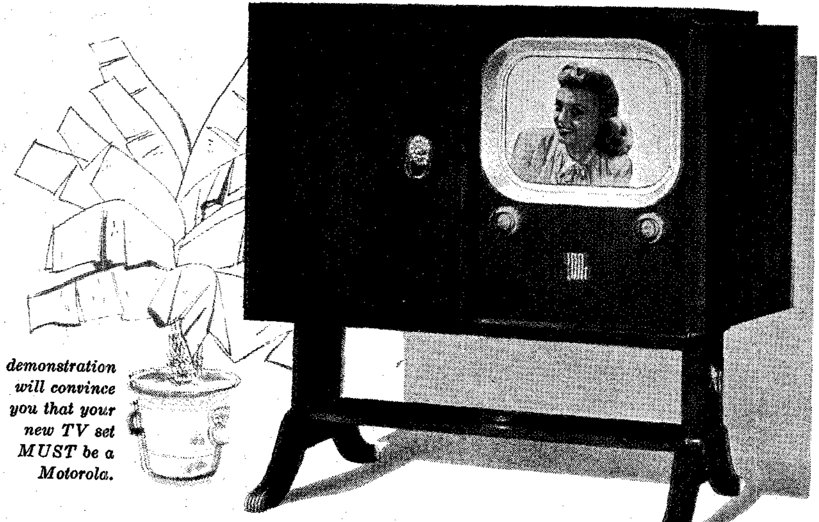


1951 Fashion Academy Award Winner

Motorola TV

NEW "18th Century" off-the-floor cabinet . . . so very beautiful in your home. **NEW** 17 inch rectangular pictures . . . brighter, steadier than ever. **NEW** "controlled quality" chassis for trouble-free service. **EASY** 2-control tuning. . . turn it on, select station, that's all. **EXCLUSIVE** Bilt-in-Tenna . . . just plug in and play! **NEW** 3-speed phonograph, plus FM/AM radio.

And above all, **New value at a new low price!**



a demonstration will convince you that your new TV set MUST be a Motorola.

Model 17F4 in Mahogany

There's a style to fit your home . . . at a price to fit your budget. See your Motorola dealer soon.

How we retired with $200 a month

WE'D never be out here in California today, if it hadn't been for what happened back in Scarsdale the night of September 10, 1926. How do I remember the date? It was my 40th birthday. Nell had gotten tickets for "Countess Maritza." While she was dressing, I sat looking through a magazine.

I suppose any man feels kind of serious at forty. Someday we wanted, Nell and I, to move out where it was summer all year. Grow flowers and soak up the sun. But how could we? We hadn't saved much. And I realized half my working years had gone. I made a fair salary. But we found it hard to save. So I wondered—must I always live on a treadmill like so many men?

As I turned the pages, an ad caught my eye, and I started to read it. Oddly, the ad seemed meant for me. There was, it said, a way for a man to retire on an income—without ever being rich. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. With it, I could get a *guaranteed income* of $200 a month beginning when I reached 60. I tore out the coupon at the bottom of the ad and mailed it on our way to the show.

Well, that was back in 1926. A few years later, the stock market crashed, and the depression came along. Then the war. Many times I was thankful that I had my Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plan.

A while back, my 60th birthday arrived—and did we celebrate! We sold the Scarsdale house and headed for California. We're in a lovely spot here. And every month the postman hands us a check for $200. Security? Our income is guaranteed for life!

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
816 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name__________________________

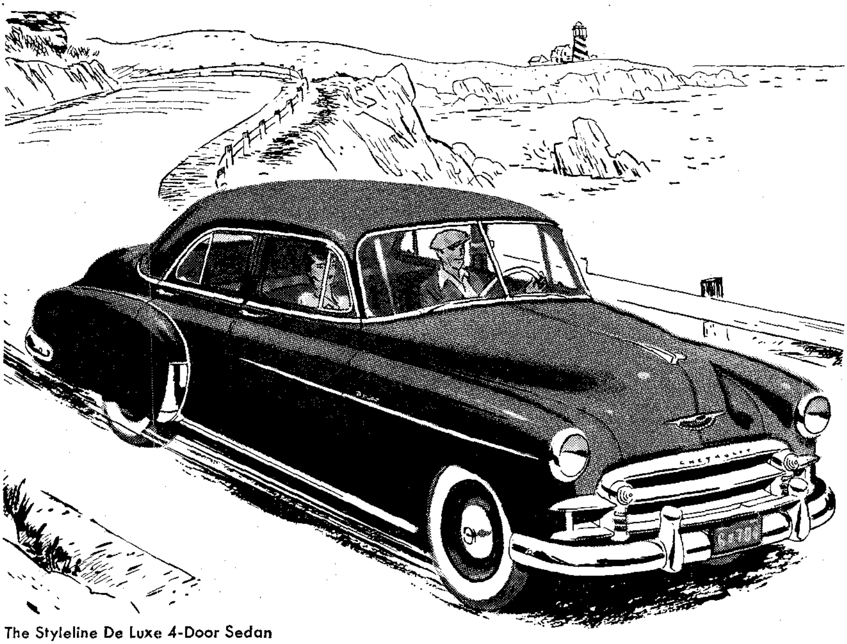
Date of Birth______________________

Business Address____________________

____

Home Address______________________

Copyright 1950, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company



The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

FIRST... and Finest... at Lowest Cost...

with feature after feature found elsewhere only in costlier cars . . .

NEW STYLE-STAR BODIES BY FISHER ● NEW TWO-TONE FISHER INTERIORS ● CENTER-POINT STEERING AND UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION RIDE ● PANORAMIC VISIBILITY ● POWERGLIDE AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION WITH 105-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST ON DE LUXE MODELS ● ECONOMICAL TO OWN, OPERATE AND MAINTAIN.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Coronet

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART
Editor:
GORDON CARROLL
Editorial Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER
Associate Editors:
JOHN BARKHAM
OLGA DAVIDSON
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
JAMES FOLINSBEE
BERNARD L. GLASER
BEN KARTMAN
R. B. LUNDAHL
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.
LYNN MOEHLENBROCK
BEN NELSON
CHARLES ROBBINS
Roving Editors:
CAROL HUGHES
JOHN G. SCHNEIDER
Production Director:
GUS BERKES
Art Director:
GEORGE SAMERJAN
Advertising Director:
ROBERT F. BUGGELN

David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. of Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Robert F. Buggeln, Vice-Pres. & Adv. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication & General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colo. Editorial & Advertising offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Copyright: Coronet is copyrighted 1950 by Esquire, Inc., under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for September, 1950 VOL. 28, NO. 5, WHOLE NO. 167

Articles

"I'll Be Seeing You" . . . . THE REV. DANIEL A. POLING 21
Secrets of Making Marriage Glamorous . . JOHN J. DICKSON 24
Africa's Master of the Diamond World . . JOHN BARKHAM 30
The Baby Tree . . . . HENRY LEE 35
Drivers Aren't Dumb! . . . . WILLIAM LAAS 40
Stealing the Secrets of the Sun
FRANK HOGAN AND SUMNER MOULTON 53
Quirks of Queens . . . . PAUL STEINER 57
The Hollywood Story of Darryl Zanuck . DWIGHT WHITNEY 58
Magic Melody . . . . MARCEL WALLENSTEIN 64
Don't Trifle with Tonsils! . . . . KATE HOLLIDAY 66
A Private Car Called "Success"
ROWLAND L. WILLIAMS AS TOLD TO DON EDDY 85
There's Only One Brooks Brothers . . . . . LESTER DAVID 90
Everybody's Telephone . . . . MADELYN WOOD 98
New Moral Menace to Our Youth . RALPH H. MAJOR, JR. 101
Lighting Dark Lives . . . . PRISCILLA JACKSON 137
Surgery Fixes Ailing Hearts . . . . J. D. RATCLIFF 138
So Much to Learn . . . . VALEDA VON STEINBERG 144
Miracle Metal of 4,000 Uses . . . . NORMAN CARLISLE 146

Pictorial Features

Coronet Quick Tricks . . . . FUN FOR THE FAMILY 6
Quiet Hero . . . . VIGNETTE OF SPORTS 8
Coronet Recommends . . . . MOVIES OF THE MONTH 10
Glamour Dish—Homemade . . . . A CHEF'S SECRET 12
Coronet's Family Shopper 14
They Won the Frontier . . . . AN ART STORY IN COLOR 45
The Simple Life . . . . A PICTURE STORY 69
Tragedy Is a Teacher . . . . A PICTORIAL REPORT 109

Departments

A "Run" for Your Money . . . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 29
Unfurled from the Show World . . . ENTERTAINMENT GEMS 38
School Daze . . . . CLASSROOM QUIPS 89
Fact or Fiction? . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 95
Grin and Share It . . . . HUMOR FOR EVERYONE 96
Saved by a Scourge . . . . CORONET STORY TELLER 157

Book Feature

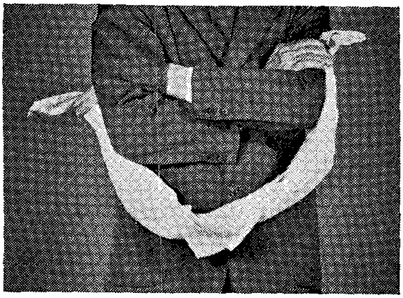
Abe Brown, U.S.N. . . . . COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER 125

Cover

The Great Open Spaces . . . . J. FREDERICK SMITH

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. All undeliverable copies should be returned to above address. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

Coronet Quick Tricks



←

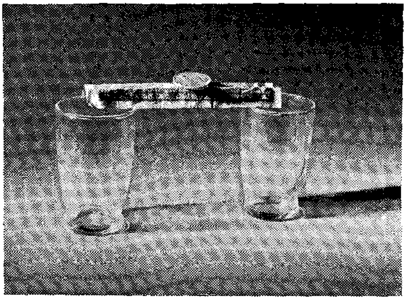
The Trick: To hold a napkin at two opposite ends, and, without letting go, tie it into a knot.

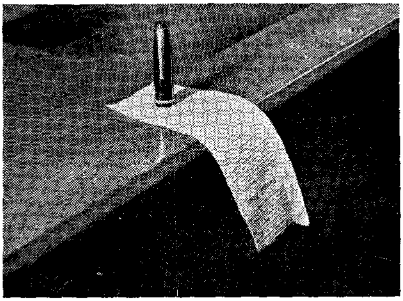
How to Do It: Fold your arms before grasping the ends of the napkin. Then, when you unfold your arms, the napkin will be tied in a beautiful knot.

→

The Trick: To support a 50-cent piece on the center of a dollar bill, suspended between two glasses which are at least three inches apart.

How to Do It: Just fold the bill in half lengthwise and fold each side again. The coin will stay up indefinitely.





←

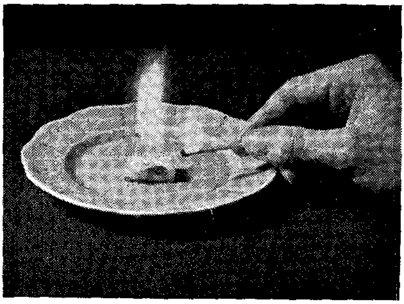
The Trick: To remove a strip of paper, about eight inches deep and one column wide, from underneath a fountain-pen cap without moving the cap.

How to Do It: Moisten your fingertip and forcefully strike the part of the paper extending over the table's edge.

→

The Trick: To set fire to an ordinary lump of table sugar.

How to Do It: Simply dip a corner of the lump of sugar in cigarette ash and apply a lighted match to the corner. The sugar will catch fire without any difficulty and will burn slowly.



Big as LIFE!

You'll be happier longer with G. E.'s big-as-life, true-to-life picture!

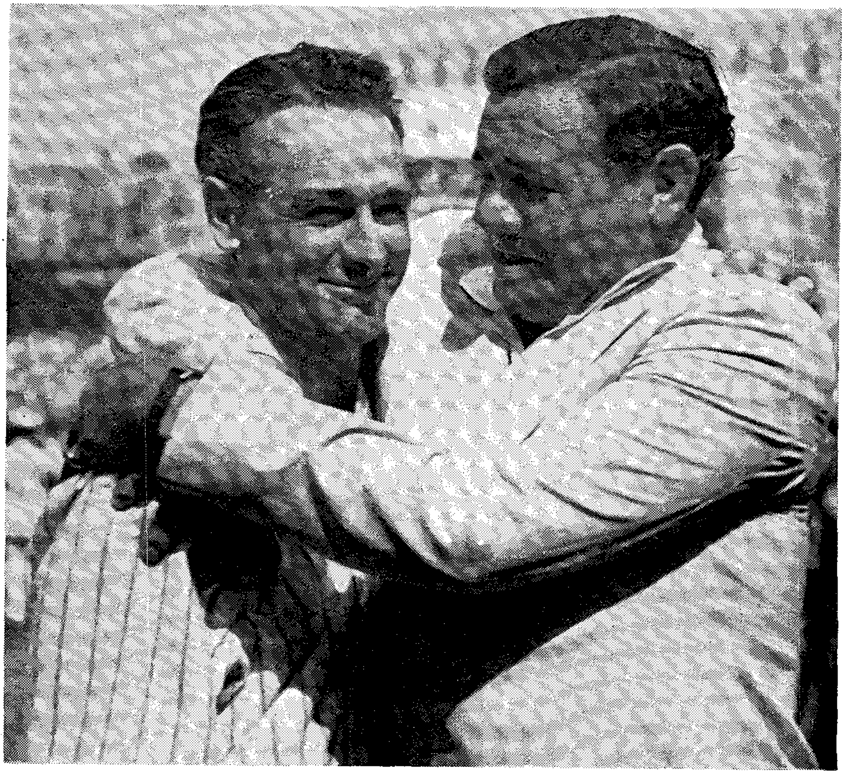
16" Rectangular Tube BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

Huge, life-size, lifelike pictures. G-E rectangular black tube shows *all* the TV camera sees, blacker, sharper, clearer than ordinary TV. Powerful built-in antenna. Decorator-styled genuine mahogany veneered cabinet with swivel casters. Model 16C113.

General Electric Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Quiet Hero

IT HAS BEEN 11 years since the Iron Man hung up his spikes and his big first-baseman's mitt. It took a rare disease to stop him, but after 14 years and 2,130 consecutive baseball games, Lou Gehrig was through.

They were all there that memorable July 4, the Yankee greats of yesterday—Meusel, Pennock, Hoyt, Lazzeri—and the immortal Babe Ruth. And in all the vast Yankee Stadium, among spectators and players, there was hardly a dry eye when Lou Gehrig took the microphone and told the crowd: "I may have been given a bad break, but I consider myself the luckiest man on earth just the same."

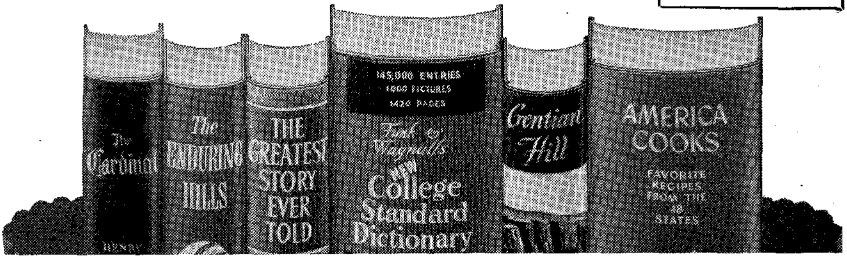
Two years later, he was dead. When the teams took the field for the World Series of 1949, the Babe was gone, too. But who will ever forget them? As they are enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame, so are they enshrined in the hearts of millions of Americans. No umpire will cry, "Play ball!"—no baseball season will ever start, without someone in the crowd remembering the Babe's thunderous voice as he called to Gehrig: "Come on now, Lou, put it outta the park!"

Why the *Family Reading Club* OFFERS TO SEND YOU ANY TWO OF THESE FINE BOOKS FREE WITH MEMBERSHIP

YES, you are invited to accept *any two* of the wonderful new books shown on this page as your FREE Membership Gift Book and first FREE Bonus Book when you join our book club! The Family Reading Club was founded to find and distribute books for the whole family—books which are *worthwhile, interesting* and *entertaining* without being *objectionable* in any way. Read, below, how the Family Reading Club operates; then mail the coupon to join the Club and get your TWO free books—*today!*

FAMILY READING CLUB DOUBLE GUARANTEE

First: the Club guarantees the high standard of excellence of all its books. Second: if any selection meets with your disapproval, you may return it for full credit within 30 days after you have received it.



THE CARDINAL
By Henry M. Robinson

A great novel that has captivated more readers than any similar book since "The Robe." Publisher's regular edition, $3.50.

THE ENDURING HILLS
By Janice Holt Giles

A Kentucky farm boy breaks away from the humdrum life that had been his family's lot for generations. Publisher's edition, $3.00.

GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD
By Fulton Oursler

A reverent, faithful retelling of the everlasting story of Jesus, bringing Him excitingly close to you. Publisher's edition, $2.95.

Funk & Wagnalls COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY

Contains over 145,000 entries, 1,420 pages; measures 6½" x 9¼". A *must* volume for your home library. Publisher's edition, $5.50.

GENTIAN HILL
By Elizabeth Goudge

A magical tale of two orphans who relived one of the most beautiful legends in English folklore. Publisher's edition, $3.50.

AMERICA COOKS
By The Browns

Contains over 1,600 recipes from all over America. Crystal-clear directions keep you from going wrong. Publisher's edition, $2.49.

BOOKS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY AT ENORMOUS SAVINGS

THERE is no charge for membership in the Family Reading Club. Each month our Editors select the *one book* they can recommend most enthusiastically to members—books every member of the family can read. You pay only $1.89 each (plus postage and handling) for the books you purchase after reading the book review magazine which will come to your home each month. But it is *not* necessary to purchase every book—only *four* each year to retain your membership.

FREE BONUS BOOKS. The Club distributes a "Bonus" Book free for each four selections you take, and you can build up a fine library this way at no extra expense. The purchase of Club books for only $1.89 each—instead of the publishers' prices of $2.50 to $4.00—saves you 25% to 35% of your book dollars. And when the value of the free Bonus Books is figured in, you actually save up to 50%!

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON. If you believe in a book club which will appeal to the finest instincts of the family, let us introduce you to the Family Reading Club by sending you any TWO of the books shown above as your membership Gift Books! Mail the coupon today!

FAMILY READING CLUB • MINEOLA, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON NOW! CS

TWO BOOKS FREE WITH MEMBERSHIP

FAMILY READING CLUB, DEPT. 9COR
MINEOLA, NEW YORK

Please send me at once the *two books* I have checked below as my Membership Gift Books.

☐ The Cardinal
☐ The Enduring Hills
☐ The Greatest Story Ever Told
☐ New College Standard Dictionary
☐ Gentian Hill
☐ America Cooks

Also enroll me as a member of the Family Reading Club and send me, each month, a review of the Club's forthcoming selection — which I may accept or reject as I choose. There are no membership dues or fees—only the requirement that I accept a minimum of four Club selections during the coming twelve months, beginning with the current Club selection, at only $1.89 each, plus postage and handling. As a member I will receive a free Bonus Book with each four Club selections I accept.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss (Please Print)

Street and No. ....

City .... Zone .... State ......

Occupation .... Age, if Under 21 ......

Same price in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2
Offer good only in the U.S.A. and Canada

Coronet Recommends...

"THE MEN"

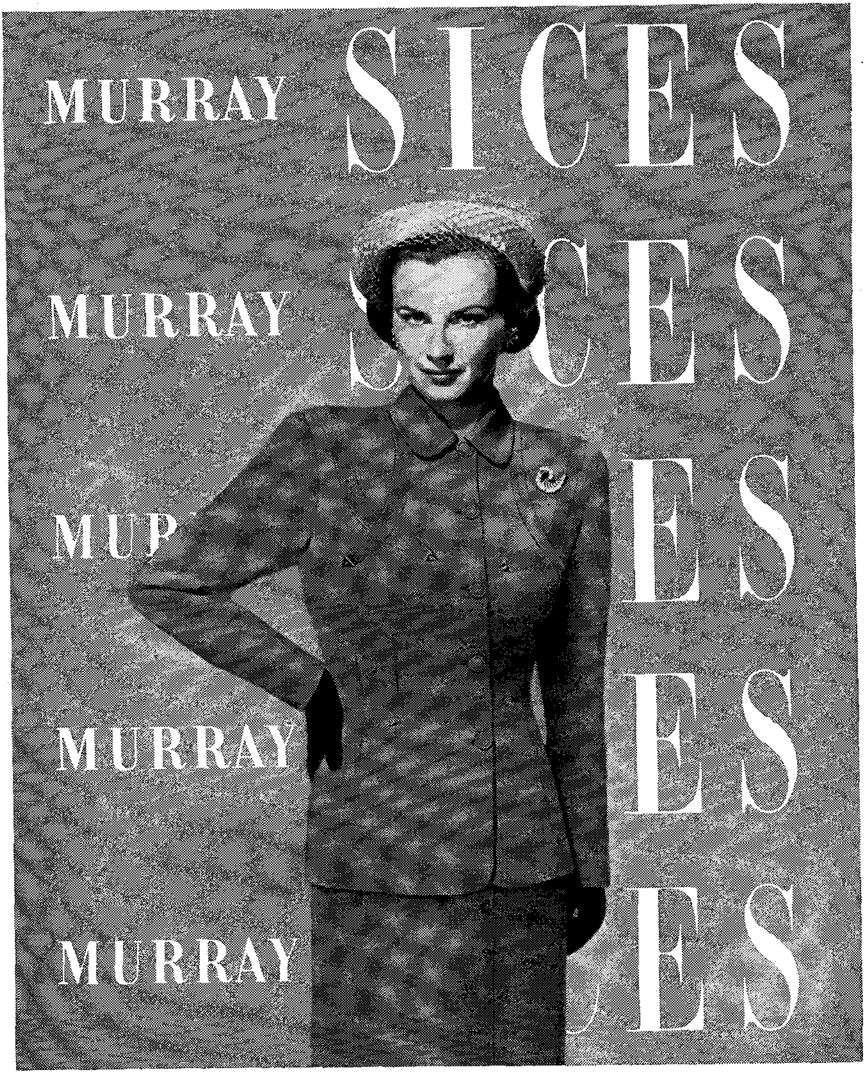
Because this is the story of a soldier who is paralyzed from the waist down, and of his bitter, seemingly hopeless struggle to live a normal life. Told with compassion and restraint, *The Men* is a postscript to war, a study of veterans—wounded or sound—and their attitude toward the peace. Dramatically acted by Marlon Brando and Teresa Wright, it marks a triumph for United Artists and producer Stanley Kramer.

"THE MINIVER STORY"

Because in a quietly touching story M-G-M has produced a worthy successor to *Mrs. Miniver*. With the war over, Kay and Clem Miniver (*Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon*) prepare to enjoy the fruits of peace. Then they learn that they have only a few short months left together. Their resolution at this final threat is of the same caliber as that which enabled them to withstand the German blitz. And even as they lose, their love triumphs.

"THE BROKEN ARROW"

Because 20th Century-Fox's story of how peace between settler and Indian came to Arizona makes a new and exciting kind of Western. It tells of a frontiersman's love for an Indian girl, of the white men's treachery that kills her, and of the hard-won understanding that succeeds in stilling the gunfire at last. James Stewart, Debra Paget and Jeff Chandler contribute masterful performances to a gripping, believable motion picture.



Stunning . . . this all-occasion suit for the woman 5 feet 5 or under. *Eliminates bothersome alterations* . . . fits to perfection. Expertly fashioned in "Botany" Brand Marchana, rich 100% virgin wool *gabardine. Smart town tones. Sizes 12½ to 24½.* Reasonably priced. At the best stores everywhere. At Russeks, New York; or for store nearest you, write:

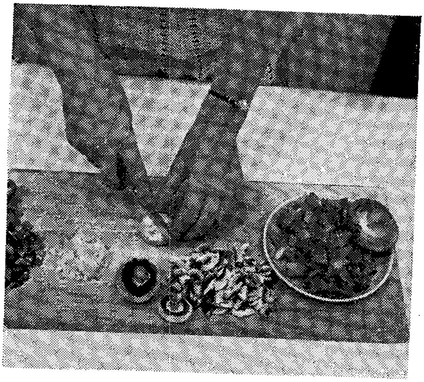
THE MURRAY SICES CORP., 252 WEST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

(In Canada, styles by Murray Sices manufactured by Lou Larry, Toronto)

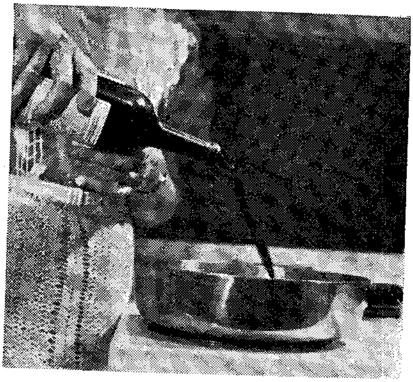
GLAMOUR DISH
—Homemade

MINO, MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL of Atlantic City's Peacock Inn at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, tells how to re-create his famed beef tenderloin in your kitchen:

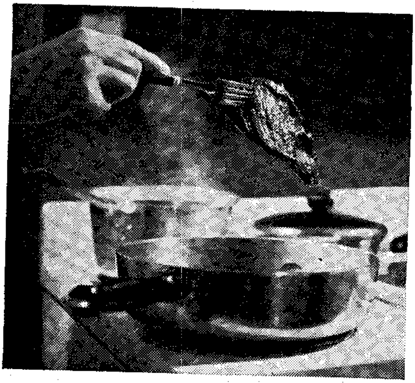
1 pound tenderloin of beef (in 8 slices)
2 tomatoes (chopped fine)
3 shallots (chopped fine)
6 ounces Burgundy wine
½ pound butter
5 heads cloves (crushed fine)
8 pods black pepper (crushed fine)
1 leveled teaspoon salt
¼ pound fresh mushrooms (sliced)
3 sprigs parsley (chopped fine)
1 pinch rosemary
1 green pepper (chopped fine)
1 pound bow-tie noodles
1 cup olive oil
1 spoonful Worcestershire Sauce



Brown shallots, tomatoes, and mushrooms in separate oiled pans. Boil noodles 12 minutes. Add ¼ pound butter.



Butter green pepper; brown, add seasoning, wine. Mix with shallots, mushrooms, tomatoes. Simmer three minutes. Stir.

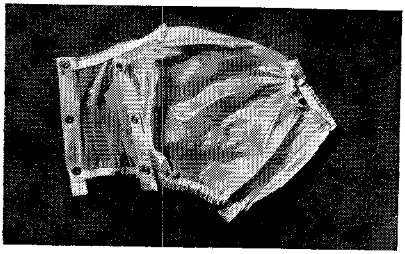


Put two spoonfuls of oil in large pan. Allow to get hot. Lay beef in for one minute, then turn for another minute.

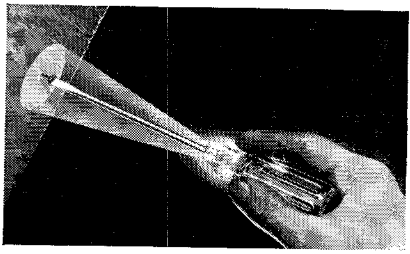
Place the beef on a large platter and pour sauce over it. Surround with noodles, add parsley, and serve very hot.

ACHIEVE THE NEW
EXOTIC EYE MAKE-UP
WITH Maybelline
PREFERRED BY REALLY SMART WOMEN THE WORLD OVER —
EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA
Maybelline

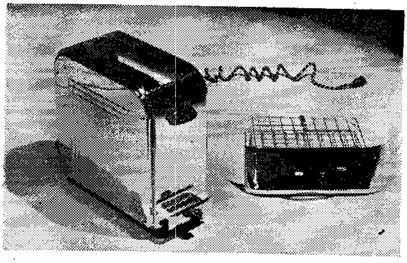
Coronet's Family Shopper



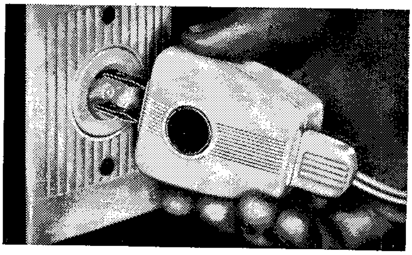
PLASTIC BABY PANTIES that snap on are cool, odorless, and acid-proof. They are washable, non-chafing, fit snugly for safety, yet not too snugly for comfort. Available in four sizes (item 105).



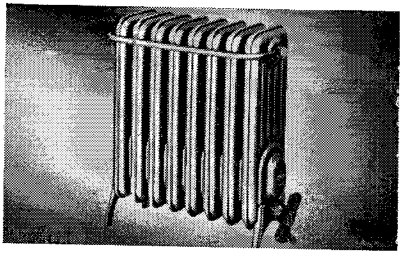
FOR REPAIRING in dark corners and for lighting hard-to-see jobs, here is a screw driver with a light in the handle. It uses miniature battery and bulb, remains lighted until turned off (item 107).



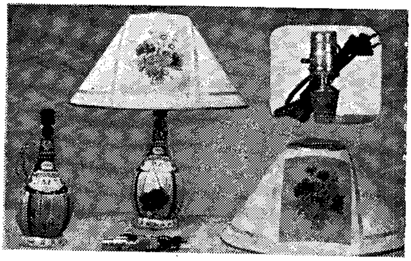
BROIL BOTH SIDES at once in this electric broiler. The adjustable rack will hold anything from sliced tomatoes to a four-pound steak, and the meat is quickly, healthfully seared (item 109).



WHISK WHISKERS away faster and smoother by plugging this device into an electric outlet, then attaching the shaver. Changes AC to more efficient DC, gives extra speed (item 106).



CARRY THIS portable electric radiator through the home to take the chill off hard-to-heat rooms. The heating element is fully enclosed, the handle becomes a drying rack (item 108).



A TREASURED BOTTLE or vase becomes a lamp in a few minutes with this clever adaptor. The cork base peels off to fit the neck of any container; no drilling is needed for the cord (item 110).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

are you still undecided about Tampax?

Do you still have lingering, wavering doubts concerning this modern *internal* form of monthly sanitary protection? If so, remember you are not the first woman to be perplexed by unfamiliar ideas—from dental care to non-shift automobiles . . . remember also that *millions* of women have made the change-over to Tampax. Just ask *them* if they will ever go back to "the other"!

Doctor-invented Tampax is extremely simple. Made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, it comes to you already fitted into dainty disposable applicators that make insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and when it's in place you *cannot even feel it!*

No belts, pins or pads with Tampax—and no odor. No bulges or edge-lines can show through. Tampax is so small that disposal problems disappear—along with most of tenseness and self-consciousness common at such times.

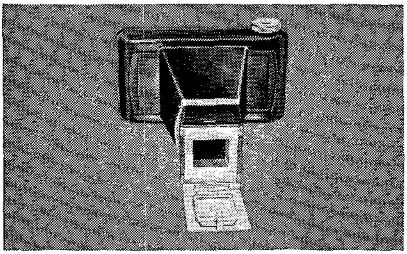
Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. A full month's average supply will fit easily into your purse. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX — AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association
TAMPAX

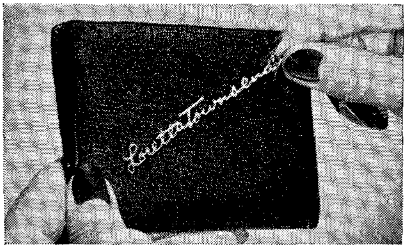
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Coronet's Family Shopper

CHILDREN'S COATS that grow with the child because of patented hem at bottom and sleeves are now made with a revolutionary Milium lining. It provides warmth without weight, eliminating bulky layers of fabric. Matching wool slacks are available (item 111).



REPRODUCE precious color slides in black and white with this device. It uses ordinary roll film and the exposure is made with a photoflood bulb. Negative can be used to make as many prints as needed, which can be enlarged up to 16 by 20 inches (item 113).



EXACT REPLICAS of autographs in 14-karat gold plate can now be mounted on cigarette cases, luggage, and automobiles. You supply the signature, and it will be reproduced with prongs or adhesive for fastening to leather, or a special material for metal (item 112).

THIS LIGHTWEIGHT, warm sport shirt is woven of cotton and wool. In tartan, the men's fashion that even the King of England has adopted, it's cheerful, comfortable, and long-wearing. This new shirt is washable, due to the careful blending of the fibers (item 114).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

FILM dulls your smile
FILM spoils your breath
FILM speeds tooth decay!

Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is caused by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. *Don't let decay start in your mouth!* Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

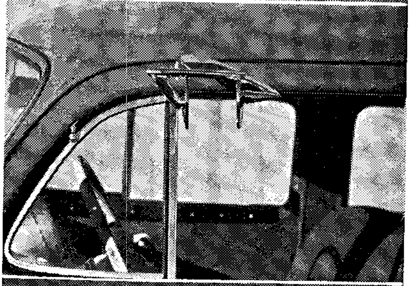
CONTAINS IRIUM
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE · CONTAINS IRIUM

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alykl Sulfate.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

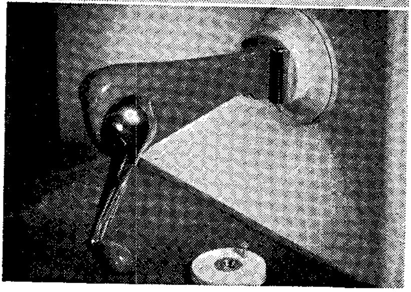
Coronet's Family Shopper

ALLERGIC TO HOUSE DUST, or annoyed by it? Dip or thoroughly wet everything in the house—from rugs to upholstered furniture, pillows, and blankets—in a solution of this chemical, and irritation is reduced to a minimum. Tests show it won't harm washable fabrics or human skin, cuts down dusting chores, and reduces sneezes (item 115).



YOU GET CLEAR VISION of oncoming traffic with this ingenious mirror. It merely clips to the top of the automobile door, and sticks out no further than an ordinary rear-vision mirror. Recommended by traffic experts, this mirror enables you to see around the car ahead, and makes passing on the highway a safer proposition (item 116).

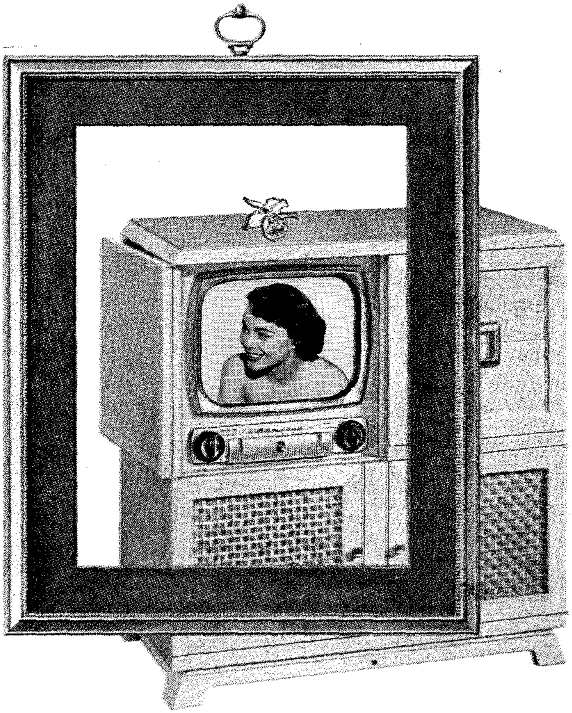
FOR RAINY WEATHER, here is the perfect answer—Latex boots which fit all heel sizes, eliminating ankle-splashing and a wardrobe of rubbers. In red or black with a turn-down cuff, they fit smoothly into a handy plastic bag, are light in weight and smart in appearance. The short boots are available in small, medium or large sizes (item 117).



ATTACH KITCHEN, office, or bathroom equipment and fixtures to metal, tile, or glass with this amazing vacuum cup. It derives its strength from mechanical screw tension. The cup has a leakproof back plate, and can be removed without leaving a mark. A raised plywood section acts as a wall for attaching your appliance (item 118).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Model 36R37 with 16" TV



Magic Mirror Television

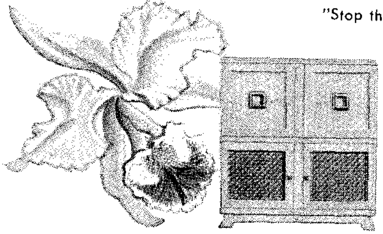
Triple Play Phonograph

Dynamagic FM-AM Radio

Clearest Picture in Television!

Yes, clear . . . *close up!* Now . . . with Admiral's revolutionary new "Filteray" tube, you can sit as close as you please and enjoy clear, sharp, glare-free pictures even on Admiral's biggest-of-all 19" screen. Eventually you'll want the biggest . . . why not get it now?

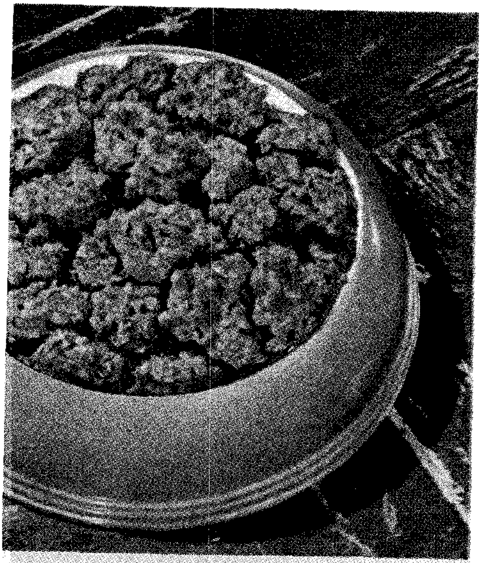
On TV: "Lights Out"—NBC, Mon., 9 pm, EDT
"Stop the Music"—ABC, Thurs., 8 pm, EDT

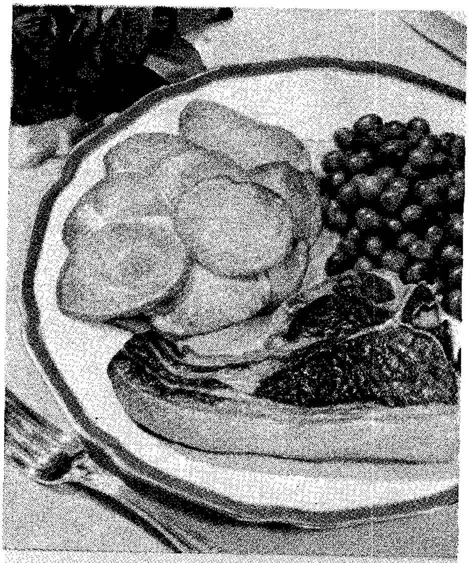


Admiral

America's Smart Set

Feed your dog as well as you feed yourself





Swift's Pard gives your dog as much nourishment --- as you get in this hearty, nutritious lamb chop dinner!

Look how these dinners compare!

		LAMB CHOP DINNER	PARD (1 CAN)
Protein	(gms.)	26.4	52.8
Carbohydrate	(gms.)	42.5	45.7
Fat	(gms.)	54.2	14.7
Iron	(mgs.)	5.2	22.7
Calcium	(gms.)	0.05	2.0
Phosphorus	(gms.)	0.38	1.59
Vitamin A	(units)	499.0	550.0
Thiamine	(mgs.)	0.58	1.41
Riboflavin	(mgs.)	0.43	1.86
Niacin	(mgs.)	8.71	18.2

Energy: **Lamb chop dinner:** 25.4% of daily caloric needs for average man
Pard (1 can): 100% of daily caloric needs for 20-lb. dog

Pard
man's best friend
SWIFT'S DOG FOOD

Your best friend's best food!

GENERATION-TESTED. In Swift's own research kennels, 11 consecutive generations of happy, healthy dogs have been raised exclusively on Pard and water.

GENERATION-PROVED. Since 1932, *more* dogs in *more* homes have eaten *more* Pard than any other quality canned dog food. Join the millions—feed PARD!

NATIONAL DOG WEEK • SEPT. 24-30

Vol. 28, No. 5 Coronet September, 1950
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

"I'll Be Seeing You"

by THE REV. DANIEL A. POLING

IT WAS IN A general hospital in France in 1944 that I sat by the bed of a boy from Georgia. The chaplain had said, "He wants to talk to you. He remembers when you spoke in his home town. He was just a kid then and went to hear you with his father, and he's been waiting for you ever since he heard you were coming."

The medical major nodded assent and added, "It's all right; he's dying, and knows it. It won't hurt him to talk."

The boy's shaven head was bandaged. There had been a head wound, as well as others, and deep burns when his tank was blown up under him. His eyes were dark and sunken. His lips were cracked and fevered. Now and then a nurse came and moistened them with cotton dipped in a solution. He always smiled and turned his head to thank her.

"Sir," the boy began, "I'm not afraid to die. I have settled that. But one thing keeps coming up to bother me—all that I'm going to leave behind. I've had a lot of time to think about that, and I can't get away from it. I guess you'd call it feeling sorry for myself." He smiled so infectiously that I smiled back at him.

"Sir, did you ever feel that you just couldn't get over losing some things—even for Heaven?" And the boy smiled again, only now there was an infinite hunger in the strong face.

"Yes," I said, "I know the feel-

From *Faith Is Power—for You* by The Rev. Daniel A. Poling. Copyright, 1950, by Greenberg Publisher, 201 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

ing. I knew it first when they spoiled the old swimming hole. They put in locks on the Yamhill River in Oregon and sank the 'lower landing' under six feet of water. I just couldn't get over it, John. The channel where we dived for mussels and the sandbank where we lay in the sun were gone forever."

The boy from Georgia turned his head with understanding. "You make me think of my catfish lines in the river," he said, and seemed eagerly waiting for me to go on.

"Well," I continued, "I was in the East when it happened, and a few years later when I went back I thought that I couldn't look at the place, but my curiosity took me right there. And then everything was different. I had the old swimming hole, John—had it forever."

The boy was breathing faster, and his eyes were intense.

"It was like this," I went on. "The channel where we dived for the mussels and the sand where we lay in the sun were not under the water. They were in me! I hadn't left them behind; I had brought them along! They—and a thousand other memories of beautiful things—are all with me. I can never go back to them, but I have brought them all along."

The boy from Georgia waited and then said, "But—" And I knew what he would have said.

"I've thought of that, too," I continued. "I used to fear death, not because of what I knew about it but because of what I didn't know. It was fear of the unknown, and that fear is the only final and baffling fear, John."

He nodded assent.

"In 1935 I was in Singapore," I went on, "when I received word that my father was seriously ill. The 12,000 miles that separated us were the most appalling reality that I had ever known. To be 12,000 miles away and helpless! . . .

"But a few years later, when my mother died, I suddenly discovered there were now no separating distances and no dividing oceans. Ever since she died, we have been together. And now it is like that with my son, who died in this war.

"As I think of those whose physical presence I shall never know again, always I think of them as with me, and there is no interference, no interruption."

John was listening, though his eyes were far away. Then he said something I shall never forget. "I've had that same feeling about Ray—my buddy—who was killed by an anti-personnel mine on Utah Beach the day I was first hit. He died without saying a word. Just before it got him he yelled to me, 'Down! Machine-gun nest!'—thinking of me, sir. I crawled to him but there was nothing I could do.

"His head wasn't hurt. I put my face against his, and then I knew that Ray wasn't there. But I knew something more, sir; I knew he was somewhere! His body was smashed, but he wasn't. I can't tell you why I knew it, but nothing else made sense. Every day now, that feeling becomes stronger. Ray isn't dead. He's around.

"Tell me—" his voice rose—"am I kidding myself? Am I crazy?"

I shook my head. "No, you're not kidding yourself, and you're not crazy. Ray *is* somewhere. Either the Power that began Ray's life and carried him from under his mother's heart to Utah Beach was willing to see him end like that, or the Power that could create was helpless before that exploding mine. John, either of those alternatives doesn't make sense."

The boy from Georgia strained to lift his head from the pillow. "Then you believe," he whispered, "that they wait for us and that we shall know them?"

"Yes," I replied. "I believe that, because I believe that it is after what we call death, John, that life—your life and mine and Ray's—really begins. I believe that this life is but our childhood. And, of course, if you and I live beyond the grave, then that which makes it possible for us to know each other now—the 'you' of you—goes on, too. Just as we remember here, we shall recognize each other there. I can't prove it, but I believe it—I am very sure about it. John, it is as real to me as your bed!"

He turned his head a little. "I believe it, too, sir, and it makes God very friendly—just like your own father."

There was an almost supernatural intensity in the boy's gaze, and so I went on and told him the story of my mother:

"A month before my mother died, I flew out to Oregon to spend a few days with her in the old home. She had been an invalid for several years, but her mind was alert, and when I left her she said, 'My son, if when you come again I am not here to greet you as always—then, my son, you will know where to find me!' "

Now I knew that I had finished my hospital visit. The face of the boy from Georgia was more beautiful than any sunset. He pushed his burned right hand across the sheet and I reached out my hand and steadied it. Then he said, "Sir, please pray."

I do not remember my words in the prayer, only these words that are not mine: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in Me . . . I go to prepare a place for you."

The boy did not open his eyes as I stood up to go, but he said, "I'm taking them all along, sir, and I'll be seeing you!"

Literary License

JAMES THURBER, the author, is not mechanically minded. One day, when he was out driving his car, he glanced at the dashboard and observed to his horror that one of the dials read 770.

"Good heavens!" he muttered. "This car is burning up."

Fearing an explosion at any moment, he pulled in at the nearest service station and excitedly stammered his predicament to the attendant. The latter listened patiently, then stepped into the car to take a look. Thurber retired behind the gas pump, his face white.

"Well," asked the humorist nervously, "have you located the trouble?"

"Yes," replied the bored attendant. "Your radio is tuned to WJZ."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

FAMILY GUIDEPOSTS: NO 10

Secrets of Making Marriage Glamorous

by JOHN J. DICKSON

There *are* ways for husband and wife to preserve the early radiance of matrimony!

MOST PEOPLE THINK of glamour as something quite apart from marriage. Yet if you look at all the happy couples you know, and study their contentment, you will find that glamour is an essential element. These happy couples have learned that if marriage is the cake, then glamour is the icing.

"What makes a glamorous marriage?" I once asked a famous painter. Here is his reply: "It is surprise and suspense—the sense of knowing yet not knowing how greatly loved you are."

A schoolgirl a few years away from marriage said: "It merely means that two married people are enjoying being married."

Perhaps the best definition came from a banker's wife who said: "All marriages start with the same ingredients, and all turn into problems of homemaking, child-raising, and paying the grocer. But some people manage to give to certain events a special breathlessness which bathes them in a radiance of their own. *Outsiders don't see that illumination, but the husband and wife who meet in it know that theirs is a glamorous marriage.*"

If glamour is so many things to so many people, on what does it rest? For one thing, glamour is the way a husband and wife speak about each other.

Recently I visited a friend whose wife had superintended the purchase of a rather costly home in the country. Although the deal was closed, she still had certain misgivings. Had she paid too much? Was the house too old to stand remodeling? I can still see the grateful brightness in her eyes when she heard her husband tell me: "I'm not worried. She's got a wonderful instinct for doing whatever is just right for us. She's never made a bad deal in her life."

Ireene Wicker is the famous Singing Lady of radio and television. Her marriage to the distinguished art connoisseur, Victor Hammer, is one of Manhattan's most successful. Many young people seek her advice on matrimony.

"I give them one rule," she says. "It is simply to be extra-nice four times each day."

"Why four times?" I asked.

"Be nice when you say 'Good morning.' Be extra-nice when he leaves for work and when he comes home. And be especially nice when it's bedtime and you bid each other a happy good night."

"Does it really work?"

She said, "Believe it or not, it ties up your day in the most glamorous package imaginable!"

WHEN A BOY AND GIRL marry, two egos collide. As the marriage lengthens, and the excitement of first love wears off, his world becomes one of business, hers of home and society. How many times has a husband heard his wife say, "A penny for your thoughts"? How often has he answered, "It's just business, darling. I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

Better to speak up and share your thoughts, young executive. Better to explain your problems, foreman. Banish those little secrets or lose your glamour, whoever you are. For glamour comes of sharing not only the material things but the mental things, too.

When I was a young ad writer, my boss invited me to bring Mrs. Dickson to his country club for a Sunday golf game. I had sought the invitation for weeks. That night I rushed home triumphantly and broke the news to Betty.

Her face clouded. "But I've accepted an invitation to sing at church," she said.

"Make some excuse," I demanded. "This is important."

"I promised to sing," she said. "And keeping that promise is very important to me."

"Even more important than your husband?" I shouted. "Then go ahead and sing. I'm going to the country—alone."

And I did. That was our first disagreement.

It was a miserable week end. It was a miserable month. Then Mr. Horgan asked me to clear an entire week end so we could have two days of golf. I went home that night knitting my brows. After dinner, I said: "The Horgans want us for a whole week end. Do you think we can make it?"

She looked at me gratefully. "Do you realize what you've just said?" she asked. "This is the first time you've ever asked me to help plan anything connected with your business."

"Nonsense," I said. "You know I always ask."

"Never before this very instant," she insisted. "You've made all your plans yourself."

I was shocked—because I suddenly realized she was right.

"A girl wants to feel that she's helping," Betty went on. "When she's shut out of her husband's business world, she's out of the biggest part of his life."

Another secret of making marriage glamorous is this: *Try to match your partner's giving.*

If you are a man, don't expect to even the score; if you are a woman, know now that you will always give more than you receive. But in the exchange, you will discover that glamour has silently brightened every corner of your marriage.

What magic is wrapped in an unexpected gift! Many years ago I became obsessed with the desire for a certain wrist watch. Even though it was far beyond my means, I yearned for its polished perfection. Betty learned of this.

"Buy it," she said. "I'll save on groceries."

"Not until our ship comes in," I resolved.

It was six months later that she called me at the office, her voice quivering with excitement. "I've met a woman who is in the watch business and I've invited her to have dinner with us tonight. Can we eat at the Blue Grotto?"

"Of course," I said.

When I reached the restaurant, Betty was alone in the lobby.

"Where's our guest?" I asked.

"At the table," she said.

We followed Antonio along the aisle between the familiar tables. We had taken our seats in candlelight before I saw the small blue package on my plate.

"Unwrap it," said Betty.

As the paper crackled under my fingers, I saw the same light in her eyes that had been there on our wedding day. Inside the box was a wrist watch such as I had never dared dream of owning. The card with it said: "If you like me enough to keep me, let my every tick remind you of the heart that beats always for you . . . Betty."

"She's beautiful," I said.

"And she's paid for," Betty said. "I didn't meet any lady in the watch business, but I couldn't think of any other way to get you here so I could give this to you."

I was near tears and so was she.

"But the money? . . . " I said.

"I've been baking nut bread and selling it through the Ladies Commissary. Darling, I'm so tired of nut bread!"

That is the way I got the wrist watch I am now wearing, and whenever I look at it or hear its ticktock, I remember a steadfast heart. And I call that glamour.

Not long ago, I watched a newly married couple in my own home. The boy was a clever youngster with a professional touch at the piano. Boogie, barrel-house, or Dixieland jazz poured from his fingers. His wife was a charming girl who might have been exciting in her own right if she had had a chance. But his singing and playing held everyone's attention until the party broke up.

"What a glamorous husband!" a woman told her.

The girl murmured a faint good night and departed.

I wish I could have told that young husband of my own experience many years ago. At college I was a guitar player, Russian variety. In our gang, I sang outlandish Cossack numbers at every party; and kept on singing even after marriage.

Now Betty had a sweet voice but she didn't know my Cossack songs, so she never sang. About two years after our wedding, she began to have headaches every party night. After a while, she made excuses not to go out at all. It hurt me. Didn't she like my friends?

Our wise old family physician set me straight. He said: "Try sharing your limelight, John. You brought your wife into your circle of friends and she wants you to be proud of her. But she never gets a chance. You're the one who shows off while she's pushed into the background."

I thanked him.

That night, I got out the guitar and sat before the fireplace. "You've been humming a thing I want to learn," I said to Betty. "Try it again, will you?"

"I can't sing to a Russian guitar," she said.

"Let's try."

She sang a wonderful old folk tune learned from her mother. I got onto it quickly. Then we tried another. Before we went to bed that evening, we had perfected a small repertory.

I'll never forget our next party. When the time came for my concert, I announced my sensational "discovery." And she was. Betty Dickson, folk singer. She sang her mountain songs all that evening, and afterwards at other parties.

Headaches? They vanished. We sing often at home now and at parties. My guitar has come to serve us and our marriage.

The lesson is clear. Marriage does not thrive on the star system, and neither does glamour grow among shrinking violets. *Make certain that your limelight is big enough for two.*

One of New York's most popular dinner guests is a 40-year-old mother who is wise, witty, and loaded with charm. She has traveled over the world and been in the movies; headwaiters bow low before her. Knowing her well, I asked her how she kept her marriage so saturated with glamour.

"When Ronnie and I were too poor to own even a jalopy, we learned about our need for glamour," she said. "Our babies were wonderful, but occasionally they became too much to manage, or too many creditors made our lives miserable. Then we'd telephone for Grandmother and I'd pack a bag. You would have thought we were going to Niagara. We'd ride a streetcar to a downtown hotel. Ours wasn't the biggest, or the finest, but it had music and a swimming pool and a bedroom as big as our whole apartment.

"How we pretended! We danced and ate and swam until we reached the end of our ten dollars. Then we came home.

"Today, we still do it. Sometimes we go out of town and sometimes we just go around the block. The feeling is just the same, that wonderful sensation of making a happy little world for two for just a day or so."

OF COURSE, YOU don't *always* have to leave home. That is the way of Mary and Bill, one of the happiest pairs I know. Unrecognized outside their own community, she is an interior decorator and he is an industrial designer. They make barely enough money to pay bills and keep their children in college. But to each of them, marriage is still thrilling and exciting and glamorous.

We sat with them through her birthday dinner not long ago. After dessert, he poured champagne into tall glasses. "I am about to make a speech," he told his wife. "Last night, I had a dream. I dreamed that I heard all the rooms of this house talking about you. One room said, 'She has lived here a long time and tomorrow is her birthday.' Another said, 'She is the best I've ever had in my four walls.' And another said, 'Well, why don't we tell her so?' "

Mary's eyes twinkled with suspicious moisture. This crazy recital was like Bill. He never did the ordinary thing.

"So I agreed to act as their messenger," Bill continued. "They asked me to visit them at exactly 8 tonight—so here I come."

He darted into the living room and came back with a packaged gift. He ran to the bedroom, to the study, to the kitchen, and returned from each with another bundle. When all of the packages had been piled before Mary, he commanded, "Open them!"

As gifts, they were neither extraordinary nor expensive, but each had its own message. I remember some of them:

"To Mary, who always brings me peace and calm after the children have mussed me up. With great love, The Living Room."

"To Mary, whose beauty fills me with pride and whose intellect fills me with envy. The Study."

"To Mary, who crowds me with rich aromas and who keeps me clean with her own loving hands. Affectionately, The Kitchen."

"To Mary, whose visitations I love and on whom I depend to keep my cribs well filled. Hopefully, The Nursery."

When glamour like that touches your married life, little else is needed. Except a deep thankfulness in the heart, perhaps, and a great humility of spirit.

Huffs and Puffs

A YOUNG MATRON and one not so young were discussing women's favorite topic—men.

"Does your husband like a clinging gown?" asked the younger.

"Indeed he does," said the older unenthusiastically. "He simply adores one that clings to me for at least five years." —*Mueller Record*

THE BRAND-NEW BENEDICT and an older husband were discussing their favorite subject—women.

"Did you ever win an argument with your wife?" the benedict asked.

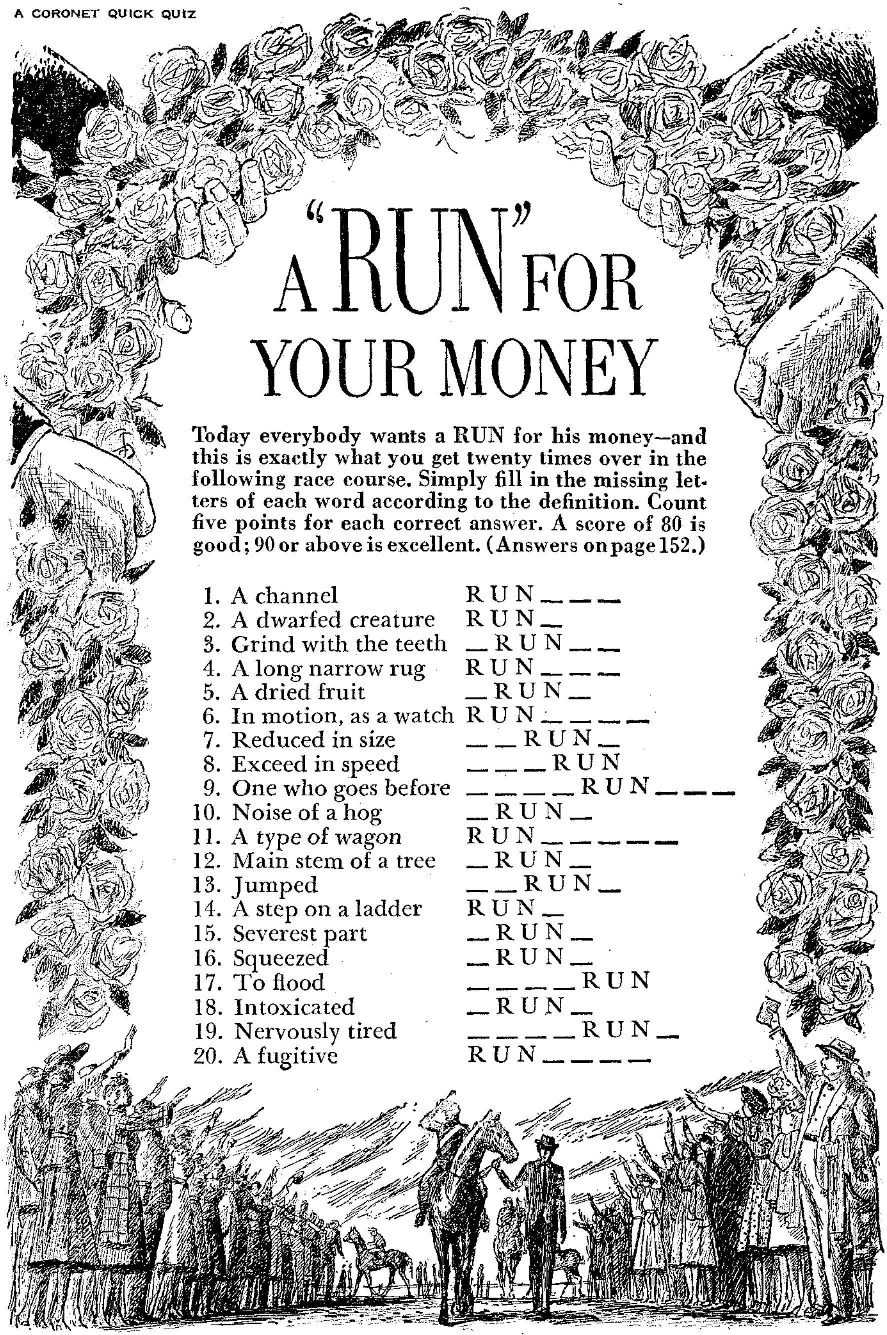
"Once," the other answered reflectively. "But it was years ago."

"What was the argument about?"

"I don't remember offhand, but I do recall very clearly that we were putting down a new living-room rug at the time and her mouth was full of carpet tacks." —*Ties*

"ANYONE WOULD THINK I was nothing but a cook in this house," the wife complained.

"Not after a couple of meals they wouldn't," her husband retorted. —*Cape Argus*



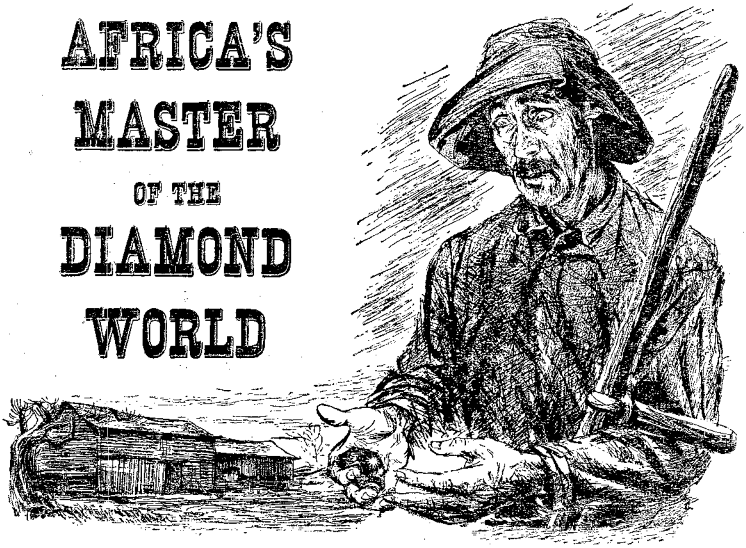
A "RUN" FOR YOUR MONEY

Today everybody wants a RUN for his money—and this is exactly what you get twenty times over in the following race course. Simply fill in the missing letters of each word according to the definition. Count five points for each correct answer. A score of 80 is good; 90 or above is excellent. (Answers on page 152.)

1. A channel RUN___
2. A dwarfed creature RUN_
3. Grind with the teeth _RUN__
4. A long narrow rug RUN___
5. A dried fruit _RUN_
6. In motion, as a watch RUN____
7. Reduced in size __RUN_
8. Exceed in speed ___RUN
9. One who goes before ____RUN___
10. Noise of a hog _RUN_
11. A type of wagon RUN_____
12. Main stem of a tree _RUN_
13. Jumped __RUN_
14. A step on a ladder RUN_
15. Severest part _RUN_
16. Squeezed _RUN_
17. To flood ____RUN
18. Intoxicated _RUN_
19. Nervously tired ____RUN_
20. A fugitive RUN____

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE

AFRICA'S MASTER OF THE DIAMOND WORLD



by JOHN BARKHAM

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer directs the tight monopoly that *keeps* precious gems precious

EVERY YEAR, some two million brides-to-be walk into the jewelry stores of the U. S. to try on a diamond engagement ring. In Manhattan or Montana, the girl slips on a half-carat gem or a two-carat blue-white, spreads her hand happily to the light, and tiptoes to the threshold of heaven.

In her mind's eye, like as not, is the lush advertisement she saw in a magazine: a honeymooners' beach in Bermuda or an ivy-walled church astir with wedding bells, set off by photographs of diamonds and a caressing sentence like, "A million dawns have kissed the earth awake since time began."

These distinctive advertisements carry a subtle message for the betrothed, namely, that the sacrament of marriage is incomplete unless pledged with a diamond. Thus, American brides last year spent $200,000,000 on diamond rings, little realizing that almost all their gems came from the same worldwide combine. Had they peered closely at the lavish ads, they would have detected the combine's name in letters about one-sixteenth of an inch high—De Beers Consolidated Mines.

The name of De Beers has been a synonym for diamonds ever since a Boer farmer picked up a matchboxful of glittering stones on the farm of the brothers De Beer in South Africa 80 years ago. Today, De Beers is still the greatest single producer of diamonds (40 per cent of the total), and its boss controls almost all the world's output.

Through a De Beers subsidiary,

he so regulates the flow of gems from seller to buyer that there are just enough diamonds on sale to keep them precious—and the price high. This man, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, is one of the richest, shrewdest, and least-known industrial giants of our time.

Being undisputed diamond master of mankind is only one of the Oppenheimer occupations. Through his Anglo-American Corporation, the tall, thick-set Sir Ernest dominates the gold mines of South Africa's Witwatersrand and the equally rich new gold fields of the Orange Free State.

He also has vast coal, copper, and ranch interests throughout southern Africa. In all, he controls some 30 companies worth about three billion dollars. But it was diamonds and De Beers that gave him his start, and, as Oppenheimer grew, so did De Beers. When, in 1871, diggers began hacking into the diamond "pipe" or shaft that later came to be called the Kimberley Mine, they had no idea what a Golconda it was. The pipe was staked off into 430 claims, and diggers had merely to crush the blue-gray rock and wash out the gems.

As the pits sank deeper, the walls between the claims crumbled. The mine became an enormous hole which slowly sank lower and lower as miners burrowed into it. After a time, wire cables had to be lowered to get the men in and out.

Before it was abandoned, the open mine yielded $350,000,000 in diamonds. Today, it is "the biggest man-made hole on earth," and tourists gape at the chasm—a mile round, a quarter-mile deep, cradling a rainwater lake 400 feet deep.

It was during the Big Hole days that the first of South Africa's two Diamond Kings appeared on the scene. Cecil Rhodes, consumptive son of an English clergyman, came to seek health on the veld, and found empire and wealth as well. Rhodes soon realized that the chaos at Kimberley would glut the diamond market and ruin prices.

Backed by the House of Rothschild, he brought high finance to the land of ox-wagons and hump-backed cattle. One by one he bought out or amalgamated 70 companies until only his own was left—De Beers Consolidated Mines.

RHODES DIED in 1902, the very year his heir-to-be arrived in Kimberley. Ernest Oppenheimer was one of six sons of a cigar merchant, born in Friedberg, Germany. In 1896, at 16, Ernest traveled to London and went to work for a diamond broker. By the time he landed in Kimberley as his employer's agent, he had learned enough about diamonds to hold his own.

His big break came in 1917. With $5,000,000 in American credits provided by J. P. Morgan & Co., he set up his Anglo-American Corporation and began to develop a string of rich gold mines on the East Witwatersrand. This in turn enabled him to buy into the fabulous new diamond fields of South-West Africa. In a few years he was on the august board of De Beers, and in 1929 became chairman. Ever since, he has directed the tight diamond monopoly.

He did this by practicing a simple precept: diamonds are precious only as long as they are rare. So, today, De Beers is always a jump *behind* demand. As long as South Africa remained the leading producer, this was easy. But only about two-thirds of the world's gem crop now comes from there. In the past 20 years, Brazil, the Belgian Congo, Portuguese Angola, British West Africa, and Tanganyika have all become major producers. So they had to be "persuaded" to sell only enough to make the public want more.

Oppenheimer achieved this by forming his Diamond Producers Association, which absorbs international production, and the Diamond Trading Company, which sells gems for members on a quota basis.

The moment a fresh diamond field is discovered, a De Beers representative appears swiftly with a proposition to come under the protective umbrella. When a maverick producer refuses to heed the dulcet tones, Sir Ernest sits back and waits watchfully. Take the case of Dr. John Thorburn Williamson, who owns a rich mine in Tanganyika. He preferred, he said, to sell his stones where, when, and how he liked. In 1947, his market began to decline and Oppenheimer's offer of guaranteed minimum sales began to look more attractive. In July of that year, he signed.

The Williamson diamonds, like those from De Beers, South-West Africa, and other producing countries, all find their way to a modest brownstone house on London's Holborn Viaduct, heart of the world-wide diamond combine. Into this building the mailman every day brings a pile of packages, each about the size of a candy box. The goodies they contain are diamonds, about $50,000 worth in each. They comprise the world's "rough" production. No police escort protects them. The mailman delivers them as casually as he would magazines.

The outgoing end of the funnel is equally unostentatious. Once a month a group of about 300 hand-picked buyers, representing the world's greatest diamond-cutting houses, troops into a paneled room in the Holborn building, where Sir Ernest's brothers, like as not, will show them the quota of "roughs" released for sale.

The direct customers, no matter how rich or influential, never enter this room. And the master cutters

who do consider themselves privileged. In 1948, they bought $150,000,000 worth from the Diamond Trading Company and wanted more; but, with Sir Ernest in charge, they never get all they want.

Whenever a particularly fine "rough" is found, Oppenheimer will suggest ways of cutting and polishing, and will follow its fortunes until it is sold. Hence, when an impoverished Boer digger named Jacobus Jonker discovered a superb 726-carat blue-white near Pretoria in 1934, an Oppenheimer man was at his shack next day. The stone had actually been found by a Negro working for the bearded Boer. All that night the Jonker family had been in a ferment, with Mrs. Jonker sleeping on a mattress in which the diamond was hidden, while husband and sons stood guard.

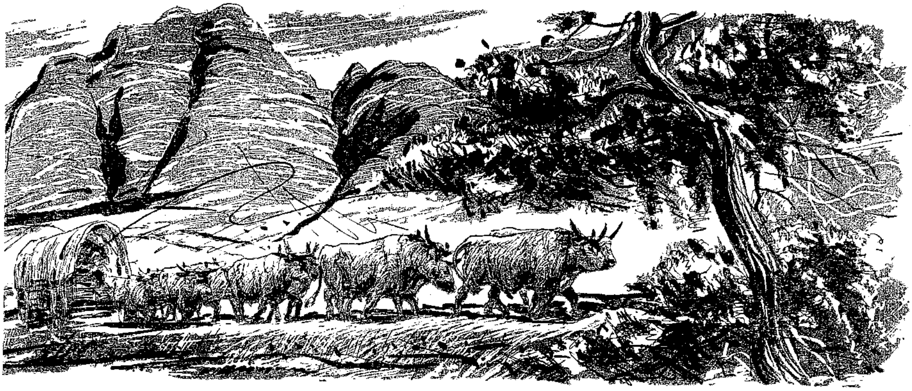
Next day an Oppenheimer limousine drove Jonker the 60 miles to the De Beers office in Johannesburg. Sir Ernest was fascinated by the gorgeous gem; his hazel eyes lit up as he fingered it. For an hour the millionaire bargained with the digger. The two stood deadlocked at £70,000 (then $315,000).

Jonker was first to weaken, then held out again for more. Sir Ernest sent a message to a clerk, who staggered in with bundles of currency—£70,000 in small denominations. The sight was too much for the penniless digger. He sold.

Oppenheimer resold the Jonker diamond to Harry Winston, New York's biggest dealer, for $700,000. Winston cut the stone into 12 queen-size diamonds, 11 of which he sold to recover his investment. The twelfth and largest (125 carats), he still holds. The nameless Negro who took the great gem out of the earth received a reward of £1 ($5).

But such a coup comes only once in a lifetime. Oppenheimer's routine planning is done at his home or at De Beers headquarters in Kimberley. The two-story De Beers building is not impressive, but the diamond recovery process used there is the most efficient anywhere. Kimberley's current daily output is about two large handfuls of stones, perhaps 3,000 carats in all.

The underground mining is done almost entirely by black miners. They pilfer surprisingly few stones, chiefly because De Beers has made



it extremely difficult to get away with theft. The "boys" sign on for three months at a time, during which they live a celibate life in compounds. To discourage unnecessary activity after dark, the company uses packs of trained mastiffs.

Less familiar are operations in the famed South-West African diggings, probably the richest fields ever uncovered. Their full extent has never been allowed to leak out, for fear of what it would do to the diamond market; but the two owners, the South African Government and Oppenheimer, are clearly sitting on an Eldorado.

South Africa's diamond deposits are really a series of volcanic pipes plastered with gems. The Union's only large river, the Orange, which passes close to Kimberley, empties into the Atlantic on a desolate stretch of coastline about 1,000 miles north of Cape Town. Here, among 60-foot sandhills that shift with the wind, geologists went looking for diamonds—and found them.

Gems carried down by the river over aeons of time lay about like shells on a beach. One party picked up 600 diamonds in a single day, before a hurricane drove them off. Another prospector stumbled on a treasure trench from which, in three weeks, he extracted 2,762 diamonds weighing 4,308 carats. Such exploitation, if it were allowed to continue, would wreck the diamond market. So Oppenheimer's syndicate bought out some of the finders and the South African Government took over the rest of the fields.

Since 1935, Sir Ernest (he was knighted for World War I services) has withdrawn from public affairs. The graying Croesus of Kimberley lives very quietly and goes to great lengths to keep out of the news.

As a *gourmet*, his reputation is world-wide: the Oppenheimer cellar and table are probably the finest in Africa. And if the guest should be lucky enough to dine at "Brenthurst" on a family birthday, he will be waited on by Sir Ernest himself—an old Oppenheimer custom.

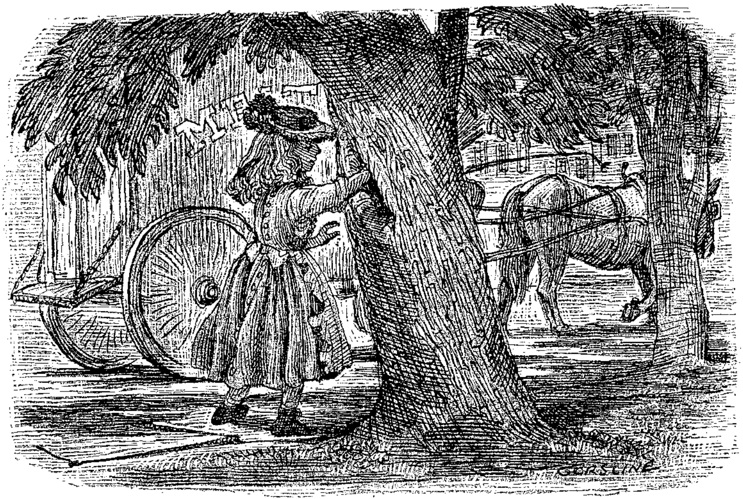
Often Sir Ernest will crown the evening by showing his own diamond collection. Holding a jewel to the light, he will affectionately recount its history.

The collection is always growing. Whenever a rare or unusual gem is prised out of the earth in any of Sir Ernest's many mines, the manager's reaction is automatic: "Here's one for Oppy." And it will go winging by plane to Johannesburg, where Sir Ernest will be waiting for it with his jeweler's glass and impeccable judgment.

False Alarm

UNDER ITS DAILY heading "FIRE CALLS," a California paper reported with a straight face recently:

"11:42 P.M.—Firemen and ambulance answered call to 400 block Old Coast Highway on report of woman about to have baby. Woman was 71 years of age. False alarm." —H. M. STANSIFER



The Baby Tree

by **HENRY LEE**

How a child's faith in the power of prayer made an old Irish legend come true

IN EVERY LARGE immigrant family, certainly among the Irish, there is at least one story of love and faith that comes down the generations as a strong, warm, time-resisting thread to bind the members in their new, strange land. Among my own kinfolk, now scattered from Connecticut to California, it is the story of Katie's wonderful Baby Tree.

Almost three-quarters of a century have passed since the old tree flourished up on 81st Street near Park Avenue in New York. The section now is overgrown with the apartments of rich people and the humble immigrant homes are gone. Both the tree and the little girl who played under it and prayed by it are gone, too.

But her childish faith, a *requited* faith, still shines as freshly as on that spring morning in the 1870s when she first put a penny in its hollow trunk and humbly asked God for a baby brother who would not die . . .

There was little luck for the Irish in New York that year, and sickness and infant deaths had taken the jauntiness out of Grandfather's shoulders. The laughter that had roared across the ocean from County Mayo to the New World was strangely silent. And a Connaught man without a laugh to defy the timeless miseries is a poor and defenseless thing indeed.

Then it happened. Katie, who was Grandfather's five-year-old daughter, found the Baby Tree and he found his laugh again—as an Irishman must when confronted by the artless, childish things of life.

Katie had the story direct from young Patrick O'Shea, lately arrived from Meath with his parents. The secret of the Baby Tree, the youth said, was this. You paid a penny to buy an arm or leg, two pennies for the eyes, one for the nose, another for the mouth, two for the ears and five each for the head and body. And then you had the real, live baby!

At first, Katie was unconvinced; but Patrick rightly argued that there were the Blarney Stone, the Wishing Well and other such wonders. Besides, you said a special kind of prayer.

"I'll ask Father McCarthy for it," Katie said.

"No, no," Patrick told her hastily. "It's *very* secret. You mustn't tell anyone."

So all that spring and into the summer, Katie bought a baby brother with her two-penny allowances and the special, secret prayer. First thing each Saturday morning, she ran to the tree and put her two pennies in the trunk. Eyes closed tight, since it would be irreverent to watch God at His work, she tried to place them so He couldn't miss them, then crossed herself and said the prayer.

"Dear God, this is Katie again. Please, may I have the arms today?"

Somehow, she kept the tremendous, growing secret. Only once, she almost let it go. On next to the last Saturday, the pennies in her fist, she ran across the planking over the open cut which was to be the Park Avenue railroad tunnel. She stumbled, and the pennies dropped into the mud below.

Katie fled home crying to ask for next week's allowance. "I must have it, Mother," she kept saying. "I must, I must!"

"What for, Katie?"

"I can't tell. It's a very special secret."

"But we can't be wasting money in hard times. Tell me."

"I can't! I can't! *Please*, Mother."

Grandmother was touched. She gave Katie the two pennies, kissed her and told her to stop crying. Katie ran back to the Baby Tree

"Dear God," she sobbed, "I'm not really late, am I? Please, may I have the eyes today? Oh dear God, he *must* have eyes."

At last, with prayers and pennies, the baby was full-bought. It was proper then to look into the trunk. God willing, the pennies would all be gone as a sign the baby was on its way. Breathless, on tiptoe, Katie peeped in. The pennies *were* gone!

She danced home. "Daddy! Daddy! We're going to have another baby and it will live."

Grandfather turned crossly to his wife. "Ann, what's this bedaddled nonsense? Shut the child up."

But Katie was not to be stopped, and she dragged her Father and Mother to the Baby Tree to tell them, at last, her wonderful secret.

"Who told such moon dreams?" Grandfather demanded of Katie.

"Patrick O'Shea, and he says it has worked for him and his new little brother. Besides, I've said the prayers."

"And has Patrick been eating penny candy?"

"He has, much."

"The little scut," roared Grandfather. "I'll talk to O'Shea."

"John!" said Grandmother. "The child has faith. She has lost some licorice and learned to pray. Besides—" She hesitated, for in her day it was a hard thing to say, even to your husband. "Besides, John, she's right. We are going to."

Quick as it had surged, Grandfather's Irish temper bubbled off into Irish laughter. "Glory be!" he sang. "With God and the New World, anything can be. A baby from a tree! And a good strong baby, I suppose, because the tree is strong."

"Yes," breathed Katie, eyes shining. "One that will *live.* I picked the bestest tree."

Grandfather found a shiny half-dollar, half a man's pay in those days, and it went flashing grandly through the air toward Katie.

"Mind you don't put it in the Baby Tree," he said. "One child at a time, Katie. 'Tis for you and the licorice you've been missing."

And, in time, the child was born . . . and others came after it. Some lived and a few died, but the laughter and the faith never died again entirely, following after wakes and tears like Mayo sun after rain.

Grandfather found a Connecticut farm and forced the harsh Yankee soil to his way of thinking. But sometimes, for ready cash, he hired himself out days, and then at night, while Katie held a lantern, he planted and hoed his own patch. When things were sharpest, he'd put down the hoe and laugh.

"Glory be to the Baby Tree," he'd say. Then Irish laughter, laced with faith and a prayer, would roll down the hillside.

And so Grandfather cleared his farm and raised his family. The jauntiness never left his shoulders till Grandmother died, and then he was ready to go, too. But the faith and laughter lingered on.

Katie became a woman, had her son and lost him. She wanted another, desperately, but she was getting too old, the doctors said. She remembered the Baby Tree. Again faith and prayer sustained her, and the child was born. I have the story direct. For I was the child . . .

Several years ago on Riverside Drive, not far from where the Baby Tree once flourished, I saw a tree. Now love has a long memory; and the tree, it came to me, was the image of the Baby Tree I had heard described so many times.

Feeling not at all foolish, I slipped a penny in the trunk and said the half-remembered prayer. And the next year a child was born in my family. Her name is Katherine.

Grim Recommendation

"WHY DO YOU always hire married men in preference to bachelors?" an employer was asked.

"Because," he explained, "married men don't seem to get so upset when I yell at them." —*Gosport*

UNFURLED FROM THE

Film Flam

Economy-minded individuals never cease to marvel at the unparalleled sums Cecil B. DeMille expends on his film epics. Once Mr. DeMille ordered 15 yards of royal brocade at $200 a yard to enhance the beauty of his feminine star during one brief scene. An efficiency expert discreetly inquired why a $2 substitute would not serve as well.

"The movie audiences will never know the difference," he said.

"No," replied DeMille, "they won't. But my star will. And can you imagine a woman wearing $3,000 worth of brocade and not giving her best performance?"

—*Wall Street Journal*

A choosy patron, approaching the box office of a movie theater, was heard to remark in all seriousness: "I don't want to see Samson—just Delilah. Can't stand those double features!"

—E. H. Mayer

Fan Fare

Radio fans are loyal. One time when Kate Smith sneezed into the mike, she received 500 post cards the next day saying: "Gesundheit!"

—Joe Franklin

Humphrey Bogart started his upward climb to stardom by stepping into roles spurned by George Raft. At one time, Bogey went to Hal Wallis, who was then production chief at Warner's, and grumbled about the parts assigned to him. "Look, Bogart," said Wallis, patiently, "you want roles like George Raft's, and Raft wants roles like Eddie Robinson's, and Robinson wants Paul Muni roles, and . . ."

"Well, that's simple," interrupted Bogart. "All I do is bump off Muni—and we all move up a step!"

—Louis Sobol

Concert Capers

A girl who had high hopes of becoming a concert pianist called one day on the pianist-composer Rubinstein to play for him. When the young woman had finished her number, she asked him: "What do you think I should do now?"

"Get married," said Rubinstein.

—*Reading RR Magazine*

A newly rich lady attending her first symphony concert went backstage to visit the conductor during intermission, as befitted her new role as patron of the arts. After praising the performance, she asked the leader if he wouldn't play Tschaikovsky's piano concerto.

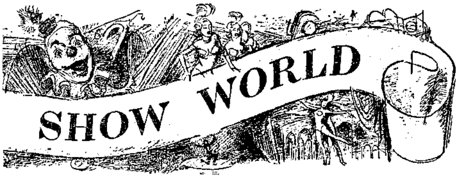
"But, madame!" exclaimed the conductor. "I have just finished playing it!"

"Oh, dear," worried the lady, "I do wish I had known that! It's my very favorite composition."

—Harold Helfer

Quiz Quotes

Quizmaster Bob Hawk asked a contestant whether he could name a product in which the supply ex-



ceeds the demand. The contestant replied without a moment's hesitation: "Trouble." —LARRY WOLTERS

"That was a highly technical question, madame," marveled the quizmaster. "How did you happen to give me the correct answer to it so quickly?"

"I just didn't stop to think," replied the woman. —ANTHONY J. PETTITO

Teletripe

A television actor was booked to play the role of a convict, and part of the show had to be photographed near a prison outside New York City. The actor donned his convict suit (the striped variety), traveled clear across Manhattan in his automobile, and then took a ferry to the prison site. Nobody halted his car. Nobody tried to stop him. Pedestrians didn't even show any amazement when he stopped to ask directions. En route he waved to two cops. The genial cops waved back. —CEDRIC ADAMS

Mere mention of Olsen and Johnson brings to mind zany antics. To give non-television set owners a glimpse into what goes on during a typical O & J show, take a look at this report:

Some weeks ago at rehearsal, one of the members of the cast received a minor sprain of the arm. His first-aid report on the cause of injury read: "Hit by a cow falling from the ceiling." —BOSTON *Globe*

Nightcaps

This happened at New York's famous Stork Club. A young chap approached the man at the rope and handed him a dollar. "What is this for?" asked the headwaiter. "I want you to do me a favor," replied the chap. "When I come back with two girls—please say all the tables are taken, so I can take them to a cheaper place." —WALTER WINCHELL

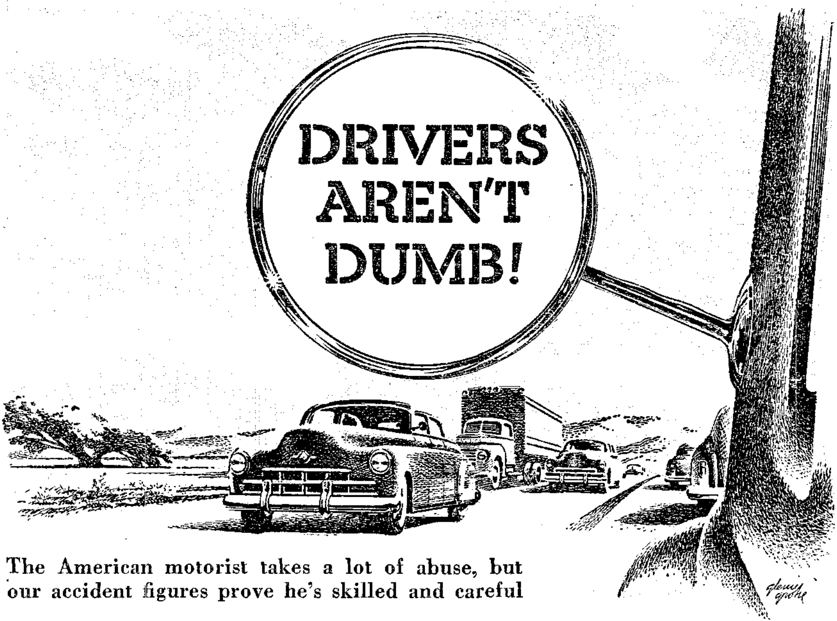
The management of a certain New York café, puzzled by the regular nightly appearance of an elderly patron, now knows why he comes there. A waiter got to know him well and one night inquired: "Sir, may I ask why you find the floor show so fascinating?"

"Not at all. I have a girl in the chorus—my granddaughter!" —IRVING HOFFMAN

Marie Wilson, advising a young girl to take up a career as a night-club singer, explained: "You might even meet a millionaire, with money." —MRS. LOUISE STEINER

They say "There's no business like show business." Do you know a funny story that proves it? How about that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, that backstage story about a show-world personality? Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World," but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for accepted items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

DRIVERS AREN'T DUMB!



The American motorist takes a lot of abuse, but our accident figures prove he's skilled and careful

by **WILLIAM LAAS**

THE AMERICAN MOTORIST takes a lot of abuse because highway accidents snuff out 32,000 lives a year and injure more than a million others, not to mention nearly three billion dollars tossed away in property damage, hospital bills and the like.

Since it is the average citizen who drives the cars that pile up the casualties, he is blamed en masse for the shuddery statistics. And meekly he accepts the blanket indictment of himself as stupid, incompetent, boorish, reckless, and a lawbreaker to boot.

Is he really? Or is it time to shed our national guilt complex and look for more believable meanings in the familiar charges filed against some 53,000,000 American motorists?

If you are an average motorist, you probably drove your car about 8,000 miles the past year. In that time, did you hit anyone or anything? Did anyone else hit you?

The chances are at least two to one that you can answer both questions with a ringing "No!" In all likelihood, you never even drew a ticket for any crime worse than overtime parking.

Suppose you did have an accident (and I include the most trivial, like a dented fender), the odds are about six to one that you injured no one, and 250 to one that you created no corpse.

Beginning to feel better? We Americans are now the proud owners of more than 40,000,000 automobiles, annually rolling up the greatest road mileage in the history of mankind. This stupendous swarm of scurrying vehicles, by the laws of probability, multiplies the chances for collision to an astronomical level. Yet the highway death rate has never been lower!

Put those facts together and you reach this inescapable conclusion: American drivers are becoming progressively better skilled and better behaved. One big factor that accounts for the decline of the death rate in the teeth of rising traffic hazards is individual good sense—yours and mine.

Now, a gruesome figure like 32,000 deaths a year does not exactly call for cheers from the housetops. But the facts no longer point the finger of guilt at the whole driving fraternity. The true culprit is a more precise target, buried in the short end of those odds quoted above.

Casual inspection of accident statistics at once eliminates as culprits more than two-thirds of all drivers, whose score cards are blank in the "error" column. Still more are eliminated when further probing discloses that many of the one-third involved in accidents are repeaters. Just how many is anybody's guess, but a New York survey showed that *all* accidents plus *all* traffic violations were the work of only 20 per cent of licensed drivers!

Psychologists have identified the accident-prone driver as a special breed with a personality disorder, a poor sport whose attitude is anti-social. Every motorist knows exactly who is meant. Hence, those of us who, after a bit of soul-searching, can include ourselves among the "good drivers," need no longer hang our heads in collective shame.

Most people think of highway safety as a modern problem, compounded of dense traffic, high speed and human cussedness. Well, let's go back to World War I, when gas buggies were rare and 25 miles an hour was a sporting clip. Each 10,000 of those slow-motion cars killed 23.8 people a year. Today, the comparable figure is only 7.3!

Accidents became even commoner in the '20s, when the first great flood of cars literally swept Americans off their feet, including, in 1925, some 22,000 swept permanently into the grave. That year, the highway death rate was 19 persons killed per 100,000,000 vehicle-miles. In the '30s, it fell to about 14.5, in the '40s to 10, and as we enter the '50s, to less than 8.

In simplest terms, what this remarkable improvement means is this: if we drivers still dealt out death at the fantastic pace of a generation ago, we would be killing 80,000 people a year!

Not all this progress, of course, is a pat on the back for drivers alone. Cars are better, highways broader, traffic arrangements more scientific. In consequence, certain types of accidents have declined more than others. You don't collide with railroad trains, streetcars or animals as often as your father did, mainly because these traffic hazards are disappearing.

The same is true of non-collision deaths, which often are caused by car or highway failure rather than human failure. Today, tires are so tough that, unless abused beyond all reason, they practically never blow out. Brakes are increasingly reliable; when they fail, the reason almost invariably is neglect. The marvelous sturdiness of modern cars is statistically confirmed by the fact

Do You Recognize These Characters?

Among the various types of drivers who are responsible for today's highway death rate, the following may be familiar to many readers:

Bumper Hugger: A faithful shadow who aims to drop in for a visit through your rear window. He hugs your bumper so closely that, if you stop, he will have to crash into your car. He feeds on insurance premiums.

Weaver: A pollywog-like creature who darts around and ahead of you in dense traffic. Gains one car length in two miles.

Creeper: Seems to have all day to get where he's going. Glares if you pass him.

Spreader: Needs at least two lanes for comfort; straddles white line for easier steering. Particularly allergic to right lane.

Zipper: Being a young punk, he can do everything better than you. Goes faster, stops shorter, turns sharper, starts quicker. Considers anyone over 30 to be senile, and hence does his best never to attain that age.

Wobbler: His feet point in opposite directions, and so do his wheels. Always trails distinctive odor of liquor.

Stopper: Pastures calmly on concrete, oblivious to shouts and horns. Has special preference for hidden spots, just beyond curves and the crests of hills. Prolific producer of scrap metal and junk.

that the peak year for non-collision deaths was way back in 1930.

Why, then, give the driver chief credit for the decrease in accidents? For this simple reason: each year has tossed more, not fewer, *mathematical* hazards on the road ahead of your bumper-grill. Although many highways have been built to replace those slippery black ribbons of yesteryear, the immense increase in motor travel has swamped them.

Recently, the Brookings Institution reported most U.S. roads to be inadequate for today's heavy volume of high-speed traffic, especially around cities. A federal official so classified all but 2,000 miles of our 38,000 miles of national highways. Having been designed for past conditions, and with an eye to economy, lanes are too narrow, grades and curves too steep, shoulders too scanty, roadsides too busy.

Thomas H. MacDonald, U.S. Commissioner of Public Roads, has said: "Overloaded highways are one of the chief underlying causes of accidents." But before arriving at this conclusion, MacDonald did some scientific probing into driver-behavior. He was amazed at how people pick routes with an unfailing eye for avoiding congestion.

By actual measurement, he found you relaxing into a comfortable, reasonable speed on a good road, requiring no assist from police. About the only serious faults he found were your bad habit of treading on the heels of the car ahead, and your tendency to get nervous and angry when the traffic is tough.

For years we have been harangued by well-meaning propagandists on the bugaboo of "speeding." MacDonald is apparently one of the first to concede that the collective judgment of democratic citizens on this point is at least as competent as it is in electing governments. He excepts, of course, the reckless driver or "hot-rod" addict. But a decent driver needs few signs and fewer cops to tell him what speed is right for the road, the traffic, the weather and other pertinent conditions.

Although speed will always increase the severity of collisions, there is little concrete evidence that it increases their number. Says MacDonald: "Purely routine speed checking is as wasteful of enforcement officers' time as is their checking of overtime parking, both of which only result in congestion in traffic courts on matters having a minimum relation to safety. We need their time . . . to take the dangerous driver off the road. Only a very small percentage of drivers habitually disregard the rules of safe driving."

INEXPERIENCED or very young drivers are one group with a bad accident record. In surveys made in New York State and City, traffic authorities found a lot of them among the 20 per cent of licensed drivers who, over a period of 18 months, had collected all the summonses and smashed up all the cars. Insurance companies have raised their rates for drivers under 25, but the real cure, of course, is education.

The American Automobile Association has been plugging for years to set up driving classes in high schools, and the results are spectacular. In Cleveland, accidents of youngsters were cut in half. Currently, fewer newly licensed drivers are showing up in the nation-wide casualty lists, proving that this class of highway menace merely needs a good teacher.

Other dangerous groups uncovered in New York consisted of the physically or mentally defective. But most bad drivers are not that easy to classify or to cure. Neither stupid, ignorant, unskilled, sick, senile nor young and foolish, they seem to be men and women of normal intelligence and ability.

Martin Klein, Director of Traffic Engineering and Safety for the Automobile Club of New York, which conducts adult classes in driving, is concerned over this group. He says: "They just seem to have the wrong attitude—toward others, themselves and their cars. We can tell when people are mechanically inept or slow in reaction time. But how do you measure an attitude with scientific precision?"

Two psychiatrists, Dr. W. A. Tillman of London, Ontario, and Dr. George E. Hobbs of the University of Western Ontario, measured it among two groups of drivers, good and bad. A handful of these people accounted for a disproportionate number of accidents, and revealed a curious pattern of personalities and backgrounds.

"Truly," said the investigators, "a man drives as he lives. If his personal life is marked by caution, tolerance, foresight and consideration for others, then he will drive in the same manner."

Drivers aren't dumb, but *some* drivers are very dumb indeed, and for that reason a peril to their fellow man. To quote MacDonald again: "It seems reasonable to accept the pattern established by the decent majority and deny the freedom of the road to the violator. Safety of the highway is—like democracy—a matter of cooperation and co-ordination."

His logic is that just as the driver bears a responsibility for public safety, so does the public assume a responsibility to the driver. The decent motorist needs safer highways and safer vehicles. And he needs protection from contrary members of his own fraternity.

The highway need is enormous, requiring 15 years to meet and much larger outlays of public funds than have been customary. Lanes must be widened, curves and grades eased, shoulders added, central curbs installed to divide opposing streams, grade intersections separated, and roadside activity set back from traffic.

Modern cars, too, can be better adapted to modern conditions. The driver needs a better view of the right side, quicker steering and braking action, and powerful (even if ugly) shock-absorbing bumpers fore and aft. For city traffic, cars should be more compact and maneuverable. Their condition should be rigorously checked. Some 42 per cent of all today's passenger cars are more than ten years and 70,000 miles old, while 14 per cent have defective brakes.

Pending these improvements, the immediate target is the dangerous driver. His recklessness and incompetency show up in official records; when they do, he can be made a marked man. Education of drivers can also be improved, and not merely for the young. Few beginners are taught how to handle a car on wet or icy pavements, in fog, smoke, darkness and storms, or even how to park properly in the midst of dense traffic. Tests of fitness to drive should be tightened and periodically repeated.

Meanwhile, one thing is clear. Those of us who are not members in good standing of the "decent majority" of American motorists must, sooner or later, learn to drive like ladies and gentlemen and good citizens—or get off the road.

Money Matters

The reason a dollar won't do as much for people as it once did is that people won't do as much for a dollar as they once did.

—*The Coffee Cup*

The dollar doesn't go as far as it used to, but it gets there faster.

—Edward R. Murrow

History repeats itself. An archeologist reported that Europe touched America millions of years ago.

—*Oregon Purchasing News*

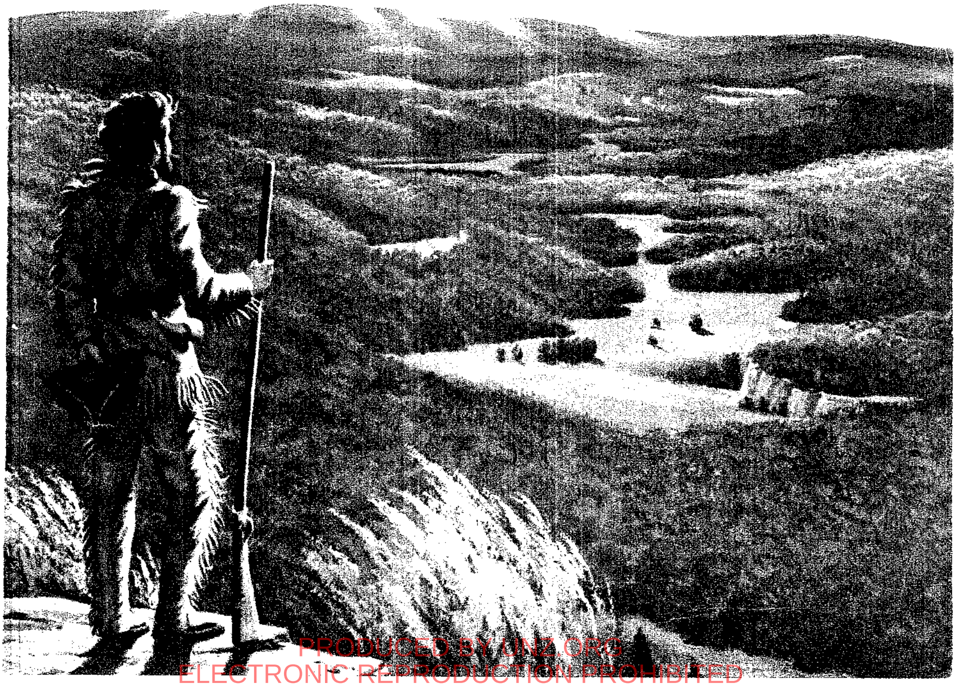
Some Monday mornings we feel like a million dollars—with the Federal, state, county, city, and hidden taxes already deducted.

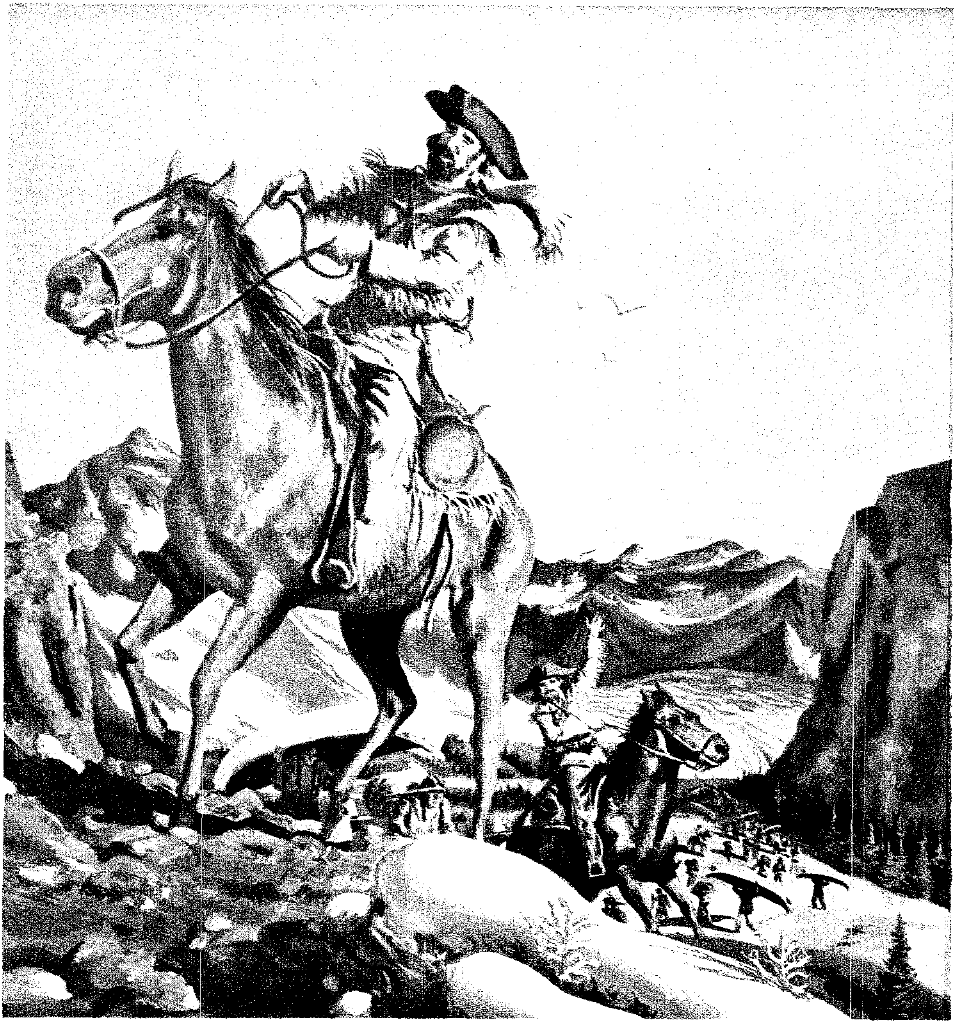
—*Grit*

Picture Story

THEY WON THE FRONTIER

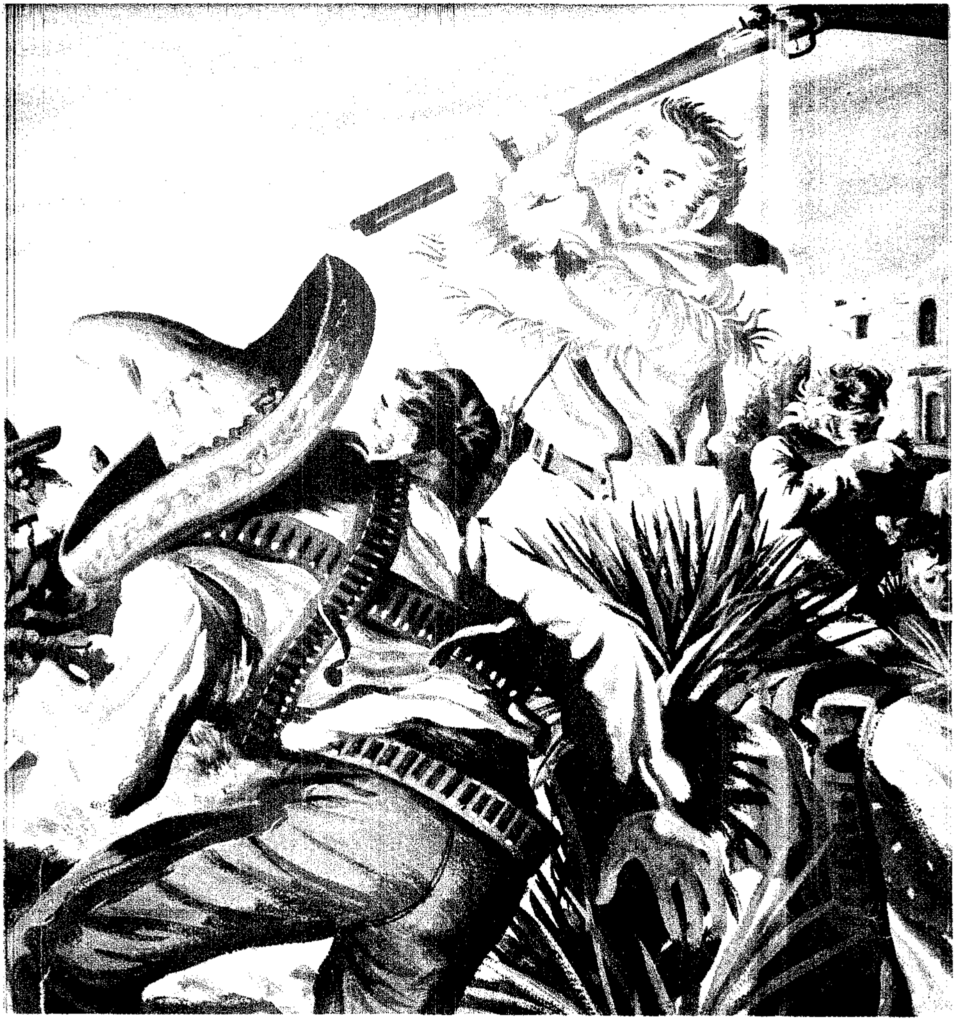
FROM THE TIME of its discovery until the last frontier was conquered, America was a land in motion. Ever westward marched its people, across rivers and over mountain barriers, in a perpetual quest for new lands. To seekers like Daniel Boone (*below*) who pioneered toward the setting sun, we owe our existence as the United States. Explorers and frontiersmen—they gave America its Manifest Destiny. Now, in Geoffrey Biggs' dramatic art, their story is retold.





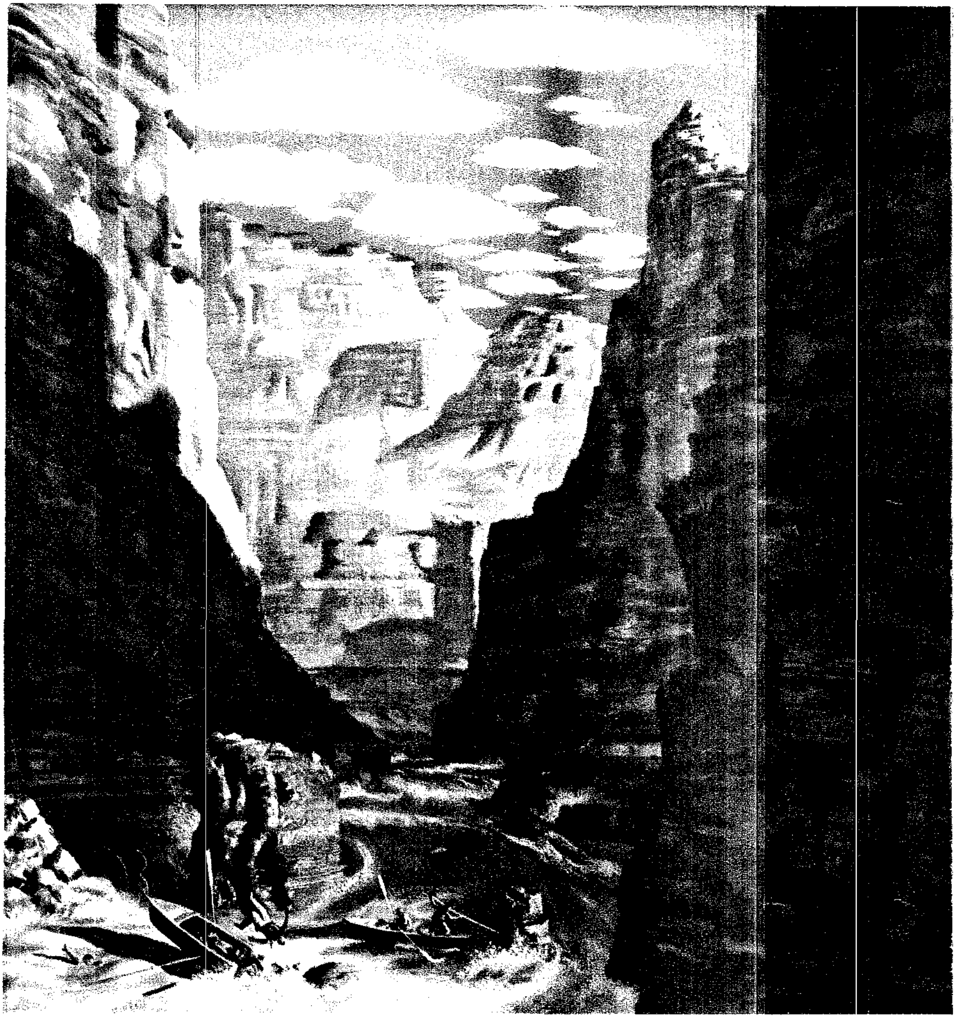
LEWIS AND CLARK: MEN WITH A PRESIDENTIAL MISSION

GUSTS OF SNOW swirled around horses and men. Winds howled, but Lewis and Clark moved doggedly westward. It was 1804, and they were on a Presidential mission. Across the plains of the newly organized Iowa territory they went, then northward. Now it was winter again, and they were scaling the Rockies. Day after day, Clark noted watersheds and trails, while Lewis sketched them in on the map. Three winters passed before they returned, but they had reached the Pacific and claimed the sprawling Louisiana Territory for the U.S.A.



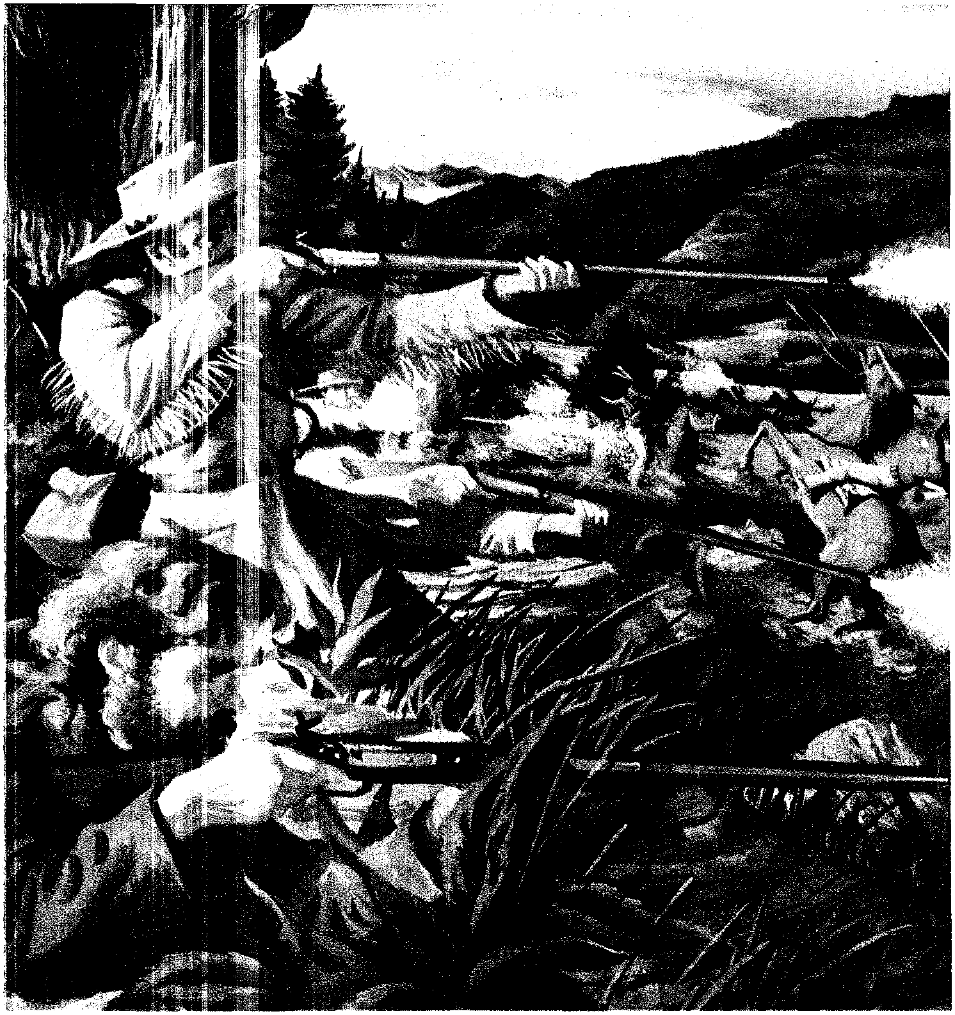
DAVY CROCKETT: FIGHTING MAN OF THE PEOPLE

"I AM DAVID CROCKETT and I can whip my weight in wildcats!" So spoke the lanky scout before the august U. S. Congress. He had been elected by frontiersmen who knew his prowess, knew of the fantastic winter when he had killed 105 grizzlies. But it was 1836, and Texans were battling for their independence. Tall-talking, hard-fighting Davy Crockett belonged among them. When Santa Anna's hordes breached the Alamo and found six survivors still fighting, Crockett was among them. He died as he had lived—with his boots on.



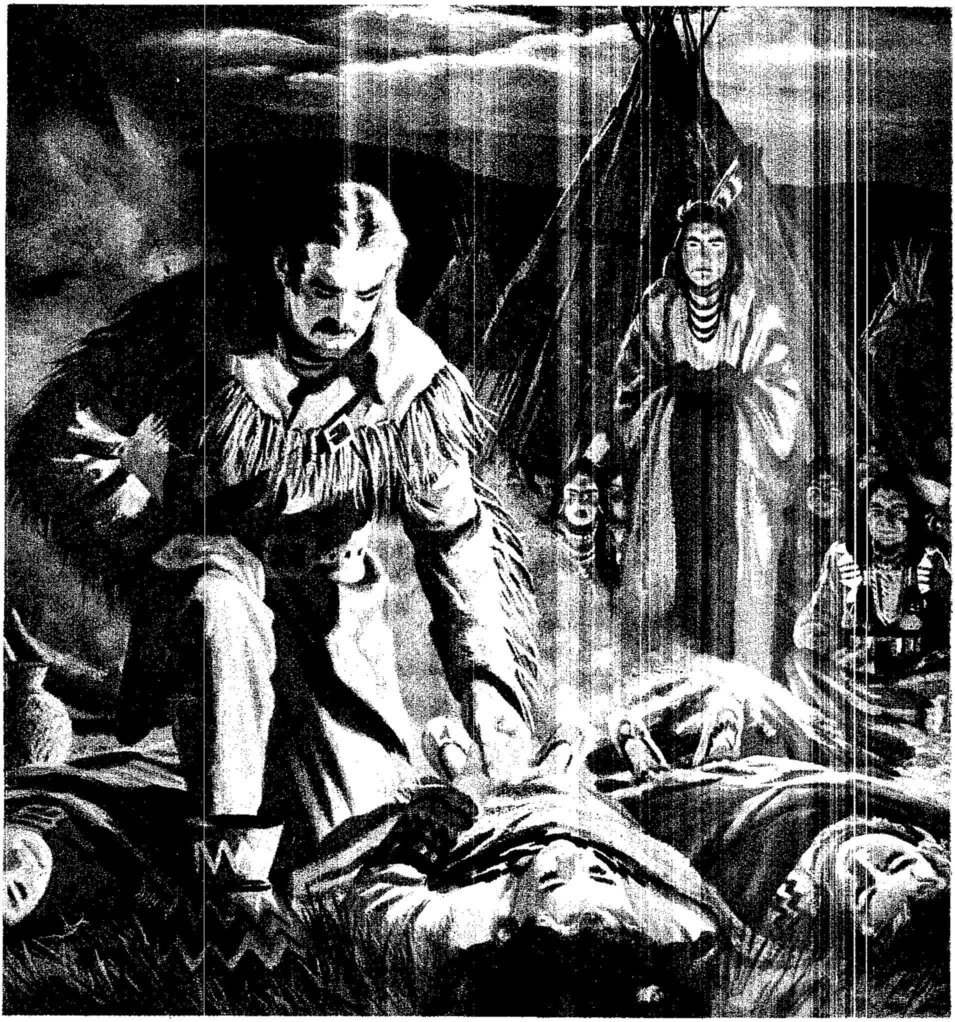
JOHN W. POWELL: CONQUEROR OF THE GRAND CANYON

Before one-armed John Powell led ten men and four boats to its mouth in 1869, the roaring Colorado River and its Grand Canyon were dark mysteries. Even before they reached the forbidden canyon, one man tersely said, "I have seen danger enough," and deserted. A few days later, they were dodging jagged rocks and floating through black tunnels, half expecting to be pitched over waterfalls higher than Niagara. For 900 miles they fought the river. At last, two boats and six men emerged from the canyon. John Powell had run the Colorado.



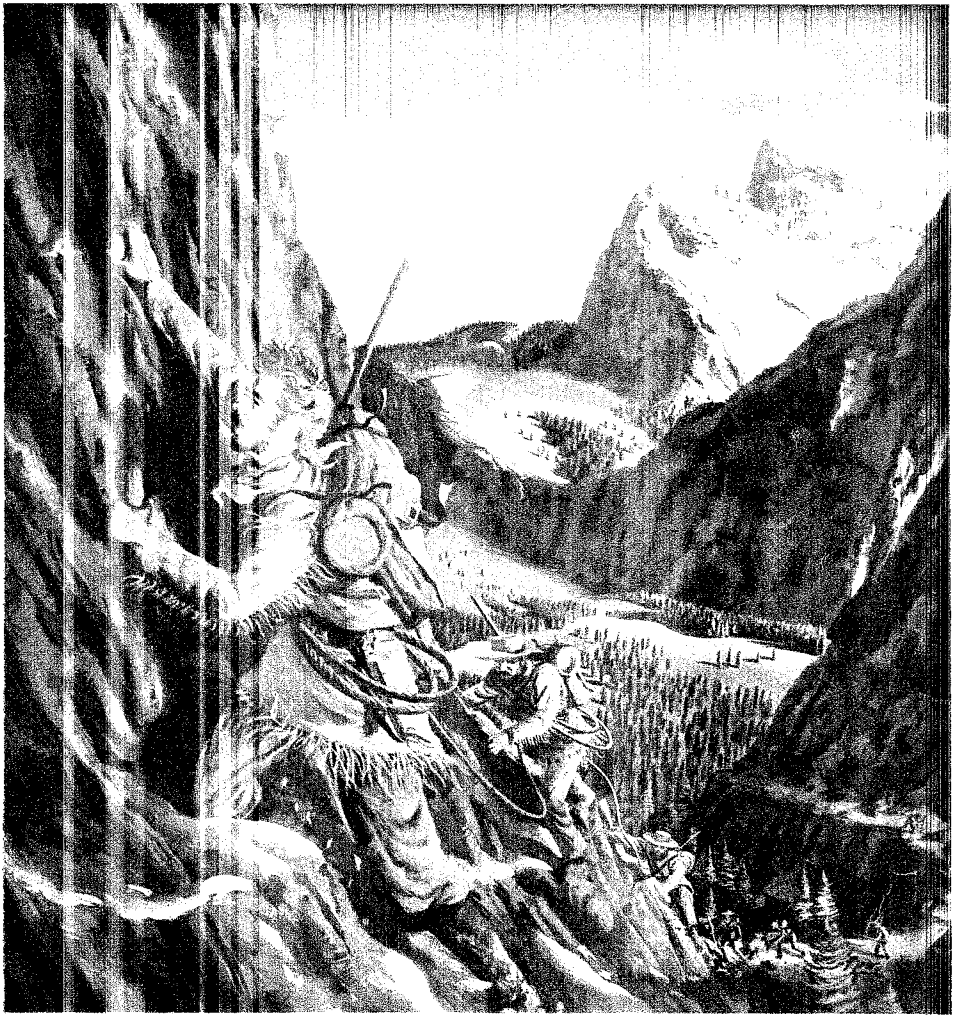
JIM BRIDGER: "I HAVE ESTABLISHED A SMALL FORT."

IN THE SPRING of 1824, Jim Bridger set off down the Bear River to find its outlet. Reaching a huge inland sea, he paused to drink, but spat salt water from his mouth. He had discovered Great Salt Lake. In 1843, he wrote: "I have established a small fort on the road of the emigrants." Thus, Fort Bridger, Wyoming, became a vital way station on the Oregon Trail. Armed with a rifle and a woodsman's sure instincts, Bridger fought the wilderness all his life, pushed and hacked at it, and in the end changed it from wilderness to civilization.



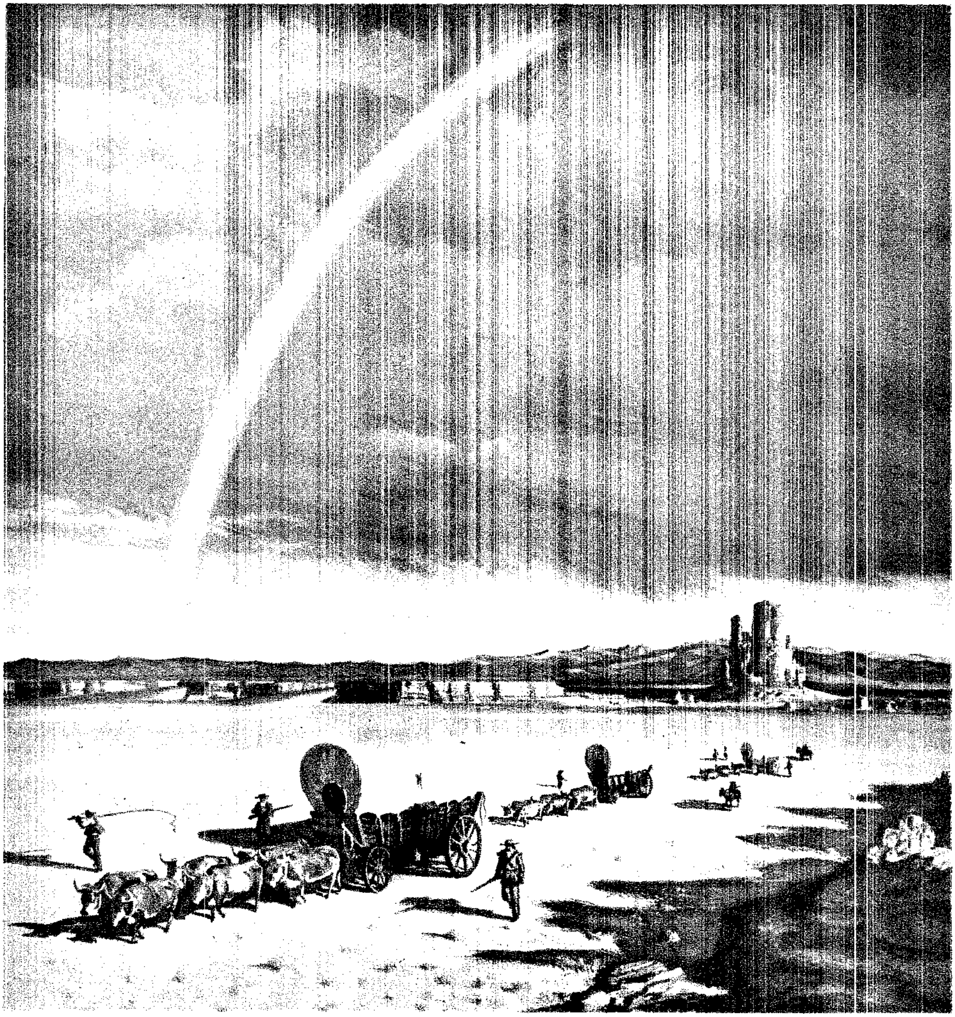
MARCUS WHITMAN: GOD'S SERVANT ON THE OREGON TRAIL

MARCUS WHITMAN's bride was the first white woman on the Columbia River. Together, they won over the Cayuse Indians and inspired glowing stories about the virgin Northwest. By 1847, Oregon fever had swept the nation. Then, a vicious epidemic struck the Indian children near the Waiilatpu mission. Whitman worked night and day, one eye on the sick, the other on the suspicious Cayuse. Whitman knew they were coming, but he had served his God and his country well. When they struck, he took his wife's hand and waited, unafraid.



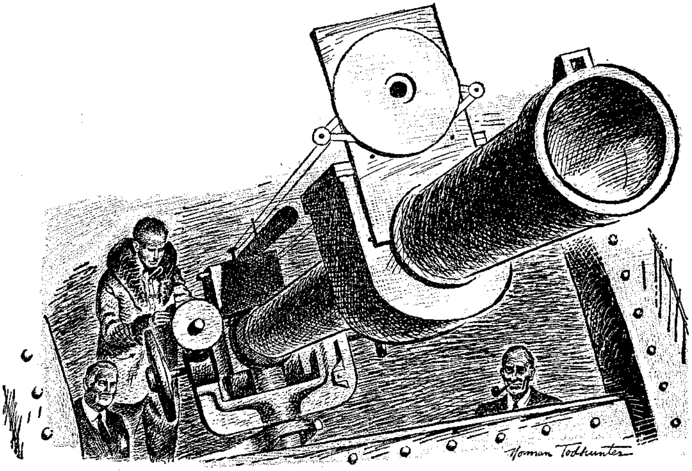
JOHN FREMONT: A RESTLESS DREAMER OF EMPIRE

JOHN FREMONT burned with the desire to see the flag flying on the Pacific Coast. Five times he journeyed from Missouri through uncharted Western lands, each time coming a little closer to his dream. In the grim winter of '44, he crossed the Sierras and made contact with the tiny American settlements in California. His reports opened the way for new colonists. The dream had come true. Led by the colorful scout, Kit Carson, John Fremont mapped more territory and broke more trails than almost any other American of the 19th century.



WILLIAM BECKNELL: CARAVANS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

Men who read the advertisement in the *Missouri Intelligencer* in 1822 gaped and wondered. Few answered the call "to go Westward to trade horses and mules." Those who did found a wild-bearded man ready to lead a wagon train into New Mexico along a new route. Wagon wheels rolled across thick buffalo grass. A mountain pass led to San Miguel. The Santa Fe trail was opened! Hundreds of caravans followed, bringing Yankee merchandise to the Southwest. A man named William Becknell had blazed a trail that wound into history.



Stealing the Secrets of the Sun

by FRANK HOGAN and SUMNER MOULTON

Thanks to the Coronagraph, scientists are solving more of the mysteries of space

WE AMERICANS are a sun-loving people. On a warm summer's day, millions of us swarm to the beaches and mountains. We smear our skin with lotions to escape "bad burns" at the hands of a fierce sun. We admit that the sun can burn us; but few of us realize that the brilliant aura which encircles the sun—its corona—can also warn the world of fierce storms to come.

As the sun glares down through 93,000,000 miles of space, it is master of all it surveys. But at Fremont Pass, high in the Rockies at Climax, Colorado, its halo is trapped in the interior of a 25-foot steel "ice-cream cone"—a Coronagraph—and captured on motion-picture film.

The Coronagraph records spectacular crimson geysers which spring from the halo around the sun, fling themselves hundreds of thousands of miles into space, and expand until they are almost the size of the sun itself. The Coronagraph also records the less spectacular solar corona, a luminous envelope surrounding the sun.

On the basis of these corona photographs, observers at the Harvard University station in Climax are working toward the day they will be able to predict accurately when long-distance phones will be disrupted, transoceanic planes will be grounded, sensitive compasses will deviate from true north, and brilliant displays of northern lights will appear. For, through changes in its pale, frosty white corona, the sun gives warning when it will bombard the earth with terrific magnetic storms.

Since 1610, when Galileo trained his "optic tube," the first telescope, on the heavens and proved that man's universe was more than a blue canopy covering a motionless earth, scientists have sought to study the sun. About 1860 their attention turned to the mantle of radiant gases which surround the sun, but which were available for study only at times of a total solar eclipse. At all other times, the light of the corona—as dazzling as a full moon—was blotted out by the overpowering, near-by brilliance of the sun itself.

In the nineteenth century, Samuel P. Langley, the astronomer, observed a total eclipse from the summit of Pikes Peak. He was so impressed by the brilliant corona that he tried to glimpse it again the following day. But he could find no trace of the brilliant streamers because this phenomenon is seen only once or twice in the average person's lifetime.

Expensive "eclipse expeditions" were organized to learn what effect the sun and its corona had on earth. The discovery by the famed scientist, Samuel Heinrich Schwabe, that the sunspots which for centuries had been observed sliding across the face of the sun moved in a definite pattern and reached a maximum every 11 years, took on new importance when Dr. A. E. Douglass, director of the Steward Observatory at Tucson, Arizona, noticed that the Arizona pines had marked periods of rapid and retarded growth.

It had been known for centuries that the age of a tree could be told by the number of its rings—one for each year. But Douglass established a tree-ring laboratory where he examined thousands of samples of redwoods and giant sequoias and found that their growth followed a definite pattern—which appeared to coincide with the 11-year sunspot cycle.

A NEW HORIZON was opened to science: if the sun affected terrestrial growth, what were its other earthly effects? About 1929 a scientific paper stated that it would be impossible ever to observe the corona without benefit of a total eclipse. But in various parts of the world, scientists working independently of each other were proving in their quiet way that "the impossible" only takes a little time.

In 1930, Dr. Donald H. Menzel of Harvard and Dr. Joseph H. Moore of Lick Observatory published a statement that "according to our calculations, a spectrum of the corona should be observable in broad daylight." Then, in the same year, a young Frenchman, Bernard Lyot, working in the observatory at Pic-du-Midi high in the Pyrenees, announced that he had developed a Coronagraph.

But not until 1938, at the meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Stockholm, did the shy, retiring Lyot produce his motion pictures. About 100 astronomers watched the demonstration with interest. As the meeting-room darkened, a blackened sun appeared. Suddenly a streamer of flame burst outward, licked its way to the top of the screen, hung there for a few moments, and then returned to the sun. Although Lyot's pictures showed only the flaming prominences of the sun—not its faint, elusive corona—his Coronagraph was a major scientific achievement.

But there was still much work left to be done, many improvements to be made, before the Coronagraph could steal the secrets of the sun. In America, Harvard University, which had been working to develop a Coronagraph since 1935, benefited greatly from Lyot's work. Funds for constructing an American Coronagraph were raised from private sources, and a dust-free site, at an 11,500-foot elevation, was donated by the Climax Molybdenum Company near Fremont Pass, Colorado. Late in 1940, the only Lyot-type instrument in the Western Hemisphere went into operation. Through the work of Drs. Donald H. Menzel and Walter O. Roberts the Coronagraph had been improved and refined; and the Climax Coronagraph was able to record on photographic plates the secrets of the sun's corona.

This was an amazing stroke of luck for the U. S. Armed Forces, for throughout World War II the work of the Coronagraph was a closely guarded secret; and Coronagraph reports, analyzed while still dripping wet, were phoned from Climax to Washington where they were correlated with other astronomical data and relayed to the Allied Forces throughout the world. On these reports, many operations were planned.

The Coronagraph made an important contribution to the winning of the war, and in return the war afforded the Climax staff an unexpected opportunity to correlate the effects of solar upsets on the earth. Now Dr. Roberts states: "From measurements of the sun made at Climax, astronomers here and elsewhere have discovered that, at least at times of minimum solar activity, magnetic disturbances usually occur three to seven days after brilliant coronal emissions have appeared at the east limb of the sun. Scientists think these upsets may be caused by ultraviolet radiation emitted from the sun during these outbursts. But we are still a long way from a full understanding of the mysteries of this effect. Warnings of these storms, issued twice weekly by the U. S. Bureau of Standards, are as important to long-range communications and air lines as a hurricane warning is to a ship at sea."

An especially severe solar storm has been known to cripple the phone system of a Manhattan suburb by throwing an electric wrench into the delicate dialing mechanism. In rural areas, where great distances separate broadcasting stations from farm receivers, local programs have been interrupted by crackling sounds.

If you find it hard to believe that an eruption in the sun's atmosphere could affect your daily routine, think of the jarring noise on your radio when an electric appliance is turned on near-by. Multiply these midget power plants by all the man-made sources of power, throw in all the great dams throughout the world, the blast furnaces in all the steel mills, and the power of our mighty atomic bombs—and even then, you haven't approached the potency of the sun.

If New Yorkers were to pay for

their sunlight at the same rate that they pay for commercial electric power, it would cost $100,000,000 for 12 hours.

Twelve hours of sunlight for the 48 states would cost more than World War II. So, when this solar power plant goes on a rampage, it's no wonder that its effects are felt in our communications, our economics, and our weather.

Scientists and astronomers, although urging caution in associating terrestrial reactions to changes in the sun, look to new and improved Coronagraphs as a means of investigating the mysteries of space. One of these new instruments will probably be installed at Climax. In addition, the telescope from atop the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company building at Rochester, New York, will be installed at Boulder. And high-speed cameras will be constantly photographing solar space and its phenomena.

Ultimately, the information obtained from Coronagraph pictures may furnish valuable clues to universities and researchers; to economists who would correlate the sun's activities with our business depressions and periods of prosperity; to historians who would match it against our record of wars and civilizations; to psychiatrists who would average it against human behavior and human morals; to meteorologists to figure against our weather; to physicists and scientists who would push the frontiers of our planet through the earth's atmosphere and rocket regions, perhaps to the heart of the sun itself.

Fortunately for all of us, this new marvel is available to those who seek to understand the sun and who use their knowledge for the benefit of mankind.

Second Try—Success!

THE YOUNG MAN was taking an examination to get into West Point. The examination progressed satisfactorily until he came to geometry. His knowledge of that subject, alas, had grown rusty, and he found that he could not answer many of the questions. There seemed to be nothing to do but admit defeat and go home.

But when the disheartened candidate approached the officer in charge to announce his withdrawal, he found that worthy busily engaged in reading a newspaper. Shy and self-conscious, the young man could not muster up courage to interrupt the officer. So he resumed his seat and began to review the geometry questions again —when, lo, a wonderful thing occurred. The facts about geometry that he feared had been forgotten began to unfold, and as a result he was able to complete the examination. Thus to West Point came another great American—Gen. Omar Bradley—today the highest-ranking American military officer. —*Christian Science Monitor*

Quirks of Queens

QUEEN ELIZABETH of England was so fond of beautiful clothes that at the end of her 45-year reign she had more than 2,000 costumes in her wardrobe. Almost every day she appeared in a different dress . . . Anne Boleyn, second wife of King Henry VIII, always wore gloves to hide the fact that she had six fingers on one hand . . .

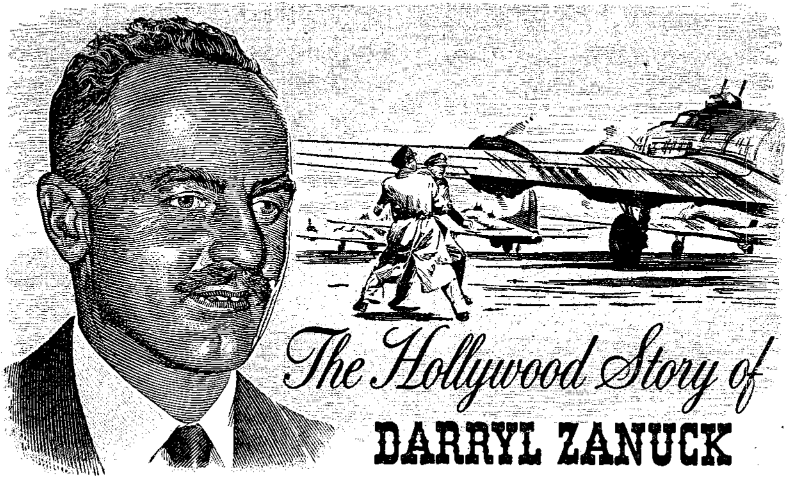
When Catherine the Great of Russia wanted to relax, she had her feet tickled. For breakfast, she drank five big cups of coffee, but her favorite drink was water with gooseberry syrup . . . Cleopatra's favorite dessert was a melon stuffed with an onion.

Empress Anne of Russia once decreed that a certain prince become a hen. To punish him for a minor misdemeanor, she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw and hollowed into a nest with eggs inside, to be placed in a room at court. The prince was condemned, on pain of death, to sit on the nest and cackle like a hen . . .

Queen Victoria, afraid some stranger would read the back of her blotting paper and discover personal or political secrets, used special black blotters which she carefully destroyed afterward.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, often slept with wet towels around her waist. She believed it kept her slender . . . And Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III of France, never wore the same pair of shoes twice.

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK OTT —PAUL STEINER



The Hollywood Story of DARRYL ZANUCK

by **DWIGHT WHITNEY**

His war experiences set him off on a stirring crusade to make the movies come of age

ONE AFTERNOON in November, 1942, a small, intense-looking man in the uniform of a U. S. Army colonel stood on the edge of a North African clearing, witnessing a minor episode in American history. In the clearing was a stalled American tank. In the tank were two young American soldiers.

One had a hole in the top of his head; the other, a leg half shot away. It was some time before they could be dragged to the safety of a near-by olive grove, where the colonel helped stem the flow of blood with the only material at hand—his woolen socks. This everyday incident of World War II might have passed unnoticed except that the socks belonged to Col. Darryl F. (for Francis) Zanuck.

The impact of what the aggressive production head of 20th Century-Fox studios saw in the clearing has since been felt in Hollywood, for it launched Zanuck on a crusade to produce pictures designed to enlighten as well as entertain.

The result has been a steady stream of movies such as *Wilson*, *The Razor's Edge*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, *The Snake Pit*, *Pinky*, and *Twelve O'Clock High*. In them, Zanuck undertook to grapple with such subjects as world peace, the indestructibility of the human spirit, anti-Semitism, the mentally infirm, and the Negro problem.

In recent years, other producers have also embraced the theory that the movies must grow up. But, more than any other man, Zanuck has been the movement's guiding spirit.

He first came into real prominence in 1930 by making *Public Enemy*, a forthright indictment of Al Capone, the Chicago beer barons, and the social system that created them. A few years later he made *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, an exposé of the Southern penal system so sensational in its time that the State of Georgia brought suit against its makers. He imported the late George Arliss from England for *Disraeli*, and thereby instituted the cycle of biographical pictures which had such a vogue in the thirties.

In 1939, he made *The Grapes of Wrath*, a sympathetic treatment of migratory workers, against the professed wishes of every major pressure group in California. In 1941 he began work on a Western called *The Oxbow Incident*, which turned out to be a thoughtful study of lynch law and mass violence.

Such a forward-looking record is a hard thing to come by in Hollywood. Courage alone is not enough. Zanuck has always been able to manage because he possesses the special qualifications for surviving in what may well be one of the world's most exacting businesses.

These include an ironclad constitution which enables him to work from 12 to 14 hours a day, six days a week; and a willingness to subjugate everything to the all-consuming task of making movies.

At 48, ZANUCK is a restless, mustachioed man with a voice that rocks the room and a style of delivery that depends for its effectiveness on its athletic qualities. He cannot pass a remark on the weather without pacing the floor like some furtive jungle animal, clamping firm jaws into an outsize Havana cigar, and energetically swinging one of a variety of swagger sticks which he invariably affects.

His friendships range from ex-pugs and retired Australian polo players to world political figures, and he regularly exchanges cigars with Winston Churchill. When he makes his annual trip to the Riviera he usually sees a good deal of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

In the movie business, such an aggressive personality enables him to rise above the pressure of other men's opinions. Thus, many of his great successes have been wrought from material rejected by other producers. This talent began to assert itself as early as 1927.

At the time, a comedian named George Jessel was a hit on Broadway in *The Jazz Singer*. Zanuck tried to persuade his boss, Harry Warner, to buy it. But Warner maintained that the play was too strongly Jewish and thus limited in appeal. "Look, Harry," said Zanuck impatiently, "you've seen *Nanook of the North?* Well, when that Eskimo woman loses her child on the icecap, do audiences stop to ask what *religion* she is? No, they just burst out crying!"

Warner bought *The Jazz Singer* and ushered in a whole new era.

Today, Zanuck works on the same principle. *The Snake Pit*, for example, was a property which everyone agreed was too hot to handle. Director Anatole Litvak had acquired the movie rights to Mary Jane Ward's account of abuses in insane asylums, and had tried to peddle it to quite a few studios.

Zanuck proved that he and Litvak were right and the rest of Hollywood was wrong, for *The Snake Pit* was one of the best and most profitable pictures of 1948.

However, there are moments

when even Zanuck's most zealous admirers fear he has gone too far, as when he insisted on buying a book called *Twelve O'Clock High.* The hero of this realistic war story, instead of being a commander of unbending courage even unto death, was a distinctly vulnerable Air Force general whose responsibilities exceeded the limits of human endurance. Audiences were to be treated to the somewhat unnerving spectacle of the hero breaking down before their very eyes.

The board of directors took a dim view of this prospect, and three top stars—James Cagney, Gary Cooper, and Gregory Peck (who was later talked into playing it)—had turned it down cold.

This was enough to alarm even Zanuck, and he called his writer, Sy Bartlett, into his office. "Sy," he said, "we are the only two people in Hollywood crazy enough to think this is a good idea. But I'm going to make this picture if it's the last thing I ever do!"

Six months later, when the first rough cut was run for a small group of studio bigwigs, several of them called up to apologize. *Twelve O'Clock High* was one of the best pictures released this year.

ALTHOUGH ZANUCK is widely admired for his "significant pictures," his success is firmly rooted in his ability to maintain the quality of all his studio's products. Besides his own personally produced pictures, there are some 30-odd other, less ambitious, films to be made every year.

Betty Grable's celebrated legs, for example, are a sure-fire commodity which can always be depended upon to pay for the courageous experiment that doesn't pan out. Consequently, Zanuck never allows his pet projects to interfere with the less esthetic but more profitable business of making stylish potboilers.

To do this calls for prodigious energy. Zanuck arrives at his huge, green football field of an office at 10:30 in the morning and seldom leaves before 1:30 A. M. the following day. Mornings are devoted to answering mail and replying to memorandums from his producers. Afternoons are spent in story conferences. At 6:30, he has a steam bath, and at 7 he naps in the trophy room, an exotic retreat back of his office replete with stuffed mementos of his shooting expeditions.

Dinner is at 8 P. M. Whenever possible, his wife, Virginia Fox Zanuck, who used to be Buster Keaton's leading lady before she married Darryl in 1924; his recently married daughter, Darrylin, 18; and the two younger children, Susan, 16, and Dickie, 15, dine at the studio. Then, at 9 o'clock, their father settles down to the day's real work—cutting and editing 20th Century-Fox pictures.

Although Zanuck owns a large Santa Monica beach house, he literally never sees it except between 2 and 10 A. M., three nights a week. On Thursday, he stops work at midnight. Zanuck, Mrs. Zanuck, and a French teacher, Jacques Surmagne, take off in Darryl's green car for Palm Springs, the California desert resort.

Zanuck is up early next morning, reading scripts around the swimming pool in back of the 15-room house. By Saturday afternoon, he has dictated the equivalent of a short novel in notes to his associates and has his next week's work laid out. In addition he has found time to greet his guests (who usually begin to arrive Friday afternoon), play a Canasta game after dinner, and indulge in a four-hour croquet session on the specially lit court in front of the house.

ZANUCK'S CONDITIONING for his present way of life began early. His career has been Horatio Alger with reverse English. He was born in 1902 in Wahoo, Nebraska, of English and Swiss forebears. His grandfather, a wealthy man, built the Union Pacific railroad from Omaha to Fremont. His father operated a grain elevator and owned the local hotel. Indeed, Darryl Francis was born in the Grand Hotel. While Darryl was still young, the family transferred operations to Glendale, California, where he worked as an extra (at $1 a day) for the old Kalem Company.

By the time he was 15, World War I was on and he talked his way into the Nebraska National Guard. He was shipped to Camp Cody, New Mexico, a remount station, because, as Darryl modestly puts it, "I knew something about horses."

Just as he was beginning to enjoy himself, he was shipped to France. There he learned to box, and fought in camp shows as a bantamweight.

Something else of importance happened to Zanuck during the war. His letters to his grandfather were reprinted in the Wahoo newspaper and later in *Stars & Stripes*. Their style was more florid than coherent, but they displayed enough zest to mark him as a young man worth watching.

Returning to Wahoo, Darryl resolved to become an author. But he didn't sell enough stories. Finally, in 1922, he moved to California, determined to write scenarios for the movies. When no one bought them, he went to work in a shipyard, catching rivets.

After various experiences, including a short stint as a hair-tonic salesman, Zanuck wrote an original for F-B-O (now RKO) called *Julius Sees Her*, which turned out to be a hit. As a result, he was signed to do a whole series of similar stories at $125 a crack. He had completed 20 when a friend at Warners suggested he submit something there.

The time was 1926, sound had not yet come in, and the brothers Warner had fallen on lean days. They had an important dog star in Rin-Tin-Tin, so Zanuck decided to try a story for him. Soon Darryl moved to Warners and became a canine expert. The result was that Rin-Tin-Tin functioned as a sort of protector of public morals, guardian of law and order, private detective, and household pet all rolled into one.

Once Zanuck got rolling, his ability to turn out stories in a hurry came in handy. Warners had only four writers, but, thanks to Zanuck, it looked as if they had seven. Scenarios began to appear by "Melville Crossman," "Mark Canfield," and "Gregory Rogers" which, it turned out, were merely noms de plume for Darryl Zanuck.

When *The Jazz Singer* brought in sound films and re-established the Warner Brothers as a major force in Hollywood, Zanuck was suitably rewarded. In 1929, he became general production manager. His first move was to import Arliss from England, and buy a book called *Beer and Blood*, which was to become *Public Enemy* and make a star out of James Cagney.

Zanuck had now become Somebody in Hollywood, and he purchased a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce painted a lush green. He adopted green—or Zanuck Green, as it later became known—as a sort of trademark. His offices began to be green, and later, when he became powerful enough, the cutting and dining rooms became green, too.

He adopted other trademarks, too. In 1932, he took up polo because, he says, he needed the exercise. Before he was through, he owned a string of ponies, played with the country's best poloists, and had a Two-goal rating, which is phenomenal for a man of his size.

ONCE HAVING BECOME a Somebody, it must have been evident very early that Zanuck, the young genius, would leave for more fertile pastures. This occurred during the bank crisis of 1933, when he and Harry Warner had a squabble over restoring the famous 50 per cent employees' pay cut.

Joseph Schenck, the wily motion-picture pioneer, financed Zanuck in a new company called 20th Century, whose only assets besides Zanuck were five desks, five typewriters, George Arliss (pirated from Warner), and a screen writer named Nunnally Johnson.

Zanuck lost no time in putting the new company on the map. His first picture, *The Bowery*, written by Johnson for George Raft and the late Wallace Beery, was a hit. He followed this with *Broadway Through a Keyhole* (based on an idea by Walter Winchell); *The House of Rothschild* (with Arliss); *The Mighty Barnum*, *The Call of the Wild*, and *Les Misérables* (with Fredric March as Jean Valjean). All were hits.

By 1935, Schenck, Zanuck, Johnson and company looked like a major studio even though, in effect, they were making pictures out of a phone booth. On the other hand, the old Fox Film Company was losing money, although it boasted Will Rogers and Shirley Temple, two top stars. Fox needed smart management and 20th Century needed facilities.

Thus, in August, 1935, 20th Century-Fox was formed. In a deal engineered by Schenck, Zanuck was installed as vice-president in charge of production. His new job was complicated somewhat by the untimely death of Rogers in an air crash, which was roughly equivalent to 40 per cent of the studio's assets going out the window. But Zanuck upped the net profit in his first year from virtually nothing to more than $3,000,000.

He managed to make several million dollars with Shirley Temple before she reached the awkward age, and then began to make stars of his own, beginning with a night-club singer named Alice Faye, an ice skater named Sonja Henie, and a young New York actor named Tyrone Power.

By 1941, the war began to cut into Zanuck's time. Besides, there were other diversions. One was the new International Set with which Zanuck, through the auspices of

Elsa Maxwell, had become allied. When he went in the Army, his job of co-ordinator of Allied photographic activities threw him in contact with Churchill, Anthony Eden, Senator Harry Truman, Gen. Mark Clark—and a host of other figures.

Nowadays, Zanuck takes a six-week trip to Europe annually, at which time he investigates the foreign market and hunts for new talent. His base of operations is Cap d'Antibes. Here he may be found in his cabaña, attired in brief trunks, reading scripts, running off rough cuts of pictures rushed to him by air, dashing off multiple cables to Hollywood, and frantically water skiing.

Last fall, Zanuck signed a new 20-year contract with 20th Century-Fox, calling for $260,000 a year for the next ten, and $150,000 a year for ten more after that, for his "exclusive services in an advisory capacity." His honors have been many, not the least of which was the distinction of being one of the few major movie executives to experience combat in World War II.

For his work in setting up Allied photographic activities in North Africa (Zanuck personally photographed Eisenhower's first step on African soil), he was awarded the Legion of Merit. While he was in London studying commando tactics with Lord Mountbatten, he actually participated in a raid on St. Valéry, France.

He returned to Hollywood in 1943 to cut a color documentary which he had supervised, called *At the Front in North Africa*, and remained to make "movies of significance." His efforts along this line have since won him the Irving Thalberg Award for distinguished achievement in production, the George Washington Carver Award for work in behalf of racial tolerance, and the designation of B'nai B'rith man of the year for 1948.

Today, he is facing the future with his usual tireless enthusiasm. "These are the movies' toughest times," he says. "Business is not good. The shortage of story material is appalling. Nevertheless, the screen is advancing and will continue to advance. It's just that you can't get away with the old formulas anymore. People's standards are higher than they used to be. We plan to raise them even higher."

Zanuck doesn't know what his next standard-raising film will be, but he feels confident that when the time comes a suitable idea will present itself.

Sinister Psychology

THE MANAGER of a radio station addresses this beautifully simple letter to delinquent clients:

"Dear Mr.—: Will you please send us the name of a good lawyer in your community? We may have to sue you. Yours very truly . . ."

—CARLTON AJAYE

by MARCEL WALLENSTEIN

IN THE MONTPARNASSE district of Paris, people live more or less in one another's pockets. Since the views from the small apartments are chiefly into other apartments, the shutters are usually closed.

The six-story house where I live is built around a court. The summer evening I moved in, laughter and talk and the blare of radios crossed the narrow space. Dinner was finished. Families, relaxing before bedtime, were sitting in the windows or on their balconies.

A light went on in a window opposite, and presently someone began playing a piano. It started softly, a Chopin nocturne. As if by prearranged signal, all the radios were turned off. The talk stopped. There was only the music.

It continued for some time to the unseen audience. Whoever was playing was a capable musician with a gentle touch. The pianist ended with Debussy's *Clair de Lune*, that lovely distillation of moonlight into sound. Even after the music had stopped, and the radios and talk were resumed, the strains of *Clair de Lune* seemed to hang in the night.

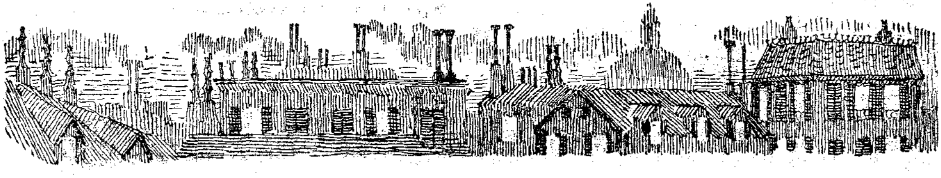
It happened again a few evenings later. The light went on in the same window, and the building fell silent. The pianist played Chopin again, some Schumann and Beethoven, and ended with *Clair de Lune*.

It continued through several weeks, always the same. The shutters of the apartment across the court were always closed, and only chinks of light were visible. Then, one evening the shutters were open. A man switched on a lamp beside a piano. He was a bear of a man with coarse features and tousled white hair.

Then I saw the pianist. She was very small, a girl with absurdly thin arms and hands, and a tiny face beneath dark hair. As she played, the big man sat slumped in a chair. She played through her repertoire, ending with *Clair de Lune*, and then the lights went out.

It was the same nearly every night; the coarse brute in his chair, the girl creating magic at the keys. One night after she had finished playing, the girl came to the window and stood there for a moment.

The big man left his chair, drew the girl away from the window, and closed the shutters; as he did so I



had a glimpse of his bitter face in a shaft of light.

There was something disturbing about those two—the old man and the girl. Obviously he was her father. He seemed like a jailer, forcing her to play for him. Her face, before he brought her away from the window, was sad and terribly thin.

After that, there were no more concerts. I did not hear the piano again. A few days later, Mme. Chollet, the concierge, knocked on my door. "I am making a collection for flowers for the little pianist," she said. "Everyone is giving me something. Will you contribute?"

"Yes. And tell her how much I enjoyed her music."

The concierge's eyes filled with tears. "She is dead, monsieur. The little artist died last night. The funeral will be tomorrow."

Next morning Mme. Chollet, dressed all in black, stood in the street in front of the apartment house. Others similarly dressed were waiting. A hearse drove up, carrying a floral wreath which covered the top of the vehicle. The old man came out. His eyes were cold and angry. He stood behind the hearse in his shabby black suit, staring straight ahead as he waited for the procession to move off.

I asked Mme. Chollet about the man and the girl, and how the child had died.

"She had been an invalid for many years," the concierge replied.

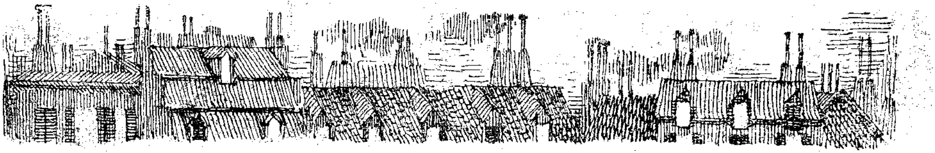
"Her father did not seem very kind to her," I said.

Mme. Chollet gasped. "Her father? He was her husband. Don't you know who he is? He is the famous Professor Grunier. He was a member of the Faculty of Medicine. This girl was brought to him and he tried to cure her. He married her and gave up his work. He kept her alive for years. He never left her side. He worshipped her.

"She told me not long ago that he had made her life beautiful. She played the piano to give him pleasure. Now she is gone. I do not know what will happen to Professor Grunier. Life will be very hard for that good man."

The line formed behind the hearse, and Mme. Chollet took her place for the walk to the cemetery. I thought of *Clair de Lune,* the tiny figure at the piano, and the stern old man in his chair.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



DON'T TRIFLE WITH TONSILS!

by KATE HOLLIDAY

There are too many misconceptions about a "simple" operation that can be serious

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of people will have their tonsils removed this year. Some will have the operation for valid reasons. More will undergo it, or have their children undergo it, because of a vague idea that getting rid of this pair of organs is necessary.

Now tonsillectomy is by far the most familiar surgery known in this country; it is performed on infants, adolescents, and octogenarians. Yet the public is appallingly ignorant about both the operation itself and the subject of tonsils in general.

Let's start with the misconception that you *must* have your tonsils out—eventually. Specialists in the ear-nose-and-throat field and general practitioners as well will tell you that this belief is ridiculous. As one specialist says: "Many people have their tonsils and adenoids throughout their lives—and why not? It is silly to expose an individual to the rigors of an operation unless there is reason for it."

But why, you say, leave them in? They don't serve any essential function, do they? Which brings us to a second misconception: that tonsils are useless.

Your tonsils are a pair of almond-shaped structures located on each side of your throat behind your tongue. They are composed of lymphoid, or nearly colorless, tissue, as are the adenoids above them in your nasal airway. Adenoids are actually a type of tonsil and are so called in medical terminology: the palatine tonsil. They are merely an extension of the lymphoid tissue found in the area. They are present at birth and usually disappear at puberty, thus making the removal of adenoids rare in adults.

As far as tonsillar function goes, the one significant fact about these organs is that they are covered with deep pits, resembling those in a sponge. These pits, or crypts, may be half or three-quarters of an inch long and deep. They are covered with cells equipped to destroy germs which otherwise might pass down your throat.

Therefore, your tonsils *do* have a function. And it is for this reason that doctors believe in leaving them alone—*unless* there is a definite indication for their removal.

Doctors deplore the wholesale belief that a tonsillectomy is an operation you undergo between cocktails and dinner, or something you subject your child to as a matter of course. They admit that, compared to other surgeries, the removal of tonsils is reasonably simple. Yet they also say that tonsillectomy may lead to unforeseen complications of a serious nature.

Any person about to undergo removal of tonsils, regardless of age, should have the surgery performed in a hospital, except in an emergency. It is desirable that he enter the institution the night before, in order that he may be properly medicated and kept under observation. He should eat nothing the morning of the operation.

These are rules so old and tried that doctors take them for granted. Yet they are broken by the public constantly, despite their importance in preserving life.

Time after time, mothers say blithely: "Oh, little Johnny was *so* hungry that I simply had to give him his breakfast!" When this occurs, the anesthetist clutches his head, for he knows there is a good chance that Johnny's breakfast may be drawn up into his windpipe and lungs, and that, despite professional skill, the boy may choke to death on the operating table.

A tonsillectomy is not, as you may be gathering, a trivial matter. The operation *usually* consumes about 15 minutes. But it may go on for an hour, particularly if dense scar tissue from repeated attacks of tonsillitis is encountered. The patient may also hemorrhage and the surgeon may have great trouble stopping the bleeding. Last, because of the location of the organs in the throat, the job of keeping the airway open so that the patient may breathe is tricky. That is why the anesthetist must be expert.

WHAT ARE THE *real* indications for the need of removal of tonsils? Repeated attacks of sore throat with fever are, of course, one indication. So is enlargement of the tonsils themselves, or of the adenoids, which obstruct proper breathing and swallowing. So is persistent swelling of the lymph glands of the neck, due to infection.

Tonsils may also be involved in cases of rheumatic fever, and then they are removed as soon as possible. Tonsils may be the culprits, too, in cases of acute rheumatism or rheumatoid arthritis involving the spine or limbs. When bacteria from infected tonsils get into the blood stream, they may produce "acute glomerular nephritis"—a kidney disease.

These are some of the *real* indications for tonsillectomy. And now we had better clear up some more misconceptions.

There is a general idea that if you take out the tonsils of an allergic person, you will give him asthma—of all things! This is not true. Tonsils are not removed, either, for hay fever. The irritation *in the nose* and the constant flow of mucus may eventually irritate the tonsils, but the trouble does not start there. Clearing up the nasal obstruction will usually clear up secondary difficulties in the throat.

What about tonsils "growing back"? The answer is simply that they do not—if they are removed properly. The old wives' tale about their "growing back" probably stemmed from the fact that, years ago, a "tag" of tonsil was often left in the throat because of the crude surgery used.

Much publicity has been given to the question of tonsillectomy and polio. The latest authoritative opinion is that it is dangerous to perform a tonsillectomy during a polio epidemic. The risk of the patient's contracting the disease is greater. But, more important, the exposure is to polio in its most severe form—the dreaded bulbar type.

The chief advance in the tonsil and adenoid picture is the use of antibiotics to control infection. In severe cases of tonsillitis, for example, penicillin will "cool off" the inflammation rapidly and thus permit the surgeon to operate before the patient becomes weakened by chronic infection. And penicillin will also keep bacteria under rein in emergency cases when the doctors can't wait for the tonsils to return to normal.

Such controls are now being used for our good. But as individuals we have a duty to the doctors, too: we must abide by their orders before surgery; we must listen to facts and cease believing fables. Thus we will stop risking our lives, and the lives of our children, by trifling with something which may be more serious than we know.

Counter Irritation

THE MILDLY DISTRAUGHT little man timidly addressed the statuesque blonde behind the perfume counter. "Please, miss, I've lost my wife in this crowd. May I stand here and talk with you for a minute or two?"

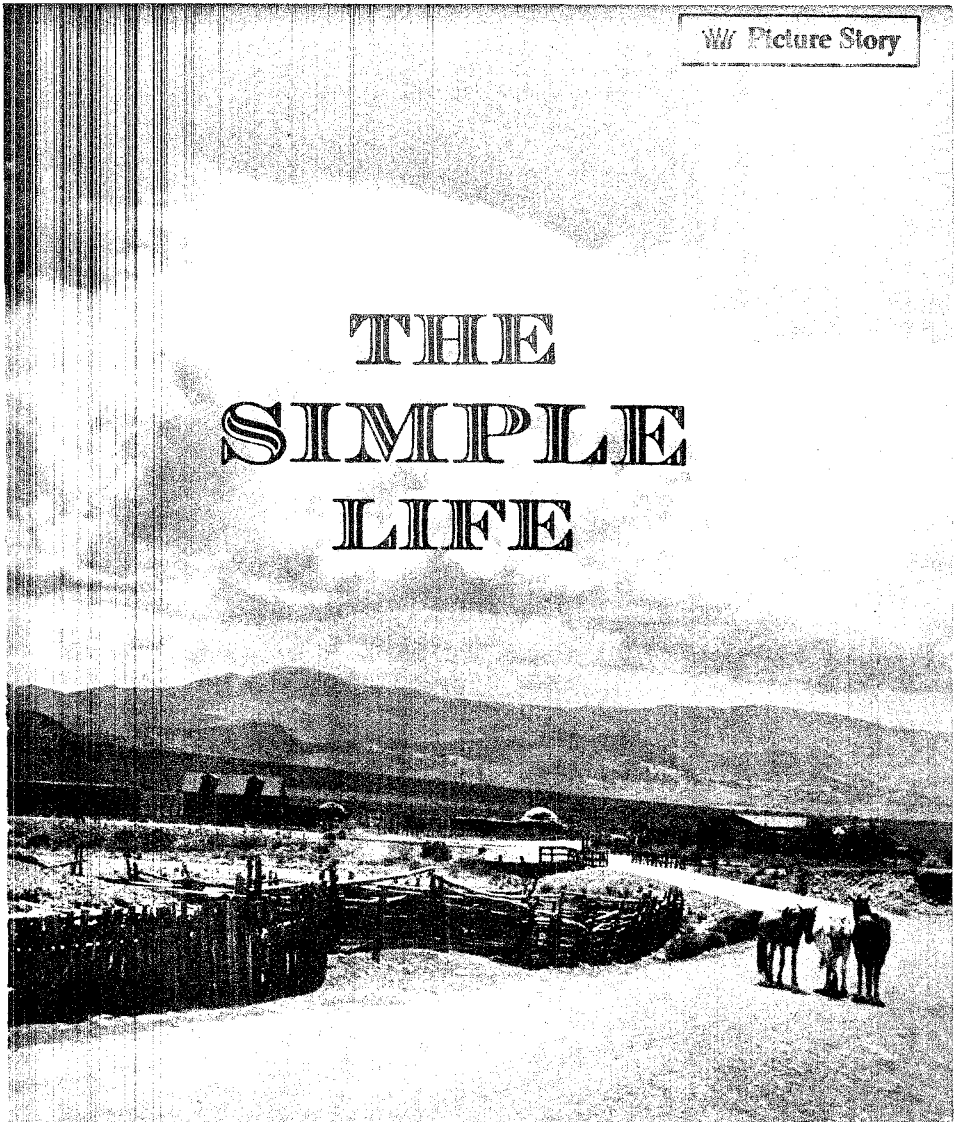
"But what good'll that do?" asked the surprised blonde.

"Oh, she is sure to turn up if I am talking to a pretty girl," he replied confidently. "Just wait and see!"

She found him in exactly one minute!

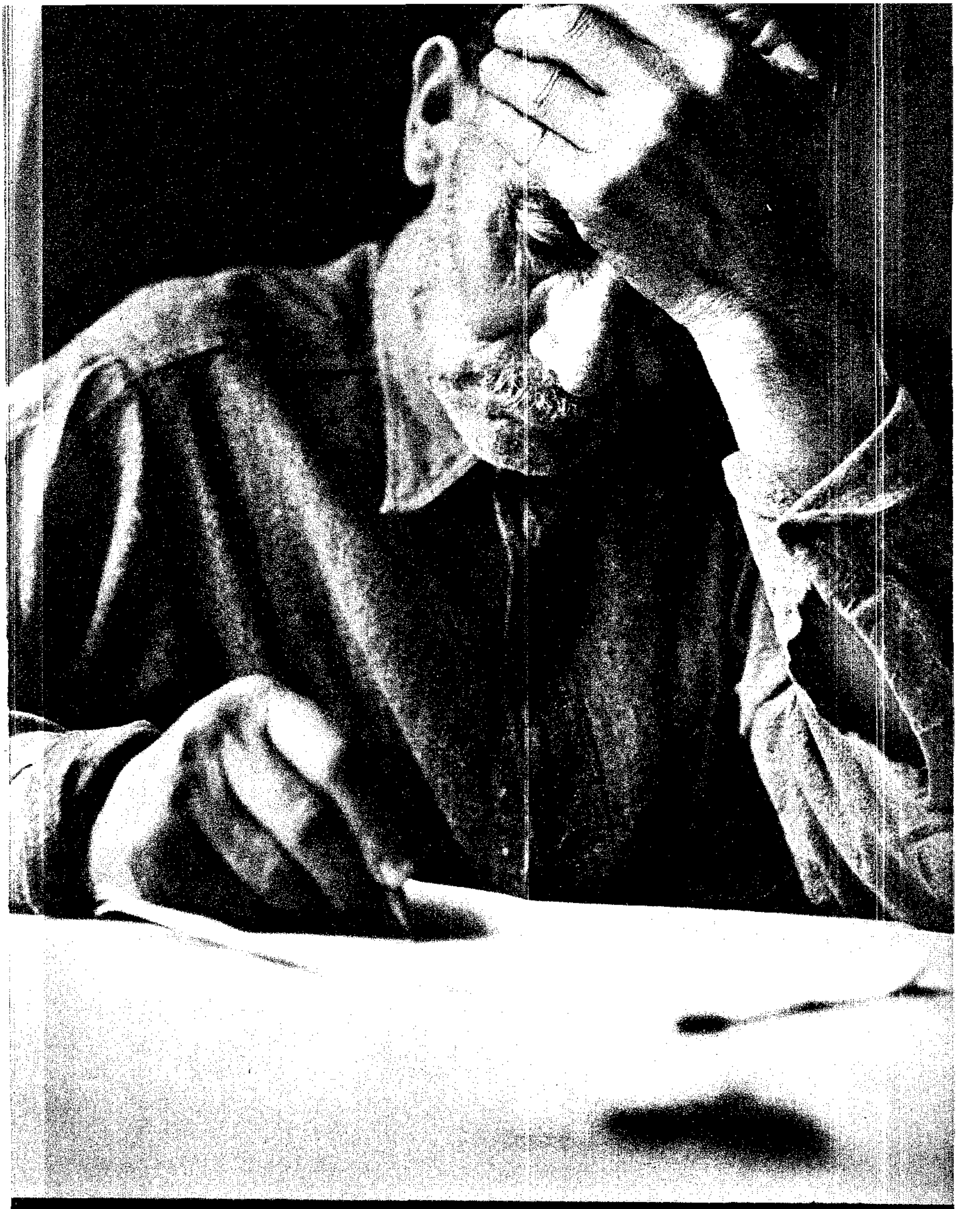
GLANCING DOWN from his office on the mezzanine, the manager observed a clerk apparently engaged in a heated argument with a customer. Summoning the clerk, he demanded: "Why did you argue with that customer? Haven't I told you repeatedly that today, business being what it is, the customer is always right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk meekly. "And that is why I argued with him—that customer insisted he was wrong!" —*Wall Street Journal*



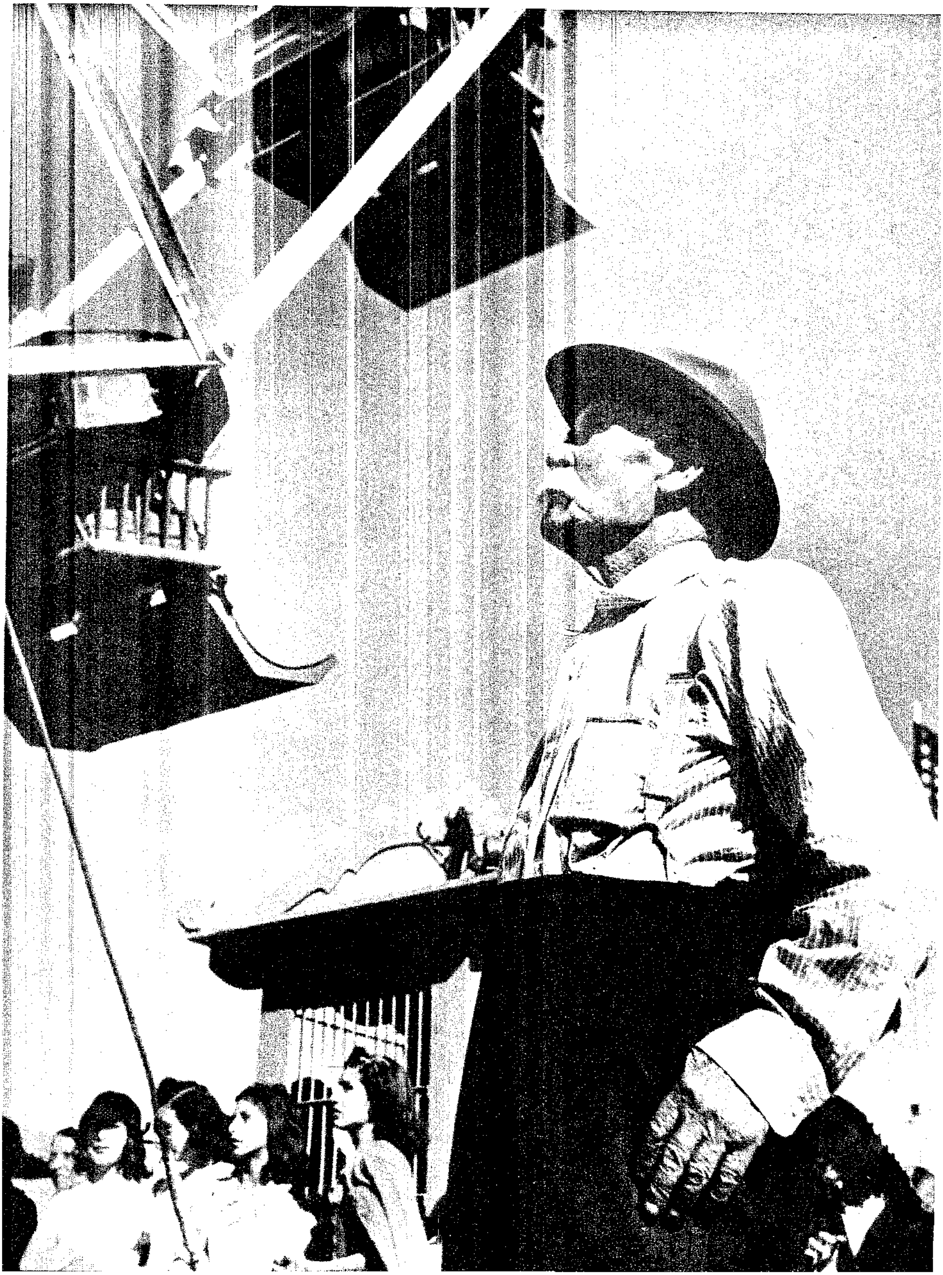
THE SIMPLE LIFE

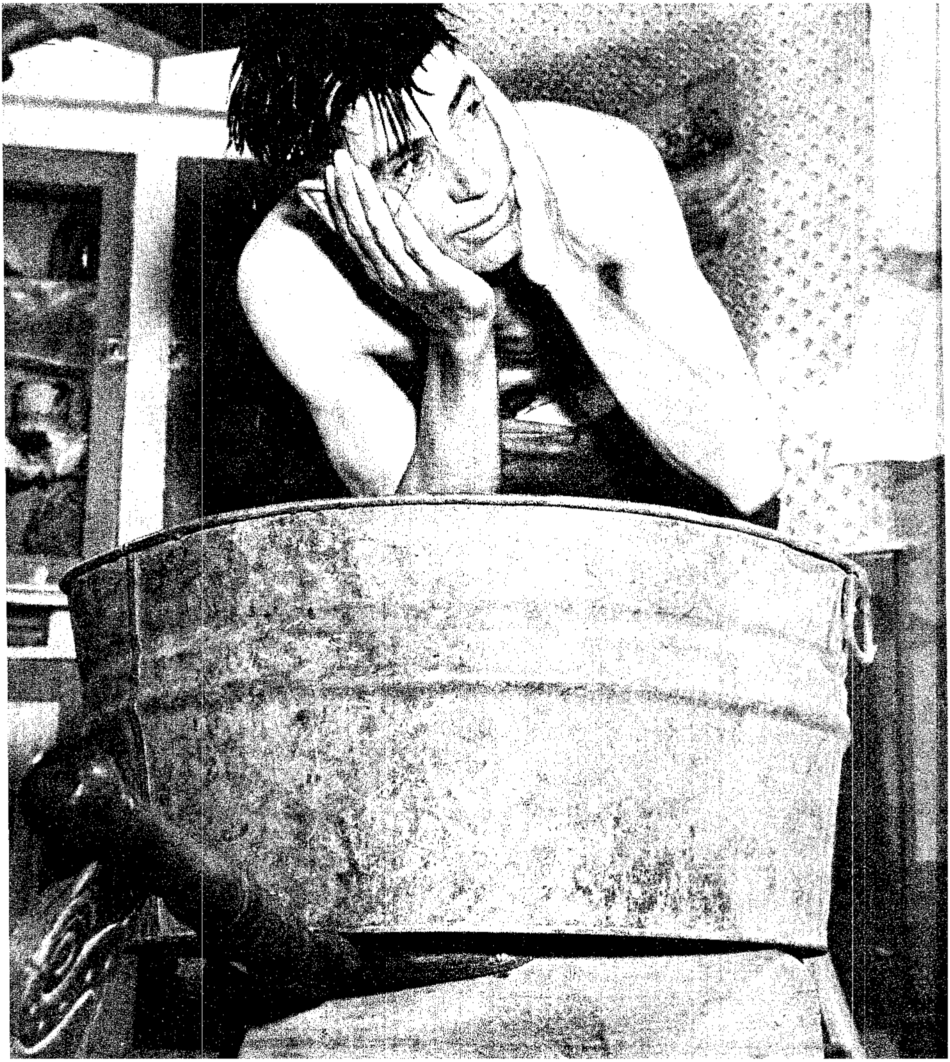
FAR FROM NOISY cities and bustling towns, where dirt roads wind to cloud-filled horizons, you will find the Simple Life. More, you will find the heartland of America. To millions, this land is home. They would choose no other. Enduring its lonely hardships, they live, find happiness, and give us—through their modest tasks—our greatness.

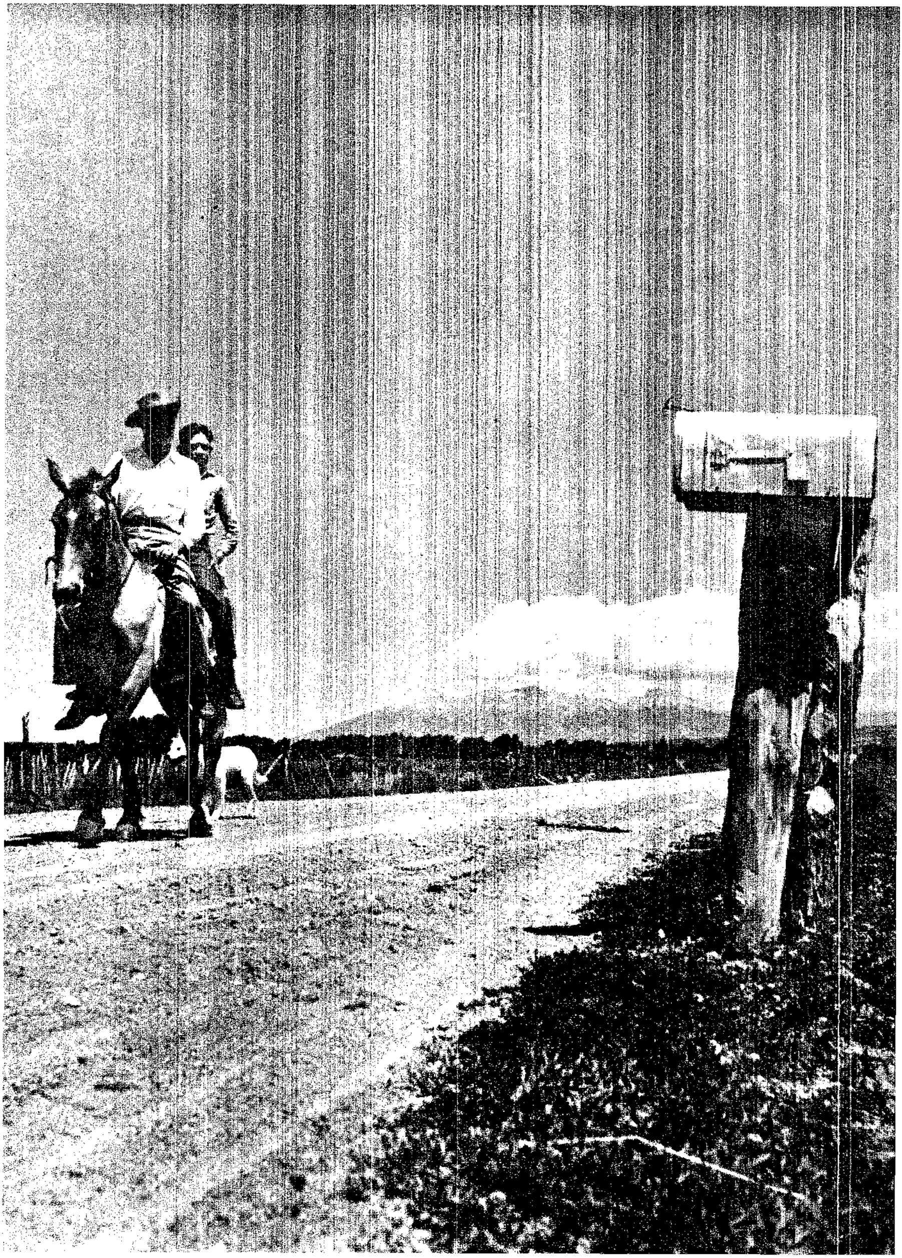


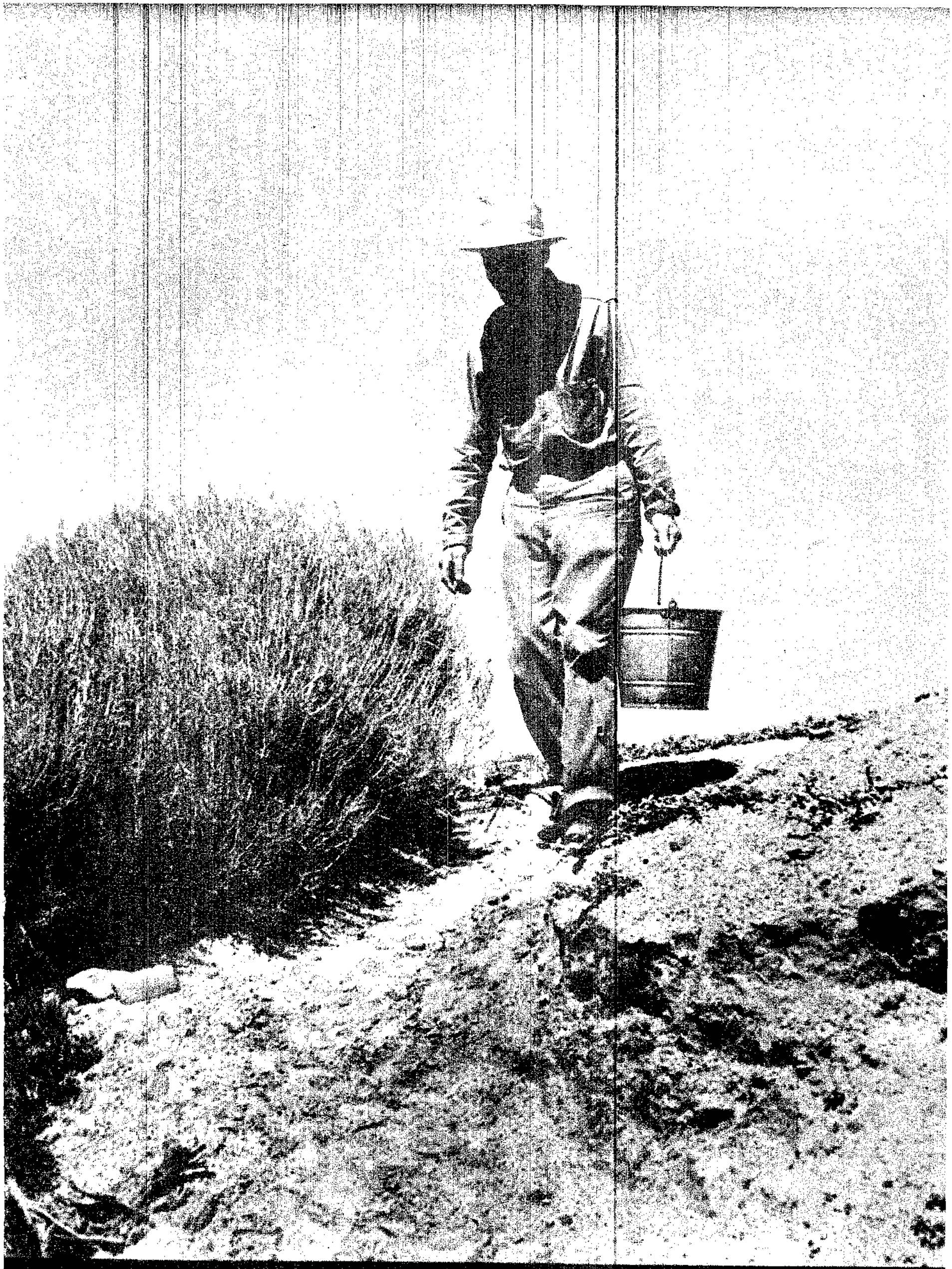
Days here begin with dawn and end long after dark. Everything in life

The Simple Life ingrains itself deeply in a boy. No matter where the years may lead him, the glint of sunlit shallows and the cool feel of dew-wet



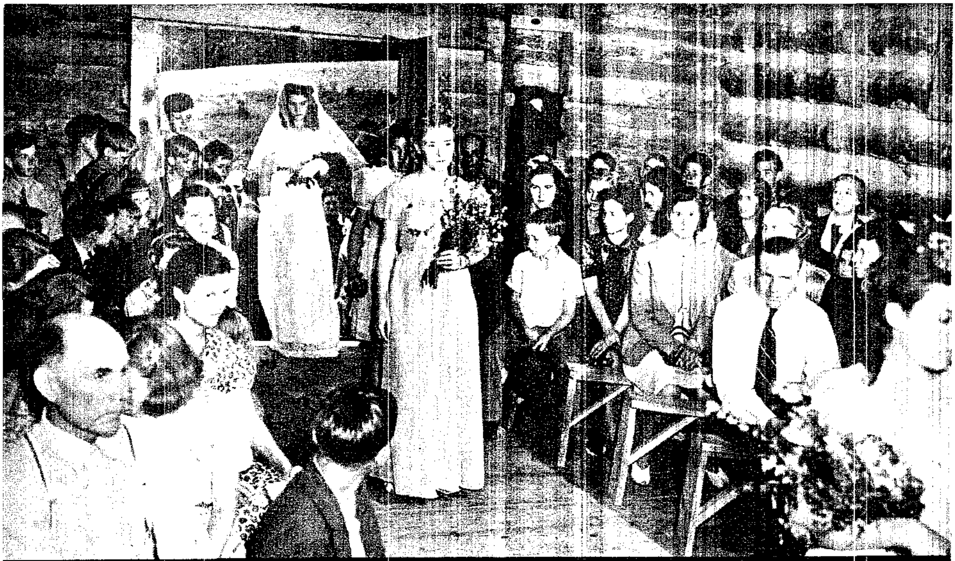




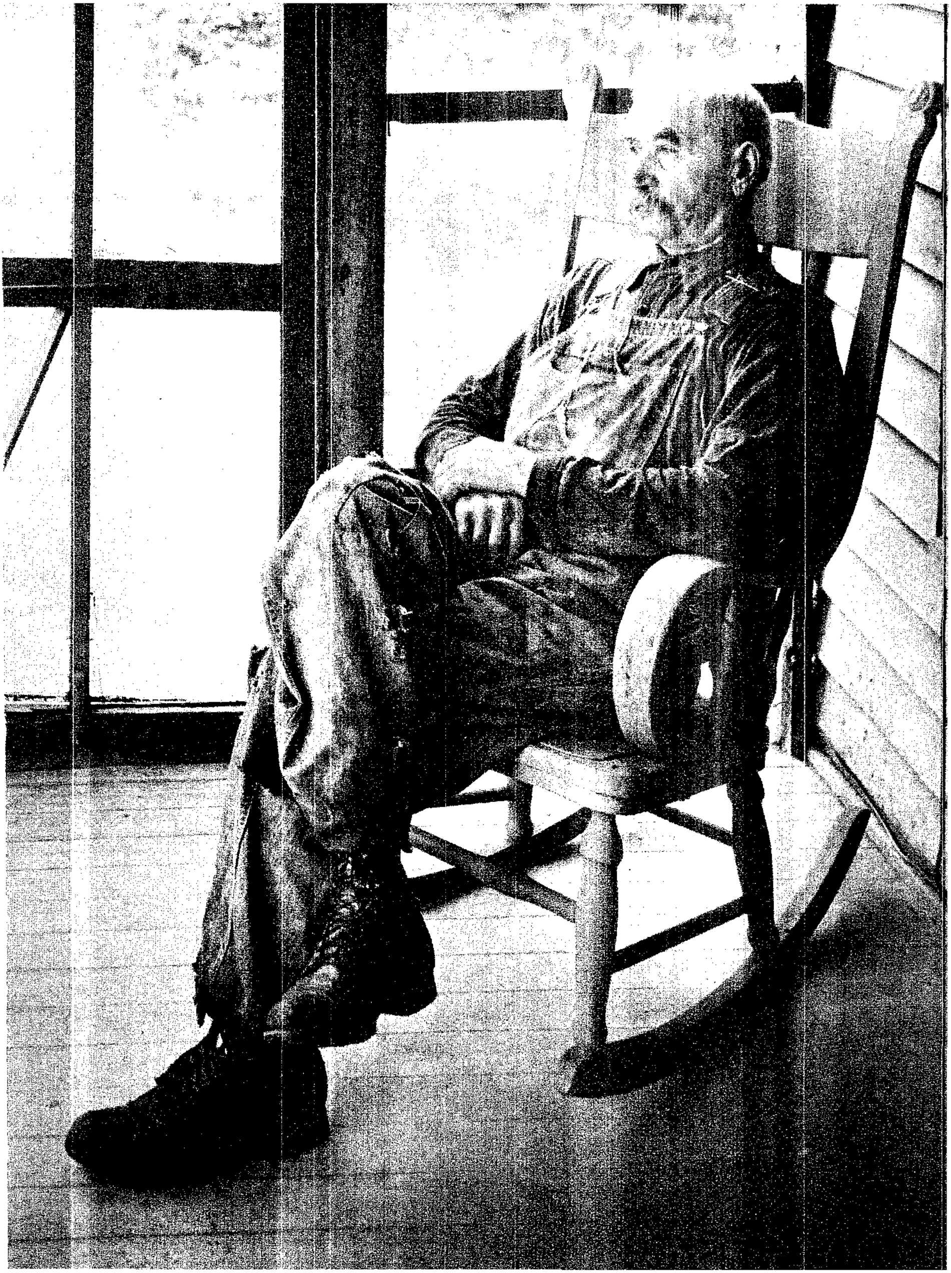


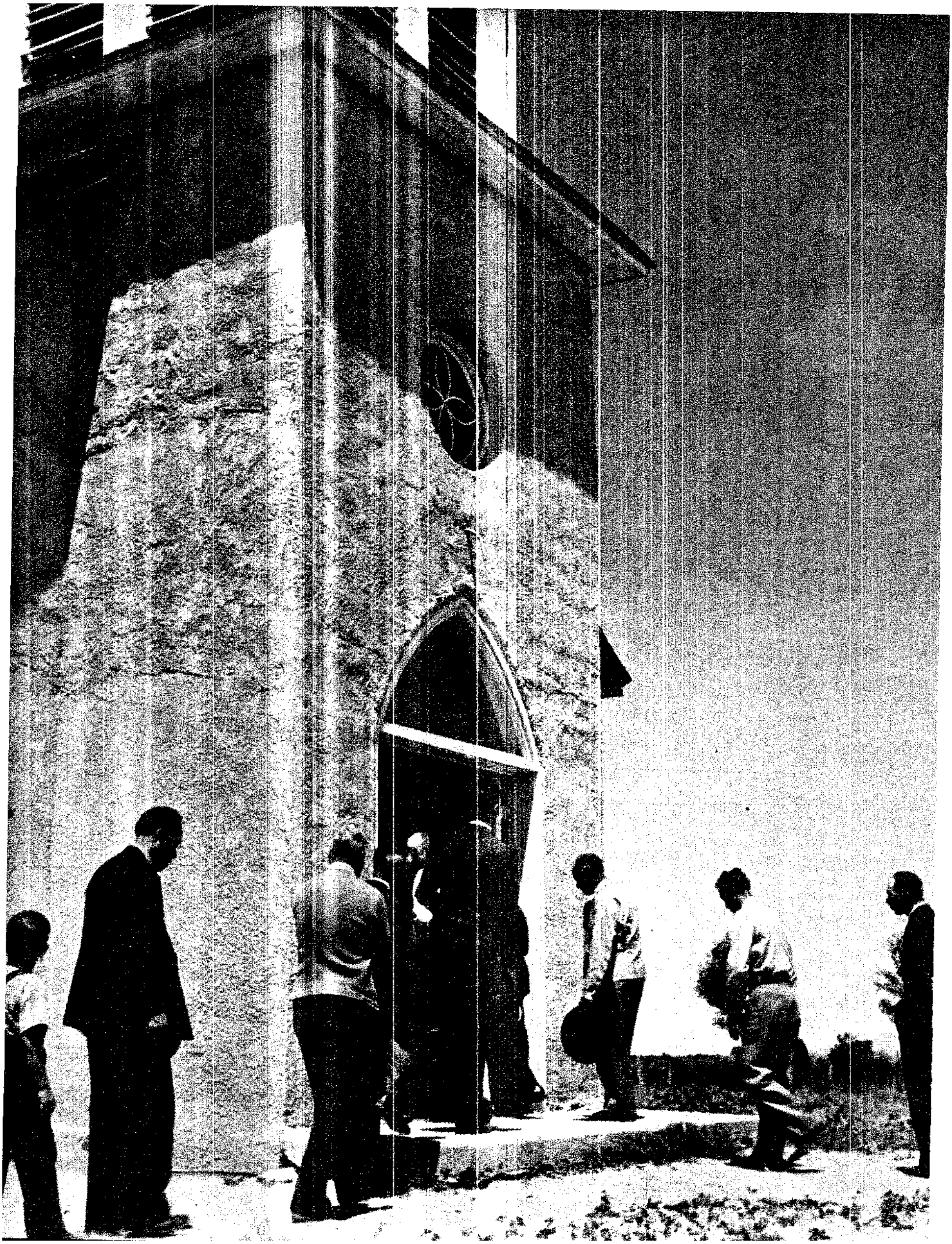
The land is a demanding master. Yet, those who know the feel of earth surging with a growth that is always uncertain, rich with the promise of harvests always in doubt, would choose no other way of lif

A man's fences are his credentials. They tell the story of what his father owned and what he has added by his industry and success. To country folk, rough-hewn poles and barbed wire are marks of empire.



When the young folks marry, a new generation takes its place alongside the old. Log churches are a treasured part of our country's heritage; for many they are the setting of life's happiest moment.





A Private Car Called "Success"

by **ROWLAND L. WILLIAMS**
(President, Chicago and North Western Railway System)
As told to Don Eddy

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, my train stopped at a country depot in northern Wisconsin. The building was immaculate and the young station agent appeared unusually alert. We are always looking for bright young men to grow with our railroad, so I asked him:

"What are your plans? Are you married to this town, or do you expect to move on to better things?"

"I guess I'd like advancement," he said slowly, "but I'm not sure I'd be any better off. I wonder if a young man has much chance to get anywhere, the way things are these days."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "business has become so big and impersonal that a man can't create opportunities any more. There's little new left to be done, and a fellow who tries to get his head above the crowd is apt to get it knocked off. If he does manage to make an extra dollar, the government takes it away in taxes."

I have been hearing that tale of woe in one form or another ever since I was a boy. Business always has been too impersonal, there never have been enough opportunities, taxes always have been ruinous, there has always been too much governmental interference.

I wanted to sit down with my Wisconsin friend and straighten his thinking, but my train was ready and I had to go. So what I say now is directed to him—and to the 1,500,000 young people who leave schools and colleges for their first jobs every year. Let me begin by going back a bit . . .

At the turn of the century, when I was growing up in Salem, Illinois, a youngster from an ordinary family had few careers from which to choose. The main ones were farming, merchandising and railroading.

Today, nearly any ambitious young person can manage to get a college education and thus prepare for a profession. In the "Good Old Days" that privilege was limited principally to exceptional students and to children from wealthy homes. I was neither.

We had one privilege then, however, that all Americans still possess today—freedom of choice. And my choice was railroading.

From our house in Salem I could hear the rumble of trains.

One of my earliest memories is the faraway moan of a locomotive whistle on a still prairie night; it made my spine tingle then, and it does today. To me, the railroad epitomized the things I wanted—adventure and power and excitement.

The summer I was 12, I needed a new Sunday suit. My parents couldn't afford it, so I decided to earn the money. I went to work.

I thought of this first job recently when a friend sent his nephew, just out of college, to me for advice. After I had told the young man about the railroad business, he asked: "Where would I have to start?"

"At the bottom," I told him, "working with your hands in the shops and yards, and using your head to figure out ways to advance yourself. But if you will follow my advice for three years, you'll be a junior officer."

"Thanks," he said urbanely, "but I'd rather start in an office."

I started in an office, too—in the ticket office at Salem, with a broom in one hand and a dust rag in the other, for exactly nothing a week. The veteran station agent, C. A. Porter, hoped to be able to pay me a little something before I went back to school in the fall, but when the time came he couldn't afford it.

I didn't mind too much, however, for something important happened to me that summer: I saw my first private car, the business car of a railroad official. Instantly I knew I must have one some day. That made two things I wanted—a Sunday suit and a private car . . .

MY SECOND SUMMER in the depot I was put on the pay roll at $5 a month. That wasn't enough, so I doubled it by carrying two newspaper routes before reporting to Mr. Porter at 7 A.M., and picked up another $10 by lugging mail sacks to and from the post office.

My railroading consisted chiefly of sweeping the platform, washing windows and filling lanterns, and I knew I'd have to learn a good deal more to qualify for a regular job. So I rigged up a ticker and began to study telegraphy.

By the autumn of my sophomore year in high school, I had several summers of railroading under my belt and decided to try for a full-time position. Mr. Porter agreed to pay me $30 a month. My next task was to persuade my parents to let me quit school.

I sprang the idea on them at the

Thanksgiving table, inadvertently ruining my mother's day. That night we threshed it out, and I won. I went to work the following Monday. Within six months I had learned another lesson—that politeness is a priceless business asset.

My hero at the time was an old town character who was deaf and cantankerous. I thought his sarcasm was magnificent, and began to imitate him. Any traveler who asked when the 5 o'clock train was due was sure to get a devastating reply.

One day I used this technique on a stranger, a traveling man. He leaned across the counter and said pleasantly: "You'll have to be courteous, sonny, if you expect to get anywhere. You're going to need friends, and a smart aleck makes nothing but enemies. Get wise to yourself!"

I began to experiment, pretending to like people. It was a pose, but it worked amazingly well. It became a habit and finally a pleasure. Today, I am convinced that this incident changed the course of my life. Every important advancement I have ever had was implemented by friends . . .

To get back to my youth, I had been working quite a while for Mr. Porter, still at $30 a month, when I heard him talking on the phone one day. He said: "Yes, he knows telegraphy . . . What does it pay? . . . O. K. I'll send him over."

"That was the Chicago and Eastern Illinois," he told me casually. "You can start there tonight as cashier-telegrapher at $50 a month."

That was how I learned that initiative pays off; telegraphy, the skill I had picked up in my spare time, had won me my first promotion. After that, I made it a lifelong rule to study the job above mine and prepare myself to handle it.

The next few years were exciting and remunerative. By the time I became a transportation timekeeper, I felt able to support a wife, so I married my high-school sweetheart, Ruth Bogan.

Not long afterward, my career slowed to a walk. I had worked up to chief clerk to the division engineer, and there I stopped.

The next job above mine was chief clerk to the division superintendent. The man who held it was ill and expected to retire. I wanted that job, so I volunteered to hold down the sick man's desk in addition to my own.

After two months of double shifts, a stranger with more seniority was moved in over my head—and my world collapsed with a thud. I considered it a major catastrophe. Today, I know it was a lucky break. For the man who got the better job wound up as a call boy—and that would have been me.

At the time, however, I believed my career on that railroad was ended. So I took my nerve in both hands—and quit. That is, I tried to quit. But initiative paid off again.

Instead of accepting my resignation, the railroad offered me a better job. Long after, I learned that the opportunity had been offered as a reward for my double duty in division headquarters.

Another gamble immediately became necessary. The new job paid only $10 a month more, yet it required living in Chicago at greater expense. We were buying a home in Salem on monthly payments; we were in debt for furniture; my wife was under a doctor's care. My big opportunity looked like the road to bankruptcy.

Yet I had to get into the general offices if I expected to amount to anything, so we decided to gamble. My wife would remain in Salem while I tried out the new job.

The assignment consisted of surveying the railroad with a view to general rehabilitation. For a youngster fresh from the sticks, it was a tremendous undertaking, requiring all the extra railroading know-how I had accumulated during my apprenticeship. Finally I presented my report, with misgivings, to the general superintendent. He read it through and glanced up.

"When are you moving to Chicago?" he asked.

"I didn't know the job was permanent," I countered.

"Well, it is," he said. "Better get moving!"

Before long I was promoted to special representative of the president, later to assistant, then executive assistant, and finally executive vice-president in charge of all departments. In 1939, when the position of chief executive officer of the Chicago and North Western was offered to me, I had to confess that I had never ridden a single mile on the railroad. But I was hired anyhow. My work now carries me some 60,000 miles a year—most of it over the C. & N. W. system in a private car . . .

Well, you may ask, what's unusual about your story? What have you accomplished that thousands of other men haven't done as well or better? My answer is: nothing. Because this is America, my story is almost commonplace.

Countless other men from ordinary families in ordinary towns have attained much greater success than I, and uncounted thousands in the years ahead will duplicate the pattern endlessly—if we Americans have sense enough to protect and perpetuate the precious thing we have, freedom of choice . . .

JUST BEFORE THE END of the war, we initiated an on-the-job training program in which engineering students at Northwestern University may alternate periods of schooling with periods of work on our railroad. It is so successful that many graduates have qualified for much better positions with us than ordinary college men without practical experience.

One day recently I had occasion to interview one of these young men out on the line. As he came into my business car, I heard him murmur to his companion, just as I had murmured so long ago in Salem: "Brother! I'm going to have one of these wagons some day!"

I had to grin to myself. Because if we can keep what we have in this country and not let ourselves be derailed by imported isms and ologies, I bet my hat he'll make it!

Novel Explanation

About the only difference between the old dime novel and the novel of today is $2.90. —JOHN MAZEY

School Daze

ROSALIE WAS in her first semester at college when her mother received from her a special-delivery air-mail letter reading:

"Dear Mother: Please let me have $35 for a new dress right away. I've had six dates with Johnny and have worn each of the dresses I brought with me. Have a date next Monday night and must have another dress right away."

Her mother replied via Western Union: GET ANOTHER BOY FRIEND AND START OVER AGAIN.

—Frances Rodman

A FIRST-GRADER down in Birmingham, Alabama, came home from school one day and announced excitedly, "They've got a magic record player at our school."

"A magic record player?" said his aunt, puzzled.

"Yes," the boy explained. "You don't have to plug it into electricity—you don't even need electricity to make it play. All you need to do is wind up a crank!"

—Adrian Anderson

A LITTLE GIRL insisted on taking her doll along on her first day at kindergarten. For an hour she sat shyly, cradling the doll in her arms and saying never a word. Then the teacher, in an attempt to get her to join in, came over and asked with a smile: "What is your dollie's name?"

"Shush—please!" said the little one, a warning finger at her lips. "I don't want my baby to know she's a doll."

—Hilda Heym

LITTLE JILL approached her teacher as the other children were leaving for home.

"Please, ma'am," she inquired earnestly, "what did I learn in school today? My daddy always wants to know."

—Mrs. P. E. Floyd

VISITING THE third-grade room, the school supervisor was amazed at the ready and accurate history answers given by Leo, a seven-year-old pupil, and asked: "Leo, where do you get your knowledge of history?"

"I look in my schoolbooks or reference books," he said, "and if it isn't there I ask Grandma."

—Catherine B. Salisbury

THE TEACHER was explaining to her second-grade pupils how some materials will expand when hot and contract when cold.

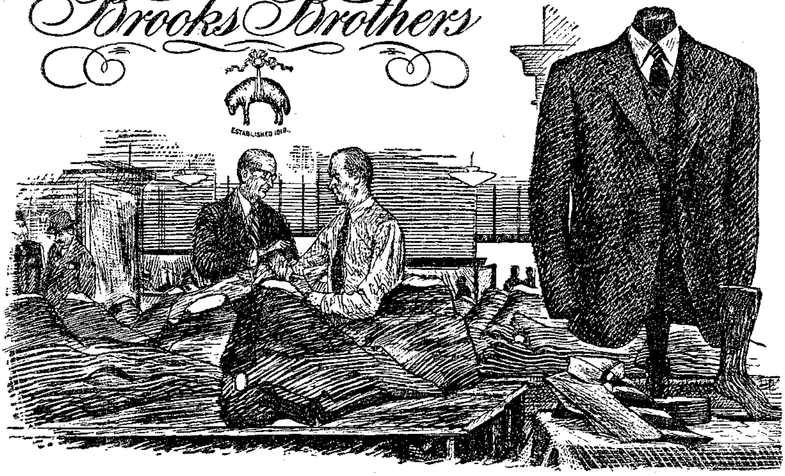
Could any of her pupils, she asked, think of anything else that does the same?

"Sure," offered one youngster, "the days! In the summer, when it's hot, they get longer. And in winter, when it's cold, they get shorter."

—Eleanor Clarage

ILLUSTRATED BY CAROL BLANCHARD

There's Only One Brooks Brothers



by LESTER DAVID

Since 1818, a fabulous establishment has been outfitting America's celebrities

OUTFITTING PRESIDENTS of the U. S. has been almost-routine business during much of the 132-year history of Brooks Brothers, oldest and most famous clothing store in America.

When Abraham Lincoln was shot as he sat in a box of Ford's Theater in Washington, he was wearing a new Prince Albert coat, waistcoat, trousers, and overcoat just delivered to him by the New York firm. When Ulysses S. Grant, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt took their oaths of office, they were attired in new suits fitted by Brooks. When Franklin D. Roosevelt met Churchill and Stalin at Yalta in 1945, the great Navy cape he wore on the 6,000-mile air-sea journey carried the Brooks label.

Founded in 1818 when Manhattan was a seacoast town of less than 125,000 population, the store has kept some of the country's (and the world's) most noted personages in shoes, socks, pajamas, shirts, ties, hats, and suits. And some—their identity is a well-kept secret—in nightshirts and tasseled caps!

Diplomats and prize fighters, dukes and bankers, Cabinet members and theatrical luminaries stroll every day through the ten-story building on Madison Avenue. The sight of Secretary of State Dean Acheson trying on a new overcoat, or Clark Gable testing a new pair of shoes, or the Duke of Windsor undecided between a red or green dressing gown causes scarcely a flurry. The reason is simply that the store itself is a national legend, as noted in its own right as any of its patrons.

Brooks straddles the nation with

two New York stores, branches in Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and a new one opening this month in Chicago. It has its own clothing factory in Brooklyn, a shirt factory in Paterson, N. J., and workrooms on its upper floors where are manufactured its own neckwear, belts, and assorted luggage.

Customers' loyalty to Brooks is rock-ribbed and unswerving. Successive generations of Morgans, Goulds, and Vanderbilts went to school in the store's "prep" fashions, got married in its striped trousers, and presided at board meetings in its business suits.

The firm boasts that no store in the world can match its all-time record for continuous patronage by an individual. John R. Voorhis, for years a Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall, got his first long trousers at Brooks when he was ten and never bought a suit anywhere else until he died at 102.

Brooks rewards this loyalty with an equally unswerving devotion to the tradition which has made the establishment an institution. In two of its stores, suits are still piled on long tables as they were in all clothing stores a half-century ago. By far the best individual seller is still the "No. 1 sack suit," a straight-hanging model with no padding in the shoulders or stiffening in the lapels. The style hasn't changed in more than 40 years.

The classic shirt with the button-down collar is still available in pull-over style, although most stores discarded the model long ago. Anybody who wants a nightshirt can get one in a hurry from patterns still carried in stock.

Brooks' clients keep a wary eye on fluctuations of fashion, promptly notifying the management if it steps out of line. One year the store finally got around to eliminating the button behind the collar of the white shirt, originally put there to keep the old-style necktie in place. Old-line patrons quickly spotted the irregularity and wrote indignant letters. Just as promptly, the buttons were replaced for those customers who wanted them.

On the other hand, the store is just as emphatic in its refusal to keep pace with current sartorial fads. Not long ago one of its salesmen showed up for work wearing a hand-painted tie. He was taken to task in the next issue of the Brooks house organ.

"Asked if it were compulsory," the editor wrote, "the offender replied that a friend gave it to him for Christmas. This did not seem to us to be a complete answer, but we let it go. Perhaps there is nothing to worry about."

This preoccupation with correctness has continued undiminished throughout the shop's history, surmounting some distressing moments. John Brooks, son of the founder, had a particularly trying time for nearly three years, caused by no less distinguished a patron than Honest Abe himself.

In 1869, the store moved uptown to Union Square, where Brooks' paneled office overlooked a statue of Lincoln which had just been set up. The senior partner was dismayed to note that Lincoln's trousers flopped around his ankles. Every time Brooks looked out the window, his eyes fell upon Lincoln's metallic sloppiness.

One evening in 1872, a heavy fog

descended on the city. Next morning, New Yorkers got a severe jolt when they saw the statue. During the night Lincoln had made an about-face, turning his back to the Brooks store. When asked about the phenomenon, old John Brooks stared vacantly into space.

But if one generation of Brookses had trouble with a statue, the current one has been luckier. Winthrop Holley Brooks, fourth-generation descendant of the founder and board chairman of the store, inspected all the photographs he could find of the statue of F.D.R., unveiled several years ago in London's Grosvenor Square. Roosevelt was sculptured in the Navy cape, and Mr. Brooks happily reports that he was immensely pleased.

"The lines of the cape, particularly in the back, flow fully and evenly," he says.

BROOKS TRIES to cultivate a "for men only" atmosphere, but it never quite succeeds. Women gaily ignore it and romp through masculine pastures. Frequently, fashions created for men have been seized upon by women, disconcerting the store no end.

The ladies insist on buying men's silk shorts, robes, slacks, shirts, and even boys' parkas for winter wear. Katharine Hepburn is a frequent visitor in the slacks department, and Marlene Dietrich is partial to the dressing gowns. Billie Burke, Katharine Cornell, and Tallulah Bankhead drop by whenever they are in town.

For years Brooks had carried a line of salmon-pink shirts for men. Suddenly they struck female fancies and women started borrowing them from their brothers', fathers', and husbands' closets. Then the women who had no males to borrow from invaded Brooks. The store held out for a while but surrender was inevitable. It put out a line of pink shirts for women.

Everyone in the store worried about the situation until it became apparent that Brooks' reputation for conservatism was not going to be damaged. One young woman wrote: "Please send me one of your famous pink shirts. I wear a size 10 dress. I promise to leave the collar open and tuck the tail in."

Another sent her order directly to John C. Wood, president of the store, telling him: "I assure you, Mr. Wood, that the shirt will not be worn haphazardly at any time except, perhaps, in most extreme circumstances."

This fortress of men's conservative fashions was also responsible for the adoption by women of the modern trunk-style bathing suits. It happened this way:

Back in the early 1920s, a wealthy man-about-New York invited the chorus of a Broadway musical for a cruise on his yacht. It was a fine summer day and the girls wanted to go swimming, but had no suits. Their host dispatched a crewman to Brooks to buy a couple of dozen men's bathing suits, trunks and tops.

It was just a gag, but the girls were delighted. They continued to wear them after the cruise. Word got about, and soon Brooks was selling as many bathing suits to women as to men.

Brooks salesmen are career men. There are a half-dozen around who have been with the establishment for 50 years, and fully ten per cent of the 800 employees are members of the Quarter Century Club. The late Horatio Kiernan's 67 years of continuous service is the record to date, followed by the late Frederick Webb, who worked for 65. There have been 15 pairs of fathers and sons in the firm, ten sets of brothers, two sets of three brothers each, and seven pairs of sisters.

Many of the salesmen have outfitted successive members of the same family. It's not uncommon for a customer to bring in his son to get a prep-school wardrobe from the same gentleman who outfitted the father 20 years before.

Each salesman has his own celebrities who wouldn't think of buying from anyone else. Gable called long-distance from California, waited until William Lyons of the Custom Department was disengaged, and ordered eight suits, four sport coats, and 14 pairs of trousers just before his marriage to the former Lady Ashley. Federal Judge Harold Medina, who presided at the trial of the 11 top U. S. Communists last year, also is a staunch Lyons man.

This friendliness between store and customer sometimes takes odd turns. Nobody is perturbed when the shop hears from a client many years after a sale has been consummated. One man brought in a 30-year-old derby to be renovated. He wandered through the hat department, peering intently at each salesman. Finally he hailed one. "You're the man who sold me this derby when I was demobilized back in 1919," he said. "Have it spruced up a bit, won't you?"

The story of this fabulous establishment began in April, 1818, when Henry Sands Brooks, then at the mature age of 46, opened the first store at Catharine and Cherry Streets with a capital investment of $17,000. Brooks immediately struck up a brisk trade with seafaring men who frequented that portion of the city.

Records of the house show that while old Henry broke with tradition on almost every score when he pioneered in the clothing trade, there was one custom of the times that he followed religiously. Whenever an able seaman purchased an outfit, Brooks, like all other clothing merchants, would reach behind the counter and offer him a deep draught of rum—on the house.

Henry Brooks died in 1833 and the store, now fabulously successful, passed to the control of his five sons, Henry, Daniel H., John, Elisha, and Edward S., the last four of whom adopted the name Brooks Brothers in 1850.

In 1858 the firm opened a branch at Broadway and Grand Street, and while the downtown building continued to operate until 1874, the new home became the principal place of business. The cream of the Union Army during the Civil War had their uniforms made at Brooks, among them Generals Grant, Sheridan, Hooker, and Sherman. But undoubtedly the most illustrious customer was Lincoln, for whom Brooks made, among other things, an overcoat for his Second Inaugural. On the quilted lining was an embroidered eagle holding in its beak a pennant inscribed "One Country, One Destiny."

The march uptown continued with successive stores, until 1915, when the main store's present location was selected at Madison and 44th Street.

In March, 1946, the firm was bought outright by Julius Garfinkel & Co., the Washington specialty store. It was a tense moment for Brooks customers, but reassurances came swiftly from Winthrop Brooks and John C. Wood, who was installed as president. Mr. Brooks announced that the store's hallowed traditions would remain intact. And Mr. Wood added that he would sooner be seen wearing a zoot suit on Times Square than tamper with Brooks policies.

"They call us conservative," Wood declares, "but we think that our styles are simply lacking the bizarre. We deal in what a man should wear, not what some women think he should wear."

Brooks firmly believes that the old is as new as tomorrow, providing it is correct. Tyrone Power, the film star, found this out when he was preparing for his role in *The Razor's Edge*. He dropped in to see Mr. Brooks and asked if the store had some photographs which would give his studio's tailors an idea of what the correctly dressed man wore in 1914. Mr. Brooks showed him a picture on the office wall of Yale University's famed Whiffenpoof singing club, taken about that time. Power was delighted; the clothes were just what he needed.

"All right, young man," Mr. Brooks told the actor as he led him to the door. "Take the elevator to the second floor, see one of our salesmen there, and buy our No. 1 sack suit. That's what all of us have on in that picture, and it's still sold at Brooks."

HELP WANTED

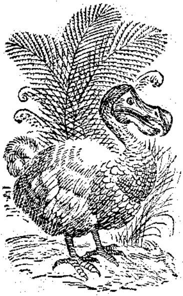
You don't see the sign, "Help Wanted," very often these days, but CORONET *does* have a job for you! A job in which no experience is needed and to which you may devote as much or as little of your time as you wish.

Each day, thousands of people all over the country subscribe to such magazines as CORONET, *Esquire*, *Life*, *Popular Mechanics*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. The opportunity to represent these publications is yours!

By becoming a Coronet Community Representative, you will be authorized to handle subscriptions to *all* the popular magazines. What's more, you will be supplied with complete information on how to get started, plus a confidential price catalogue, circulars, receipt books, sales letters, reply envelopes, and a free copy of a helpful booklet entitled "In Business for Yourself."

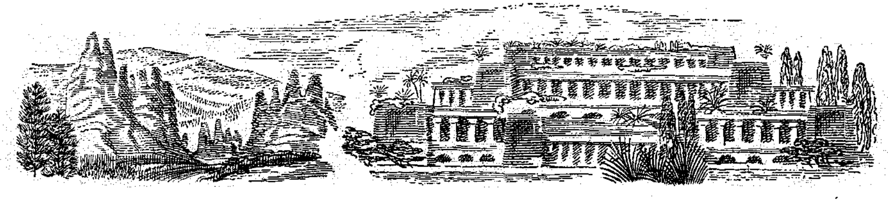
So why not join the Community Representatives and take advantage of the CORONET way of making extra money! To get started today, just send your name and address, plus 25 cents for the Super Selling Kit, to the Coronet Agency Division, Department 239, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois.

FACT OR FICTION?



Bob Hawk, radio's popular quiz master (CBS, Mon. 10:30-11:00 P.M. EDT), wants to know if you can distinguish between fact and fiction. In the list of names below, some refer to real things, others to fictitious ones, which through the years have acquired the trappings of reality. Can you separate fact from fantasy? Counting ten for each correct answer, a score of 80 is good; 90, excellent. (Answers on page 152.)

	FACT	FICTION
1. The Garden of the Gods	____	____
2. The Dodo	____	____
3. The Unicorn	____	____
4. The Ivory Tower	____	____
5. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon	____	____
6. The Hall of Fame	____	____
7. The Blarney Stone	____	____
8. The Forest of Arden	____	____
9. The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay	____	____
10. The Cave of the Winds	____	____



GRIN AND

"You will very shortly meet a tall, dark man who will sweep you off your feet," the fortuneteller told the eager blonde. "He will shower you with gifts and take you to breath-taking night spots, and you will drink a toast to everlasting love."

"Has he a lot of money?" asked the girl excitedly.

"He is president of a large firm and heir to a $900,000 estate."

"Gosh," exclaimed the girl. "Now just tell me one more thing."

"What is it, dear?" asked the soothsayer, visualizing many pieces of silver crossing her palm.

"What happens to my husband and the three kids?" *—Great Northern Goat*

A girl from the back country was visiting relatives in the city for the first time. They wanted her to enjoy herself, so they arranged for her to have a date one night. The boy showed up on time and they went to a movie. After the show, they stopped at a restaurant.

"Two hamburgers and two Cokes," the boy ordered.

She, not to appear ignorant, murmured: "The same for me!"

—Courier-Journal Magazine

It was little Oswald's habit, on awakening in the morning, to slip out of his crib and crawl beneath the covers either with his father or his mother. But one day his parents got up early and left him sleeping blissfully in his crib. In a short while they heard piteous shrieks from overhead.

Dashing up to the bedroom, mother flung open the door. The little fellow rushed to her arms and, raising his tear-stained face, explained: "Mother, I woke up and looked in your place, and you were not there. Then I looked in daddy's place, and he wasn't there. And then I went back and looked in my place—and *I* wasn't there! Then I was 'fraid!" —Andrew Meredith

Mr. Brown was a stubborn individual. He would never wear rubbers when it rained, or an extra sweater on chilly nights. Mrs. Brown grew peeved at his obstinacy.

"You never take any good advice," she complained.

"Darn lucky for you I don't," he retorted, "or you would still be an old maid." *—Capper's Weekly*

A rather queenly young woman boarded a crowded city bus. A tired little man got up and gave her his seat. There was a moment of silence.

"I beg your pardon?" said the tired little man.

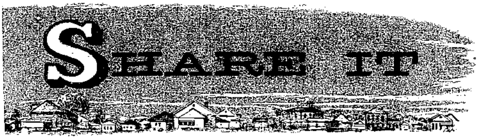
"I didn't say anything," rejoined the young woman.

"I'm sorry," said the little man. "I thought you said 'Thank You.'"

—Reading RR Magazine

They had been invited to a party, and when at the last moment her cousin, a sailor, dropped in, they took him along.

He proved to be such a talker that he monopolized the conversation, to the annoyance of the hostess and her elderly mother, whom he was obviously boring to



the point of retaliation. At last he launched into a story of his experiences during the war.

"I was torpedoed in the Pacific," he began. "In fact, I lived for a week on a can of sardines."

"Really!" exclaimed the exasperated old lady. "Weren't you afraid of falling off?" —ELEANOR C. WOOD

NEAR-TORRENTIAL rains had caused a minor flood to pour into the basement of the young couple's home. The husband, a naturally cheerful type, surveyed the damage with a shrug. But not his wife. "Just look at our beautiful rumpus room!" she wailed. "Mud on the floor, paint peeling off the walls, and the furniture ruined!"

"Well," observed her husband philosophically, "I'll bet it got rid of the mice." —CHARLES V. MATHIS

FATHER CALLED IN his daughter for a chat. "Your young man was at my office today," he told her, "and asked me for your hand. I consented."

"But, Father," faltered the girl, "I hate to leave Mother."

"That's perfectly all right, my dear, perfectly all right. Just take her with you." —*Courier-Journal Magazine*

AN AMERICAN was explaining to a British visitor the construction of an electrical sign his concern was about to place on Broadway in New York. "It will contain," he said, "20,000 red lights, 17,000 blue lights, 10,000 white lights, and, in the center of the sign, a sunburst of orange and purple."

The Englishman was impressed. "Most extraordinary," he said, "but don't you think, old chap, that it will be just a little bit conspicuous?" —LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

AFTER PLAYING their approach shots over the brow of a small hill, two golfers were surprised to come upon a little old lady sitting in the middle of the course.

"Don't you know it's dangerous to be sitting here, madame?" one of the men inquired gently.

"Oh, it's all right," the old lady assured him. "I'm sitting on a newspaper." —*Wall St. Journal*

IN A LITTLE Scottish town the Presbyterians had built a new church, but lacked funds for a bell and decided to solicit nonmembers in the parish. Calling on one of them, the pastor gave a glowing account of the new building, with its fine steam-heating plant, and its only lack—a bell for the tower.

"Ye say th' kirk is all steam-heated?" asked the prospect.

"Aye."

"Well, then. Ye dinna need a bell. Why do ye no furnish it wi' a bonny loud whistle?" —JOHN A. STRALEY

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

EVERYBODY'S TELEPHONE

by MADELYN WOOD

The handy coin-box instrument keeps popping up in new places for your convenience

THE YOUNG VETERAN waited nervously in the telephone booth in the hospital corridor. When the call finally went through, his eyes filled with tears.

"Hey, Mom, can you hear me? I can talk!"

After years of being unable to speak as a result of a war injury, his voice had at last been restored. As he left the booth, he gave the telephone an affectionate pat.

"Gosh, I never thought I'd use one of these again," he told the waiting nurse.

Unlike this young man at that dramatic moment, you probably take the pay telephone for granted, but you wouldn't if all the pay phones in the nation were suddenly removed. Wherever you go, you expect to find the coin-in-the-slot phone, and you're not often disappointed. For the pay phone is everybody's phone, the anonymous voice of millions.

Last year Americans dropped nearly three billion nickels, dimes, and quarters into slots to make more than two billion calls. Although they represent only two per cent of the nation's phones, the pay instruments bring in seven per cent of the revenue.

Soon, you are going to see a lot more coin-box phones. Unwilling to settle for the 800,000 already in service, telephone engineers are dreaming up ways to get them into additional places.

If the young veteran had been unable to reach the booth in the corridor, he still could have made his call from a "telecart," a mobile pay phone which can be wheeled to a bedside on a table and plugged into a permanent connection.

You never know where a pay

phone is going to pop up. Consider the case of an oil-well equipment salesman rushing to Oklahoma City to keep an appointment with a buyer. In his hurry, the salesman got into a minor crack-up with another car. He was uninjured, but by the time the wrecks were pulled off the road it was past time for his appointment.

He was on an open stretch of highway, with no service station near-by. Then, to his amazement, the salesman saw a phone booth beside the road. He ran to it, called the buyer, and succeeded in closing a $15,000 sale.

The idea of putting more booths along major highways is something that the telephone companies are considering favorably. Currently, they are trying out locations along busy stretches of roadway.

At a county fair in upstate New York last year, a little old lady who had just won first prize for her patchwork quilt asked excitedly, "Where can I find a telephone?"

Timidly she approached the bus-like telemobile someone pointed out to her. "Are there phones in *here?*" she asked at the doorway.

"Yes, Madam," a smiling young lady told her. "And if you don't have the right change, I'll make it for you."

These cruising pay phones provide service in places where large crowds gather for a short time, such as fairs, circuses, and sports events. Aboard each telemobile are several instruments. When the vehicle is pulled to a suitable location and a few connections are made, it is ready for action.

In 1889, the first coin-in-the-slot phone in the country was installed in a bank in Hartford, Connecticut. But it was not the first pay phone. Long before that, inventors had been working on gadgets to make the device possible.

The earliest ideas were to make the instrument, or some part of it, inaccessible to use until unlocked by a coin. In one device, the coin unlocked the crank with which the user signaled the operator. In another, it unlocked a sliding door in front of the mouthpiece.

One inventor turned up with a nightmarish device that still makes telephone officials shudder. When the user entered the booth, the door locked behind him. The only way he could escape was by depositing a coin in the lock!

For some time the telephone companies appointed agents such as a hotel clerk or storekeeper to place the call, time the conversation, and collect the money. In 1889, Grand Central Terminal in New York boasted just one public phone, supervised by the manager of the Bureau of Information, whose successors can thank their lucky stars they are not required to perform such a service for users of the some 250 pay telephones in Grand Central today.

Years of experimenting went by before the present type of coin phone, invented by William Gray, became standard. In early models, the user had to push a plunger or pull a lever each time he deposited a coin. Each push or pull produced a sound which varied with the coin.

One day a workman in the factory of the Gray Telephone Pay Station Company accidentally dropped a coin on a bell. Gray heard the sound and thought, why not let the coin ring its own bell? That is the method still used today to tell the operator how much money you have dropped in.

The Bell System goes to great lengths to provide special service at pay telephones, as evidenced by what happened in the Long Island Railroad Station in Brooklyn, New York, during the great snowstorm of 1947. With thousands of stranded commuters jamming the station, it was impossible to control the frantic lines waiting to get at a phone. Clerks at newsstands were mobbed by people asking for change.

The phone company rushed over a special squad of employees identified by armbands marked "Telephone Company." They worked their way through the crowds, handed out change at the booths, and gave long-distance information.

At switchboards all over the metropolitan area, thousands of long-distance calls began to pile up. People couldn't sit at the phones and wait for their calls to go through, so the company offered another special service. They set up shop behind railroad ticket windows, and relayed messages when the lines were cleared.

Nearly 90 per cent of the revenue from public telephones is in the form of nickels. Every time you drop one into a pay phone, about a penny goes to the establishment in which it is located. Last year, the various Bell companies paid some $30,000,000 to the proprietors of newsstands, drugstores, service stations, restaurants, and other types of retail businesses.

The telephone companies fight a never-ending but increasingly successful war against slugs. Officials hope that never again will they have to try to stop a flood of imitation nickels like that of 1933, the all-time peak for this particular method of robbing the company. Today, losses have been cut to one-tenth of that record amount.

In spite of trouble with slugs, the telephone companies get plenty of heart-warming evidence that most people, even when they have a perfect opportunity to do so, will not cheat. There was a good example of that not long ago in Cleveland, where a man made a long-distance call and talked overtime to the tune of $7.50.

When he was through and the operator asked for that amount, he whistled in amazement and announced, "I don't want to sit here and drop all those coins into the slots. I'll come over with it."

Before the operator could protest, he hung up. And five minutes later he walked into the business office with the money.

That's How It Happened

"Do you believe in the precept—'Love Thy Neighbor'?" the judge asked the defendant charged with alienating the affections of his friend's wife.

"I certainly do," he replied. "But it sure got me into a lot of trouble."

—Lane Carter

NEW [illegible] TO OUR YOUTH

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

In printing this article, CORONET seeks to demolish a long-standing taboo against a frank and factual discussion of homosexuality. Qualified editors and researchers spent six months collecting material, interviewing authorities, and evaluating information. The result is a significant survey of the entire subject as it endangers the youth of America—the most comprehensive such survey ever to be published in a national magazine.

—THE EDITORS

BEHIND A WALL erected by apathy, ignorance, and a reluctance to face facts, a sinister threat to American youth is fast developing. Unlike disease and crime, this threat, until very recently, was seldom discussed in public; its existence was acknowledged only in whispers—and in sordid police and prison records. Not since the see-no-evil-hear-no-evil attitude toward syphilis has there been such an example of public refusal to grapple with a serious problem—in this case, the problem of homosexuality.

Although more than 8,000,000 Americans today are actual or potential homosexuals, it took a ballyhooed Congressional investigation to put homosexuality in the headlines, however inadequately. In words spoken more to alarm than to inform, Senator Joseph McCarthy last spring charged the State Department with employing a large number of homosexuals. In fact, subsequent findings disclosed that 91 such persons had been fired from the Department. But never was a sober attempt made to analyze the nature of these men who, because of sexual deviations, were labeled "bad security risks."

Usually, homosexuals rate mention in the press only when they are involved in crimes. And yet, psychiatrists point out, they become the concern of the law only in extreme cases. Despite the awareness of doctors and social workers to this danger to American youth, prejudice and prudery have conspired to keep the truth from the public.

Unfortunately, in the case of this menace, it is difficult to arrive at the truth. For example, to assemble the facts in this article, CORONET interviewed sociologists, psychiatrists, clergymen, educators, prison officers—and homosexuals themselves. During this process, one important and basic fact emerged: so little has been written about this subject that many people are unaware a danger exists, or even more significant, that homosexuality is rapidly increasing throughout America today.

Amazingly few surveys have ever been made of this growing segment of our population. Yet each successive report, however inadequate, shows an alarming increase in the incidence of homosexuality. The figures, scientists admit, are fantastically high; but for that very reason they demand public attention.

In the most recent and widespread survey, conducted by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and published in his celebrated work *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, it is reported that "*37 per cent of the total male population has had at least some overt homosexual experience . . . between adolescence and old age*."

Moreover, Kinsey was astonished at his own figures. "We ourselves," he wrote, "were totally unprepared to find such data when this research was undertaken."

WHILE A SCIENTIST like Dr. Kinsey was understandably surprised at the results of his survey, pitifully few laymen have echoed his sentiments. Most Americans assume either a scornful or a tolerant attitude toward these perverts. On one hand, the hip-swinging, falsetto-voiced man can excite such fury in other men as to provoke brutal attacks. Disgust and gutter humor thus characterize the reactions of the majority toward the "fairy." On the other hand, many are inclined to regard the sex pervert merely as a "queer" who never harms anyone but himself.

This is an extremely dangerous and shortsighted attitude, according to those who have studied the problem. For instance, Eugene D. Williams, Special Assistant Attorney General of the State of California, declares: "All too often, we lose sight of the fact that the homosexual is an inveterate seducer of the young of both sexes, and that he presents a social problem because he is not content with being degenerate himself; *he must have degenerate companions, and is ever seeking younger victims*."

Therein lurks the hidden danger of homosexuality. No degenerate can indulge his unnatural practices alone. He demands a partner. And the partner, more often than not, must come from the ranks of the young and innocent.

Each year, literally thousands of youngsters of high-school and college age are introduced to unnatural practices by inveterate seducers. Their stories, taken from psychiatrists' notebooks, are lurid in details and sordid in implications for the future. And they are sufficiently "close to home" to disturb every American parent.

After one year at an Eastern prep school, John T. came home last summer to spend his vacation. Two weeks later his father received a phone call from police headquarters.

"Your boy's in trouble," he was told. "Come down right away!"

John's mother and father were shocked by what they learned. Their son had been discovered in a warehouse with a delivery boy. Where had John picked up this abnormal habit? "One of the teachers at school taught me," he admitted shamefacedly.

A shy lad, John had not made friends easily at school. When he failed to win membership in an exclusive school club, he ran tearfully to a faculty member. The instructor, as it turned out, was more than solicitous. He persuaded John to forget his disappointment in a whirl of new thrills—thrills which made John feel far superior to his untutored classmates.

Fortunately, John's parents were able to rescue him in time to prevent his complete conversion to the unfortunate cult.

Mark M. was not so lucky. Now in his late twenties, he lives in a tenement on the fringe of New York's Harlem. Sharing his dingy flat is a lanky, unshaven derelict who peddles dope or books racing bets. When his provider is away from home, Mark hangs around neighborhood bars, killing with alcohol his memories of a happy youth. For Mark is the son of a prominent business leader whose name is familiar to millions. Eight years ago, Mark's college record was excellent and wily society matrons were setting traps for this handsome bachelor.

But Mark decided to "take off a year" before settling down. He moved to Manhattan, where curiosity led him to seek out homosexuals such as he had heard about in fraternity "bull sessions." One night, befuddled with liquor, he decided to experiment. His companion was the bookie. When the youth sobered up, he found himself ensnarled in a web from which escape was impossible. For the bookie, a long-time pervert, read society columns as well as racing forms. To him, Mark was not only a willing partner but a potential meal ticket.

Faced with the facts, Mark grudgingly increased his demands on his father. After several months, when the checks stopped coming, the bookie told Mark:

"Either the old man coughs up or I tell him about us!"

In desperation, Mark begged his father for more money. Mr. M. asked a detective agency to find out about his son. He paled when he read the confidential report, and promptly cut off all ties, family as well as financial, with young Mark. Now the forsaken youth knows he is spiritually dead. But he continues to wander through Harlem, because he fears suicide if he stays alone in his apartment.

MARK IS ONLY ONE of many pathetic cases. And not all cases involve just an individual alone. Not long ago, police in a Southern state broke into an isolated beach cottage. What they found threw consternation into homes of a dozen families. For months, their teen-age sons had succumbed to the blandishments of a 40-year-old male pervert. After stuffing them with ice-cream sodas, he took them to the cottage. There he invited his bewildered guests into a "secret society" whose basic ritual involved perversion.

The youths had one sincere defense: ignorance. Their sinister host, however, was convicted on charges of contributing to the delinquency of minors.

After a disclosure of sex crimes alarmed St. Louis early this year, officials reported that 20 per cent of the victims were boys who had been seduced by adult perverts. A juvenile court on the West Coast recently was faced with the problem of what to do with a 16-year-old homosexual. Instructed by an older comrade in the grosser points of perversion, the lad had gone on to organize a "clientele" of his own, composed of boys his own age.

"I'm a male prostitute," he boasted. "These fellows pay me to play around with them."

The shock and mental confusion suffered by youthful victims of such sordid experiences cannot be over-exaggerated. Psychiatric case histories bear eloquent testimony to the thousands of warped lives that follow in the wake of associations with perverts.

A Philadelphia doctor, for example, furnished this dramatic excerpt from his files:

A young mother burst into his office one afternoon and cried: "I need help quickly!" Then she sobbed out her story.

For several months, her 11-year-old son had acted strangely. He seldom spoke at meals and shut himself in his room for hours at a time. As weeks went by, he lost his appetite—an odd phenomenon in a growing boy—and even shrugged off her good-night kisses. Finally, the youngster blurted out the whole chilling tale.

"A man used to hang around the playground and give us candy," he told his mother. "One day he told me that if I'd take a ride in his car he'd buy me a whole box of candy. I went along and then—and then it happened!"

The psychiatrist nodded knowingly, for the story was not a new one. The innocent boy had been enticed into perverted acts. For some deep-rooted reason he could not understand, the experience revolted him. But he had the candy, and the man promised him more. Thus, for weeks, the terrified lad had continued to spend nightmarish hours with his seducer.

It took the combined efforts of the boy's sympathetic parents and the psychiatrist to rid the lad of what was fast developing into an incurable guilt complex.

Irreparable mental and psychological damage is only one side of the story. The other is even more reprehensible. Some male sex deviants do not stop with infecting their often-innocent partners: they descend through perversions to other forms of depravity, such as drug addiction, burglary, sadism, and even murder.

Once a man assumes the role of homosexual, he often throws off all moral restraints. While thumbing his nose at society through his sexual perversions, at the same time he indulges in other vices that society brands as immoral.

Last year, a 19-year-old youth was arrested for holding up a restaurant. When police asked why he had committed the crime, the prisoner replied: "I wanted to prove to Maurice that I loved him enough to steal for him."

Maurice, it developed, was his "boy friend," a tough ex-convict who had teased the lad by telling him he lacked the guts to "do something daring."

Such incidents of violence appear with alarming frequency in police records. Yet, in CORONET's survey, an astonishing fact was revealed:

in few municipal police departments, or in FBI files, are homosexual criminals identified. Even the FBI's *Uniform Crime Reports* lumps offenses by them and all other perverts under the heading of "sex offenses." Thus, it is impossible to estimate the number of crimes committed yearly by homosexuals in the U. S.!

Nor is the wave of criminal homosexuality likely to subside in the future, despite medical, legal, and social attacks on the problem. Last year, State Senator Thomas C. Desmond of New York conducted a survey on the subject among 25 top State police officials. He announced that "two out of three police chiefs report that known perverts are roaming the streets and that effective surveillance of these potential menaces is impossible."

WHAT CAN BE DONE about this new menace to American youth? Plenty, say the experts. First, the public must be educated to recognize this form of perversion and its cohorts. "For far too long," a recent psychiatric survey reported, "the sex deviation themes have remained screened behind the curtain of propriety—as venereal disease was a generation ago. For too long, the subject has been relegated to backstairs gossip and naughty literature."

And Dr. William C. Menninger, one of the world's top psychiatrists and director of Menninger Clinic, thus condemns public prejudice: "As one commonly hears the word (homosexual) used, it refers only to an adult who is variously described as 'unbalanced,' 'criminal,' and very often is regarded as just too low a form of scum of humanity to talk about."

In some people, homosexuality may represent a passing phase in emotional development—a temporary protest against conservative morals or a craving for self-expression carried to bizarre extremes. In other cases, it eventually becomes a way of life, a fraternal comradeship which, to its zealots, is infinitely superior to normal human relations. To these members of a publicly scorned inner circle, homosexuality offers a refuge from the rigid pattern of normal society.

While the appearance of most of these unfortunates may betray them to watchful persons, other sex aberrants look, act, and dress like anyone else. It is they who are the real threat. For, until an overt action is committed, their victims sense no danger.

"Despite the fact that some homosexuals have rather obvious characteristics of the opposite sex," says the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, "the majority of psychiatrists and sexologists believe that homosexuality is an acquired condition."

Acquired? From whom? And how? These questions are asked by millions of Americans.

Actually, doctors do not know all the answers. Because society chooses to regard homosexuality as a moral abomination rather than as a medical problem, scientific research has progressed slowly. Even the AMA *Journal* has admitted frankly that "surprisingly little quantitative laboratory work has been reported in the study of homosexuality . . ."

From the best psychiatric evidence available, however, these are the main reasons for the development of homosexuality:

1. Parental cultivation of infantilism in adolescents.
2. Distortion of values produced by high-tension city life.
3. Increasingly complicated economic conditions, causing reversion to homosexuality as an escape.
4. Glandular disbalance.

Henry J.'s case history illustrates Reason No. 1. Only child of a middle-class family, Henry was educated at home until he was 17. Then he enrolled at a near-by university, commuting each day from his mother's home.

Until his graduation at 21, the youth never dated a girl, participated in student activities, or attended a dance—because every night Mother demanded his presence at home. Even after graduation, she insisted that he live at home to save money.

Then Henry broadened his narrow horizon to include a position in a department store. Not long ago, a salesman invited Henry to dinner. Afterwards, he suggested Henry join him for a nightcap in his hotel room. When he found himself alone with the salesman, Henry felt strange yearnings. Suddenly he embraced his host.

Next day, Henry experienced two sensations: a feeling of guilt and an appetite for love. His desire to love and be loved, diverted by his mother from normal expression toward a woman, had found response in the young salesman. But Henry's new-found joy in the unnatural relationship with another man soon burned itself out.

Today, although he has vainly tried to break off the alliance, he still sees his friend. And Henry has become a haggard neurotic. He knows there is no turning back. He knows, too, that there is no future in his homosexual activity. Yet he is doomed as surely as a fly caught in a spider web.

"THERE IS A WIDESPREAD theory among psychologists and psychiatrists," writes Dr. Kinsey, "that the homosexual is a product of an effete and over-organized urban civilization. The failure to make (normal male-female) adjustments is supposed to be consequent on the complexities of life in modern cities."

Psychiatrists explain the city phenomenon this way: relationships in metropolitan areas tend to minimize family life in favor of business life. Office associates, fellow-workers, and friends of the same sex assume exaggerated emotional influence. Likewise, most large cities boast taverns, night clubs, and restaurants which cater almost exclusively to perverts and thereby become scenes of conversation for innocents seeking companionship. Moreover, Dr. Kinsey reports, this "city group" exhibits mannerisms which would appear out-of-place elsewhere but which, in urban centers, are ignored or tolerated.

Linked to urban life as a dominant cause of homosexuality is the fast-paced, 20th-century economic struggle. This super-pressure frequently drives sensitive, introverted men and women to seek refuge in sexual aberrations. To many, perversion means security, an emotional relationship devoid of responsibilities.

Alan S., for instance, is a would-be composer who, while an undergraduate in college, developed a phobia against competitive business. Economic courses filled him with horror. So Alan finally buried himself in literature, where he found escape and nourishment.

Soon he began to notice that latent emotions were fired by what he read. He learned, too, that some of his classic literary heroes were avowed homosexuals. It wasn't long before Alan discovered soul mates among his classmates. Soon he plunged with abandon into active homosexuality.

Alan has found his refuge but he has also found his personal hell. For now he realizes he cannot desert the human race; he cannot become a modern hermit. So he sits, lonely and miserable, in his boardinghouse and tries to compose music. Like others before him, he has learned that homosexuality is a jealous mistress; those whose affection it cannot keep, it kills.

Apart from mental and environmental reasons for homosexuality, another largely unexplored cause deserves study. Some men may suffer from a hormone deficiency that robs them of virility while, at the same time, endowing them with female characteristics. This disbalance in glandular functions sets them on the distaff side of the dividing line between the sexes.

Unfortunately, little clinical research has been accomplished in this vital field of physiology. But in 1942, Drs. Abraham Myerson and Rudolph Neustadt reported that of a group of sex aberrants examined by them, endocrine disturbance was indicated in 83 per cent. In a group of non-homosexuals studied, the figure was only 2.5 per cent.

While medicine is making progress in solving the riddle of homosexuality, chief responsibility for preventive action rests with the public. Homosexuality may be a disease, a condition, a criminal offense, or a moral sin. Nevertheless, steps must be taken now to protect American youth from an ever-growing peril.

Every psychiatrist, sociologist and educator queried in CORONET's survey stressed one point: "More than anyone else, parents are responsible for erasing the threat of homosexuality." Since parental attitudes and home environment are fundamental to healthy adolescent development, mothers and fathers should combat homosexuality through vigilance, kindness, and sympathetic understanding.

"I have met very few perverts who come from happy homes," a famous doctor told CORONET.

Here are some suggestions from experts on how parents may protect their children against homosexuality and its converts:

1. Sex education begins at home. Instruct boys and girls as early as possible in the knowledge of normal sex practices.*
2. Encourage your children to bring their sex problems and questions to you.
3. Know your children's friends; have them invited to your home where you can observe their conduct and personalities.
4. Urge children to exercise caution in speaking to strangers; especially, instruct them never to

---

**Sex Education, Please!* CORONET January, 1949.

accompany strangers anywhere without your permission.

5. Investigate your children's schools, camps, social clubs, and athletic organizations. Do not be afraid to ask frank questions of the adult leaders in charge. Bring to their attention any reports you may have heard of homosexuality within such groups.

IN THE HISTORY of modern society, there have been few menaces that frank and open discussion, coupled with intelligent action, have failed to eliminate. Once venereal disease was finally placed under the spotlight of public scrutiny, doctors found their task easier; today the dread evil is on the way to extinction. Likewise, national awareness to the problem of sex crimes resulted in adoption of legal measures to stamp out this threat.

Now a new menace—homosexuality—has arisen. And again, the primary challenge is to mothers and fathers. Through knowledge of the facts, plus a concerted attack, the sinister shadow of sexual perversion can be removed from the pathway of America's youth.

Smart Cookies

DRUCIE ANN WAS such a tiny tyke that when her mother took her into the tearoom for lunch she decided to ignore the social amenities to the extent of tucking a napkin under the youngster's chin. But the little girl quickly transferred the napkin to her lap.

"I think, dear," Mother patiently explained, "that it would do more good under your chin."

"I don't know about that, Mother," Drucie Ann rejoined. "You know, I have five sweaters, but only *two* skirts!" —STEPHEN TEMPLETON

THE RATHER-DIFFIDENT young suitor had been meeting *her* family. "Now let me see—" he said, trying to get them straight. "Nellie is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?"

"Nobody's come yet," piped up little brother helpfully, "but Pa says the first that does can have her." —*Capper's Weekly*

THE PERFORMER in the television show seemed to be made of rubber, so incredible were the postures she got into. She thrust her head between her legs, touched her toe to her head, walked—nay, ran—on her hands, and did tricks that had her resembling a human pretzel.

However, little Charlotte, watching all this in the living room, was totally unimpressed. "That's easy, that's simple," she'd scoff at each complicated trick.

Finally her father decided to deflate the youngster. "If all that's so easy," he declared, "why don't *you* do it?"

Charlotte was unruffled at the challenge. "I would," said she, "if I had dancing shoes like that lady's!" —HAROLD WINERIP

AGE

Death in Centralia No. 5

On a gray afternoon in 1947, a dense cloud of smoke billowed through Centralia Mine No. 5. At the shaft bottom, an ex-GI looked about nervously. "What is it, Uncle Bill?" he asked an old-timer.

William Rowekamp wet his lips. "It could be one of several things." But he knew it could only be one thing: somewhere, back in the maze of crosscuts and catacombs, a coal-dust explosion had released a cyclone of blast and flame.

On the surface, the news spread across a darkening Illinois plain. Cars choked the road to the Centralia Coal Company. Rescue teams shouldered the equipment of disaster—oxygen tanks, gas masks. Gaunt women came to take up their vigil, waiting numbly in the cold rain. They did not know that they were already widows.

Five days later, the search ended. Of the 142 men in No. 5's day shift, 24 had walked out unaided and eight had been rescued. All the others: killed by blast and deadly afterdamp . . .

Back in 1902, there was an explosion at Coal Creek, Tennessee: 184 dead. A mine in Cherry, Illinois, burned for six days in 1909: 259 dead. Another explosion rocked Castle Gate, Utah, in 1924: 171 dead. Each disaster created a wave of indignation, which petered out in a ripple of reform. Coal mines were dangerous, people said. There was nothing you could do.

Driscoll O. Scanlon, Illinois mine inspector, had been reporting accumulations of coal dust in Centralia No. 5 since 1942. His reports to the state capitol had recommended rock-dusting to prevent explosion.

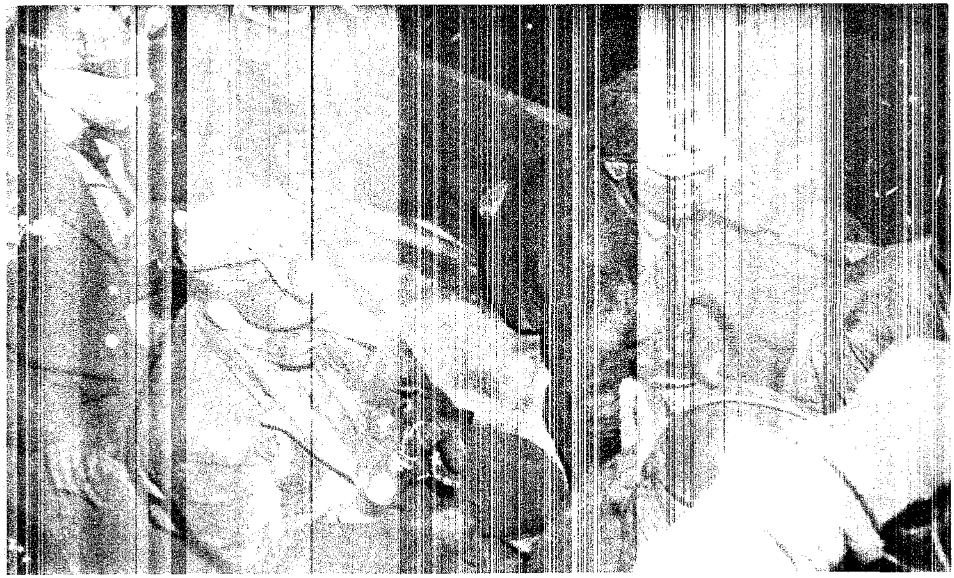
But dusting was time-consuming: it took men off coal production. The Illinois Bureau of Minerals and Mines worked closely with the operators at election time and did not want to antagonize them. Scanlon's reports were given cursory treatment. Once, the miners wrote to the Governor, urging him to "save our lives." But nothing happened.

On March 25, it was too late. Centralia No. 5 blew up.

John L. Lewis strode into a U. S. Senate committee room and thundered, "There is too much blood smeared over our coal!" But he had known the plight of Local 52: he had had the power to call them out. Lewis, like everyone else who could have done something to "save our lives," did nothing.

In Illinois, the Centralia tragedy impelled sweeping changes. Under a new state administration, an independent board empowered to close unsafe mines replaced the old political football. Periodic rock-dusting was enforced over the operators' objections. Abandoned shafts had to be filled in or sealed. There was no appeal to higher-ups from the board's decisions.

Montana, Maryland and Alabama also enacted legislation to protect miners. Other states, however, went along in the old com-



America's 11,000 mines have never been freed from the danger of fire and gas.

placent way. Today, safety-enforcement jobs remain a political reward for party workers. Dusting regulations are still loosely observed.

The Federal Government has done little more. Inspectors have been added, but there are still only enough to check the largest mines about once a year, although safety conditions can change overnight.

The U. S. Bureau of Mines inaugurated a safety course for mine officials. Last year, only 600 of about 50,000 were in training.

A bill was introduced in Congress to allow government inspectors to call the men out of dangerous mines. But it has never been passed.

America knows that the modern techniques of mine safety can overcome inherent danger. But it has yet to apply fully the lessons learned from grim and bitter tragedy.

This woman's husband was one of the miners trapped in Centralia No. 5.

"The Timber's Afire!"

MOTORISTS bound for Portland, Maine, drove along U. S. Route 1. It was a brisk October morning. Some noticed small fires feeding on dry shrubs. A woman said to her husband: "Isn't it a pity to see that scenery destroyed!" He shrugged. You see so many fires on the road.

Suddenly high winds rose. They whipped the blaze North and South. It became a roaring demon, exploding flame in every direction. The fire swept on, over forests and towns. Men set up barricades; it drove through. For six days, the flames raged. Then a drenching rainfall came. Hundreds of families had been burned out, 17 people were dead. For miles, the virgin timber was a smoldering wasteland . . .

The destruction that swept the Northeast in 1947 had occurred despite precautions. Rangers knew that the combination of high temperature, low moisture, and wind velocity spelled danger. Fire fighters stood alerted. Airplane spotters were ready to guide ground workers to critical areas.

Once the alarm was sounded, a far-flung team swept into action. But it was not enough to prevent disaster. However, an extenuating factor must be kept in mind:

Only one forest fire in ten is the proverbial act of God. The other nine are touched off by a cigarette, a campfire left smoldering. Carelessness had converted a citizen of Maine into a man-killing arsonist.

After the fire, the New England states drew up a new disaster plan, calling for the interchange of fire-fighting equipment. States like New Jersey waged an educational campaign against carelessness. The Red Cross and the U. S. Forest Service both made a concentrated effort to underscore the nature of forest fires, the need for cooperation.

Forest fires, however, remain a double-edged problem. Fire-fighting methods are being constantly improved by technological advances. But fire *prevention* is still an imponderable, dependent on the enlightened attitude of every citizen.

Only efficient rescue work lessened the tragic impact, the number of lives lost.

"All Ships Stand By . . ."

Only the survivors know what really happened on the *Morro Castle's* last voyage. There were investigations and accusations. Disconnected newspaper stories told truths and half-truths. Only a discerning reader could ferret out all the facts of that tragedy at sea. It began on the last evening of a Havana-to-New York run, September 8, 1934.

8:00. Capt. R. Willmott found dead in cabin.

Festivities faded with this announcement. Cruise passengers retired to their cabins. First Officer Warms, suddenly thrust in command of the *Morro Castle*, nervously paced the bridge.

2:55. Night watchman reports fire in writing room.

Warms dispatched Officer Hackney to investigate. Hackney returned to say that hose would have to be used.

2:56. General alarm sounded.

Less than 50 feet from where the new Captain stalked back and forth, Radio Operator Rogers tensely waited for the command to send an SOS. But Warms knew that distress signals are costly. An unnecessary SOS might mean his job. He gave no command.

3:14. Radio operator sends out CQ (stand by) call without orders.

Below decks, passengers were roused by hoarse cries in the corridors. Many moved leisurely. It seemed inconceivable that the "safest ship afloat" was in trouble.

On deck, some found lifeboat seats. Some slid down hawsers to the heaving sea. Others jumped. A few never left their cabins.

3:20. Radio disabled by fire.

The ship still steamed into the wind at 19 knots, fanning the blaze. In the radio room, Rogers rigged an emergency transmitter.

3:24. Morro Castle *flashes SOS. "Can't hold out much longer."*

On the bridge, Warms knew at last that the fire was out of control. He ordered the engines stopped. It was 3:31 . . .

Death by fire and drowning claimed 134 victims aboard the *Morro Castle*. The most exhaustive marine investigation in history was undertaken by the government. The revelations were staggering:

Captain Willmott had vetoed suggestions that passengers take part in fire drills. "They're safer here than they would be crossing Times Square," he said.

The *Morro Castle* had steel doors specially designed to halt the spread of fire. No one had been instructed to close them in an emergency. The watchman didn't even know their location.

Boat No. 3, certified to carry 70 passengers, left the *Morro Castle* with 16 crew members only.

It was plain that U. S. maritime laws lagged behind those of other powers. Without delay, new regulations were enforced. The Merchant Marine Inspection Service was established and given jurisdiction over all American merchant ships.

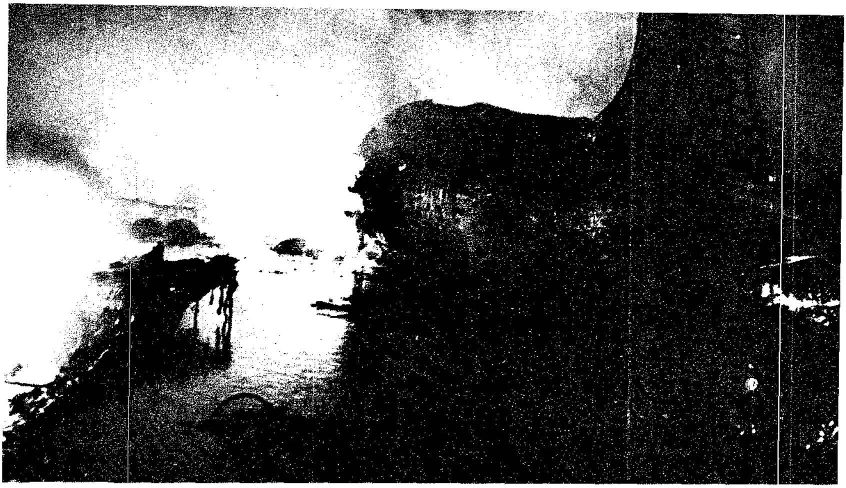
New passenger vessels have bulkheads every 130 feet to contain fire. Sprinkler systems have been added. Annual ship inspections are now mandatory.

No one in marine authority today will gainsay the unpredictable. They will, however, assert that every step to eliminate human and mechanical failure at sea has been taken. Few nations have gone as far beyond the requirements of international law as has the U. S. Our ships today are built on the tragic knowledge acquired in the *Phoenix*, *Titanic*, and *Vestris* sinkings.

The *Morro Castle*, a grim curiosity, lay on the sands of Asbury Park, New Jersey. Yet its charred hulk advanced the cause of maritime safety and gave added meaning to the death toll of its 134 victims.

A *Morro Castle* survivor comes ashore. Not so lucky were 134 other victims.

THE LINER *VESTRIS* SANK IN A GALE, CARRYING OVER 100 TO WATERY GRAVES.



United Airlines Flight 521 ends in a marsh near LaGuardia Field: 43 dead.

Clear Skies Tomorrow

FROM RUNWAY 18, United Airlines' Flight 521 reported: "Ready for take-off." The man in the control tower checked his flight pattern, paused to watch 521 roar through the dusk. Then he stiffened: the plane was not rising! Even as he reached for his radio, he saw 521 plunge off the runway and crash in a sheet of flame . . .

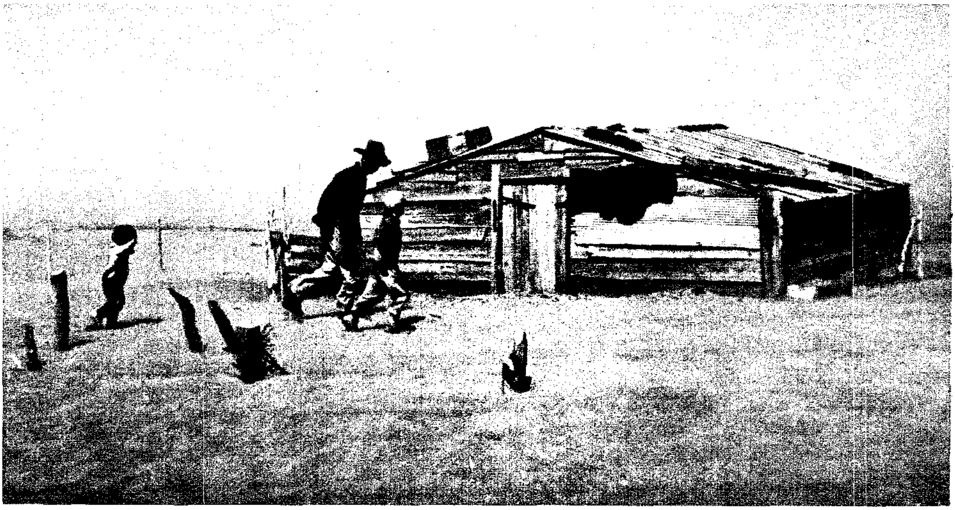
That night, May 29, 1947, Civil Aeronautics Board investigators questioned witnesses, reconstructed wreckage. On September 17, they could report that 521's gust lock had inadvertently been left "On," securing movable surfaces of wings and tail. Before long, an instrument was designed to prevent a recurrence of the fatal error.

The CAB controls the airways. Its officials have determined the cause of 14 of every 15 accidents. Their work has prevented a repetition of accidents for the same reason.

A recent report showed that nonscheduled air lines had suffered 25 fatalities for every 100,000,000 passenger miles flown. The figure for scheduled lines was 1.8. The result: new regulations for nonscheduled air lines as stringent as those for scheduled lines.

The unknown factors inherent in air travel remain the chief obstacles to safety. Most crashes occur for totally unexpected reasons. But the CAB never rests. Changes are made; improvements are constant. Today, aviation is swiftly passing from the experimental stage, and the great goal of safety is at last in sight.

THIS IS THE WRECKAGE OF ONE OF HISTORY'S WORST AIR DISASTERS. A BOLIVIAN PILOT FAILED TO SEE THE AIR LINER COMING IN TO LAND. RESULT: 55 DEAD.



Dust storms, the scourge of the 1930s, are now returning to the Southwest.

Act of God

THE WIND was rising, but Galveston was used to wind. Downtown, people went on with their business in the booming seaport.

But the wind persisted. By mid-afternoon, the sky was black. A pelting rain beat against the few hardy souls still outdoors. Pieces of wood went clattering down the street, driven by the howling wind. Slowly, water started lapping out of the sea. It moved silently up the streets. A cold, gray fear crystallized: this was a hurricane!

People sought shelter in basements and hospitals. Gales of 120-mile-an-hour velocity were recorded. Suddenly, a giant, thunderous wave roared out of the sea and swept almost 6,000 people to death.

The Galveston catastrophe of 1900 could not be repeated today. Hurricanes killed 2,108 from 1926 to 1930, and destroyed property worth $131,153,000. But from 1941 to 1945, although the property toll went up, only 107 lives were lost.

Man has discovered that there is no substitute for adequate warnings of rising wind and water. By radio, telephone, and telegraph, news of disaster is now flashed to the most isolated communities.

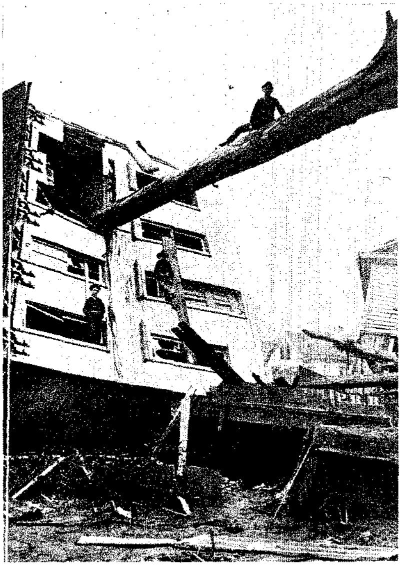
The Community Flood Warning Plan stations a network of "rainfall reporters" along the headwaters of creeks and small rivers to notify endangered communities when flash floods threaten. By flying planes into the heart of an oncoming hurricane, the Air Weather Service determines its direction and velocity.

Irrigation and conservation fight floods and dust. Each year, new dams are built. Hurricane-proof buildings have defied Florida gales.

Deep in the hurricane belt, Florida learned to defend itself against disaster.

Yet even more could be done. Nearly all floods could be eliminated by rechanneling and levee building. Dust bowls could be wiped out by flood controls and soil-binding crops. But such undertakings require vast sums of money. So far, it has not been forthcoming.

Not many years have passed since horror-stricken Floridians stood helplessly before a hurricane's vicious onslaught. Midwesterners once watched mutely as roaring tornadoes snaked across their farmland, destroying precious crops and smashing hard-earned homes. But when the lessons of disaster began to sink in, they learned to reinforce, evacuate—and be saved. Today, although there are still gaps in the defensive wall, they know that they have done their part in combating man's oldest enemy—the weather.



The famous Johnstown flood of 1889 has become a tragic American legend.

FIRE AND
THE S. S.
HARBOR.

When the *Grandcamp* Vanished

SOMEONE SHOUTED that there was a ship afire. It was around 9 o'clock of a sunny April morning in Texas City, and a crowd gathered to watch the excitement. Most of them never left the waterfront.

The French freighter, *Grandcamp*, loaded with ammonium nitrate fertilizer, had caught fire in the early morning. For an hour, longshoremen and the fire department fought the flames, but failed to halt their relentless advance.

Fire fighters began to look about apprehensively. They knew the explosive fury of ammonium nitrate. Near-by stood the huge Monsanto chemical works. The *High Flyer*, another ship loaded with nitrate, lay berthed at the next dock. On shore, the crowd kept gathering.

But even as they thought about towing the burning vessel into the bay, she vanished in a searing thunderclap of flame. White-hot steel screamed into the horror-stunned watchers. Burning oil, blasted from a barge, sprayed the waterfront. Butane tanks roared death at the sky. People screamed and died.

The flames swept on to the Monsanto plant; most of the remaining waterfront blew up.

After midnight, the *High Flyer* rumbled and exploded. The whole terrifying sequence started over again. Explosions rocked the city. When the carnage ended, 515 were dead and $50,000,000 worth of Texas City property was wrecked . . .

The inevitable investigation showed that the dangerous fertilizer had been improperly marked. The men loading the death ship had shown complete unawareness of safety measures. "No smoking" rules had not been enforced. The death toll was swelled by spectators on the dock. But most important, a lost city gave mute testimony to the deadliness of loading explosives near a large population center.

At once, the Army and the Coast Guard teamed up to enforce shipping regulations. Dangerous cargo must be clearly labeled, they ruled. Workers must be given special instructions in handling it.

In Texas City, fire-resistant reconstruction has insured the new business district against a repetition of catastrophe. Major rebuilding in some cities had already followed this pattern. Standardized fire-fighting equipment has made it possible for one city's resources to be used against disaster in another.

In assigning the blame for the Texas City catastrophe to the U. S. Government a few months ago, a judge ruled that, from the beginning, the record of the fertilizer-manufacturing industry "discloses such disregard of and lack of care for the safety of the public as to shock one." This shocking carelessness and the causes that were responsible for the terrible explosion at South Amboy, New Jersey, last May must be overcome if America is to benefit from the teachings of tragedy.

Death Takes No Holidays

As the hero of Western movies, Buck Jones had shot his way out of countless outlaw dens. But when he was trapped in a real-life fire, millions of children wept at his fate. When the Cocoanut Grove burned, Buck Jones didn't have a chance.

He was one of some 800 Saturday night patrons in the Boston night club. The show enabled them all to forget the war for a few hours. Even the show girl who came screaming out of the wings got a laugh—until flames leaped from her hair. For a confused moment, ringsiders watched her, smiles frozen. Smoke floated across the floor. Suddenly the tightly packed crowd leaped to its feet, blinded by fear and running for an exit.

Those who reached a small door at the side turned back in despair: it was bolted. Buck Jones made for the revolving door. Smoke tore at his eyes. It obscured the flames that were devouring tinder-dry decorations, tables, chairs. But he was near the entrance now.

Then a woman stumbled and fell into the door. The horde closed in, straining, shoving. The door was jammed by trampled bodies and hysterical humanity. No one else left the Cocoanut Grove alive . . .

Nearly 500 human beings died in the flaming frenzy that night. These lives were the price paid for making other ballrooms and night clubs safe from fiery catastrophe.

There are still firetrap dance halls around: some neon-lit places flourishing outside city limits, rickety old structures in small communities. You will even see them in a few cities where inspectors are appointed for political reasons.

But in Boston, an aroused citizenry demanded new fire regulations. A unique Fire Prevention Division was established to enforce them. These laws were made retroactive, and a great many gaudy firetraps were shut down. Capacity was limited by law. New codes assured at least two approachable exits. Now, not a single Boston hotel, night club, or theater fails to conform to these rigid, lifesaving rules.

Nor is Boston alone. Almost every city in the U. S. is protecting its citizens in public places. Authorities have enforced an old English common law that makes it a crime for a man to endanger his neighbor's life by carelessness.

It is an unhappy commentary on our times, however, that only tragedy teaches these lessons. It took a Chicago theater fire to make theaters safe. It took the Cocoanut Grove fire to make night clubs safe. And it took a circus fire on a sunny July afternoon in 1944 to carry fire control one step further . . .

Under the Big Top at Hartford, Connecticut, 7,000 happy youngsters and their parents watched the clowns cavort. Mysteriously, a gust of flame shot out from the tent. In minutes, the scene was an inferno.

Some people tried to be orderly

The Hartford circus holocaust pointed up glaring omissions in city fire codes.

as they filed toward the exits, but detours around wild-animal cages sent panic creeping up. Some broke into a run, only to trip over guy wires. Frantic parents rushed into the flames to look for lost children. Then, outside the blazing canvas, those looking up caught a flash of the bright sun, and the Big Top collapsed . . .

Millions shuddered the next day when they read the Hartford story. Hundreds of fire departments shuddered, too, when they re-read their fire codes and discovered that circuses were not mentioned. No regulations prevented tents from being waterproofed with paraffin and gasoline, as the Big Top at Hartford had been. It was a common step taken for the comfort of the patrons, with no regard for their lives.

The lesson of the Hartford tragedy spurred widespread changes in fire codes covering outdoor exhibits. Safety in places of entertainment has come to be taken for granted. But vigilance must never be relaxed, for disaster, today as always, feeds upon human carelessness.

Scenes like this are repeated countless times in countless American communities.

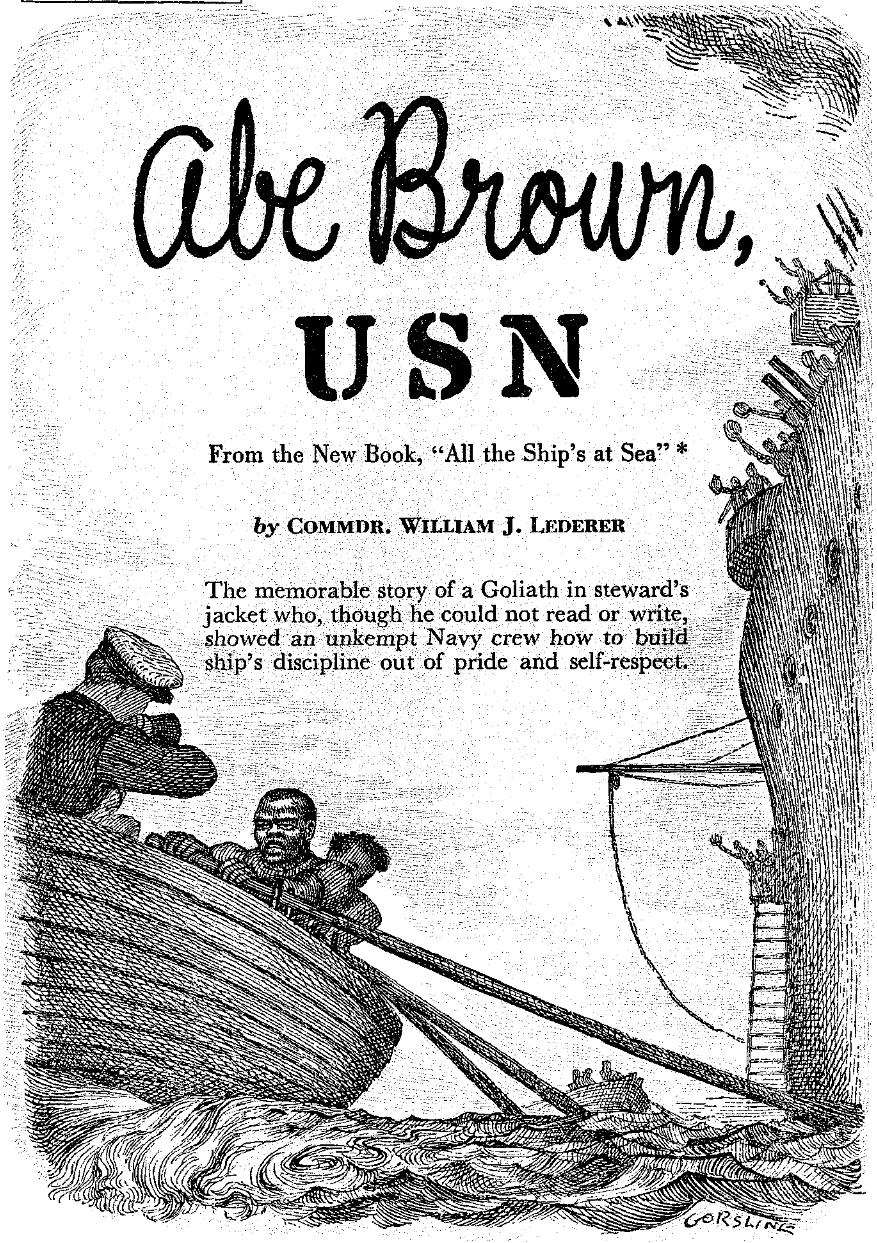
In his painful progression from tragedy to tragedy, man has often felt that he had achieved safety at last. Inevitably, however, new disasters have shattered the illusion. In days to come, he must remember the lessons of the past. For, in his endless fight to thwart catastrophe, man's greatest weakness has always been his own short memory.

Abe Brown, USN

From the New Book, "All the Ship's at Sea"*

by COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER

The memorable story of a Goliath in steward's jacket who, though he could not read or write, showed an unkempt Navy crew how to build ship's discipline out of pride and self-respect.

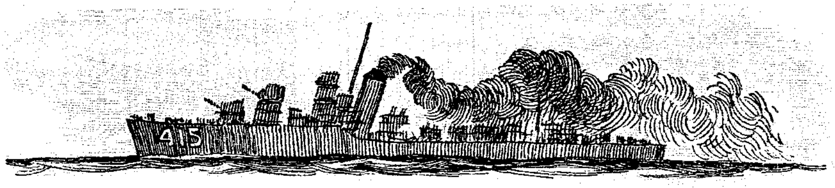


---

* Copyright, 1950, by the author and published by William Sloane Associates, Inc., 119 West 57 St., New York 19, N. Y.

Abe Brown, USN

by COMMDR. WILLIAM J. LEDERER



AFTER GRADUATING from the U.S. Naval Academy, new ensigns usually go to a big ship for two years. This period acts as sort of a postgraduate course and is considered part of a young officer's schooling. Then comes the important step: the ensign, his gold stripe now green from salt spray, goes to a destroyer, a submarine, or aviation training, and blossoms into an officer. His Navy life commences.

My first destroyer was the *USS Fortune*; I still shudder when I think about her.

The night I reported for duty aboard the *Fortune*, the sight of the wardroom shocked me. Overflowing ash trays and apple cores littered the place: the linoleum had chewing-gum spots. The Captain snored on the starboard transom, his collarless shirt loose at the neck, a scraggly mustache plastered against his unshaved jowls. His mouth hung open; his fat mid-section rose and fell with each breath.

I had known, of course, that Leo Ridd was skipper before I reported; every officer takes pains to find out who his new captain will be. At the time, I had rationalized that the years would have improved him since the old Naval Academy days, that salt water would have washed some of the arrogance and slovenliness out of him.

It hadn't. There he lay, unaltered, and his wretchedness permeated the ship. "How," I thought, "can the Navy permit a lout like this to stay in the Service? Of all the men I dislike, I get stuck with Leo Ridd."

I had wanted to make a good impression on my new commanding officer and had come aboard in my best suit of blues, gray gloves in one hand and sword and orders in the other. Looking at the topsy-turvy wardroom and then at the dumpy little man, I remembered other unseamanlike things I had noticed en route to the wardroom—peeling paint on bulkheads, slack stays, rusty decks. Recalling the fine cruiser from which I had just come, I began to burn slowly. Then Captain Ridd opened his eyes.

I said, "I'm Ensign Lederer, sir, reporting for duty."

He grunted, closed his eyes, and began snoring again.

Next morning I found that conditions were even worse than I had expected. The ship was demoralized. The Old Man had ulcers and had been passed over for promotion;

the executive officer had family problems. In fact, nobody gave a damn about anything except getting transferred off the *Fortune*.

At breakfast the officers sat down unshaved and without coats. I needn't tell you what the crew looked like. The entire ship's company was restricted; no one had been ashore in two weeks. Some disgruntled sailor had painted "Ridd's Nuthouse" on the hull in letters four feet high, and Captain Ridd said no one would leave the ship until he had a confession. He never found out who painted the hull, but there was no liberty for six weeks—and then only because the division medical officer said it was unhealthy to restrict the men any longer.

I was assigned the job of First Lieutenant, the officer whose duty it is to keep the ship clean and seaworthy—and I made up my mind to do something about this disgrace to the Navy.

After a couple of days of thinking, I outlined an attack. I made up my mind to be like the Englishman in the jungle: to dress carefully for every meal, to stay emotionally cool, to work like hell, and to demand the same of the men under me.

With painstaking effort I kept my room neat, bought extra clothes so I could change often, and laid out a work schedule for myself and my men. Also, I had myself elected Wardroom Mess Treasurer so that I might have some control over the stewards. But after a month of colossal labors, I hadn't even dented the *Fortune's* discord. My troubles compounded each other.

For example, the stewards forgot to take the laundry to the beach. I reminded them; but then the motor whaleboat broke down on the way, and while it was stalled the laundry closed. The *Fortune* went to sea for another week without clean linen.

Again, I couldn't get the stewards to clean the rugs because the vacuum cleaner needed a new extension and the engineer officer said his electricians were busy on more important things. I finally repaired the cleaner myself.

Excuses, excuses, excuses—all of them hinging on so many people I couldn't pin anyone down. Difficulties grew all over. To shorten a long, sad story, let me say that I lasted about two months and then suddenly realized that I, too, often came to breakfast unshaved. And I sat there in front of the soiled tablecloth among the overflowing ash trays, frustrated and beaten like the rest of them—sucked into the maw of the *Fortune's* inertia.

I tried to escape by putting in for a transfer. The Old Man tore the request up. "You got longer to do here than any of us," he snorted.

ONE MONDAY MORNING—about three months after I had joined the ship—we came to breakfast in a particularly bad mood. The junior officers sat around snarling at each other. The exec and the engineer officer were trying to flip pats of butter out the port with their knives. A couple of sleepy stewards stood around watching.

During our bickering, the wardroom door cracked a bit and a black face peeked through. The door opened completely, and what was behind the face entered—an enormous Negro. He stood six-feet-four, with shoulders like a buffalo's and long thick arms that hung almost to his knees. His sharply pressed pants were neatly brushed; his blouse, starched and crisp, crackled as he moved. His teeth contrasted with his freshly scrubbed black skin.

He squinted for a moment as if he couldn't believe the scene. Seeing a group of unshaved, slovenly officers paralyzed him for a moment. Then he saw the stewards. He moved forward quickly, his arms stretched out like a giant scoop. Corralling the Negroes into the corner, he spoke sharply.

"You men scram outta here. You're too crummy to handle food."

One of the stewards said, "Who the hell are you?"

The big Negro placed a hand the size of a tree stump under the steward's nose. "Just git!" he said, pushing the whole group into the passageway.

A little later the Old Man waddled in. "No stewards on duty?" he grumbled. "Haven't those black Ubangis showed up yet?" We pretended we hadn't heard him.

The big Negro re-entered, smiling, carrying a tray over his head. Crossing the wardroom, his neat clothes contrasting to our mussed outfits, he placed the tray next to the Old Man.

"What's this stuff?" demanded Captain Ridd.

"Good morning, Captain," said the Negro in a gentle voice. "I'm Chief Steward Abe Brown. I reported last night."

"What's this stuff here?"

"Your breakfast, suh. Mexican omelet, my specialty," said Brown, removing the silver cover.

The fragrance of tabasco and garlic rose from the plate. One of the junior officers piped up, "That's a fine-looking dish, sir."

Ridd pouted, "Smith or Brown or whatever your name is, when I want a Mexican omelet, I'll order it! Now send Rodriguez in here. He knows what I want."

Rodriguez, wearing a torn undershirt, came in carrying a bowl of oatmeal. The Old Man began to eat. Plates of fried eggs and greasy bacon were brought in for the rest of us. No one spoke for the rest of the meal.

AFTER BREAKFAST I went to my cabin to catch up on official mail. In my basket was the annual report of destroyers' performances. I was ashamed to read it: the *Fortune* stood last in the fleet. We stood anchor in gunnery, engineering, and battle efficiency. In communications, we stood next to last. The name of the ship wasn't even mentioned in sports competition; Ridd hadn't entered teams in anything.

Someone knocked at the door. Brown, the new steward, came in, turning sideways to make room for his enormous shoulders. "You're the mess treasurer, suh?"

"Yes," I said, noticing his cauliflower ears for the first time.

"I'd like to straighten these here stewards out, suh," he said softly. There was a religious aspect to the way he spoke. There he stood, a goliath weighing about 260 pounds, hard and beautifully proportioned. He had the stance of a Biblical patriarch, straight-backed, immaculate, and radiant with pride and dignity. Looking me in the eye he announced that he intended to transform the wardroom from chaos into order.

I said curtly, "What do you want me to do?"

"Right after lunch I'm holding a meeting of the boys in the crew's quarters. Some of 'em is liable to squawk when I'm through. I need a witness, suh. I'd like you to go in the sail locker early, and listen to what happens."

"I'll be there."

"Thanks a lot, suh," he said, shaking his head as he left. He hesitated, "I may tell a lie or two at this here meeting, but don't you worry, they'll be good lies!"

At 1400 I was waiting in the sail locker behind a pile of gear. A few minutes later the Negro stewards filed in, sitting on bunks and griping about the meeting. When they were all present, Brown went to the center of the compartment. "Boys, gather 'round!" he boomed.

All responded except Rodriguez (who had been senior man before Brown came). He remained a few aisles off, yawning.

"Boys," continued Brown, "I'm the new boss and I wanta chin-chin with you on how we're gonna run this here wardroom mess."

Rodriguez interrupted, "I should think, Bud, that after you had to eat your own omelet, you'd come to find out how things is run around here. Well," Rodriguez said, getting up, "I got some work to do for the Captain."

"Before hashing over the wardroom," said Brown, paying no attention to Rodriguez, "we oughta know each other. My name's Abe, and I spent five years in a chain gang before coming to the Navy."

"Chain gang? What for?"

Rodriguez stopped walking and spun about.

"Murder."

"Were you drunk?"

"No. I got mad. A Detroit boy laughed while I was talking serious."

"Knife him?"

"Broke his back." Brown rocked back on his heels, laughing. "The judge say I'm the strongest man he's ever seen."

Reaching over to the shipfitters' locker, Brown picked out a length of steel pipe. Without strain, he bent it double. Rodriguez returned and sat down with the others.

"Now about running the wardroom," contined Brown quietly, "I consider us stewards the most important men in the ship. You give our officers a good breakfast in a place that looks neat and cheerful—what happens? They feel good. They treat the enlisted men right and the whole ship's happy. See what I mean? You stewards control the ship."

The men grinned at each other, but Rodriguez didn't join. He sat alone, scowling. Getting up, he started toward the exit. Brown, chuckling, picked up the twisted pipe and straightened it, muttering, "Yes, suh. Judge says I'm the strongest man he ever seen." Rodriguez returned to his seat.

"Now," said Brown, "we gotta plan us a campaign. First I want you all to wear clean clothes all the time. I want you to keep your eyes on the wardroom and tidy up whenever it gets messy. See what I mean, Wilk?" he said, pointing to a tall, skinny Negro. "You're to be in charge of the wardroom. Rodriguez, you're in charge of uniforms. You inspect the boys before each meal to make sure they look like a million . . ."

"Who says so?" snarled Rodriguez. "Before you came, no one squawked. Captain Ridd, he says everything's okay. If them officers is satisfied, then who says we gotta go through all your hogwash?"

"So that's what's eating you, is it?" said Brown, grabbing him by the shirt.

"Don't you lay a hand on me!" Rodriguez shouted.

Brown's biceps bunched. Jerking Rodriguez from the bunk, he held him in mid-air at arm's length. Then Brown brought him closer until their faces almost touched.

"So you want to know who says you gotta go through all this hogwash?" said Brown harshly, placing his free hand in the small of the man's back and bending him slowly backwards.

"My back!" screamed Rodriguez.

Straightening his arm, Brown tossed Rodriguez back on the bunk; he lay there cringing, panting. Brown spoke in a gentle voice, almost a whisper. "It's me, Abe Brown, who says we'll clean up. I'm the boss 'round here. Anybody else here believe it ain't so?"

At supper I can't say there was much change in the wardroom, but there was a change in the stewards. They hovered about in clean whites, and their scuffed shoes had been blacked. They had a fresh-shaved shininess—and a scared look too. Rodriguez stood about meekly, his head in a bandage.

"What happened to you, Rodriguez?" asked the exec.

Brown answered first. "He fell down the ladder, suh, while carrying stores."

"Yes, sir," repeated Rodriguez. "I fell down the ladder."

The following morning, the stewards came to breakfast in new clothes. I wasn't too dirty that morning, but I needed a shave, and for the first time in months I felt self-conscious about it. Captain Ridd, too, squirmed in his chair; a moment later he left the table, went to his cabin, and called for hot shaving water.

Within the next few weeks the entire wardroom altered. The ash trays were emptied regularly, the bulkheads sported fresh paint, the odors wafting in from the pantry were wholesome. And always the stewards were dressed in crisp, clean uniforms. We officers came in shaved and smartly dressed. Our pride beat us into shape.

Within a month or two, the crew smartened up. It worked by chain reaction; any man who's ever been to sea knows that when a wardroom is properly run and the crew is smartly uniformed, a spick-and-span ship soon follows. And it happened that way to the *Fortune*.

I don't say we had a happy ship, because we didn't. Nor did we have an efficient ship—we still stood at the bottom in fleet competition. The Old Man still had his ulcers, and the exec still had his family troubles, and nobody gave a damn how the ship ran. But six months after Abe Brown reported, the *Fortune* was spotless.

RIDD WAS NOT an unusual man. When the *Fortune* was a floating garbage heap, he always seemed to enjoy being a professional slob. Later, when the *Fortune* had been cleaned up, Leo's set of values changed. To him, an immaculate ship now represented the holiest of holies. And to rationalize his mental flip-flop, Ridd convinced himself that his efforts had smartened up the *Fortune*.

He tried hard to persuade the crew of his genius; to accomplish this he became an extremist, a martinet. He waxed his mustache, wore expensive clothes, and roared that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Officers who showed up with one little gravy spot on their shirts ended up under hack, restricted to their rooms.

No ensign dared eat without tucking his napkin into his collar. Sailors not having regulation haircuts found themselves in the brig. Formerly the Old Man had held captain's inspections about once a month. Now they came regularly—three times a week.

One morning Ridd received notice from Washington that he had again been passed over for promotion. The Old Man's temper was hard to take. We stayed clear of him, but Brown flattered and lied to him. He told him he was a fine officer and the *Fortune* was a wonderful ship. He pumped him with one ego-filling fib after another and tried to fix him a diet that would ease his ulcers. It was Brown's mothering which prevented the Old Man from blowing his top.

Abe Brown became more and more a powerful figure in the ship. The men brought their disputes to him for solving, and his decisions usually were accepted; if not, he arranged for the belligerents to fight it out on the fantail. Another thing which gave Abe power was his relationship with Ridd. When the Old Man had one of his quixotic tempers, it was Abe who would run up as whipping boy.

During the Captain's frothing and cursing, Abe just stood there, humbly agreeing with everything. "Yassuh. Yassuh, Captain, you're right. I don't blame you for getting mad," etc., etc.

One day Ridd was in rare good mood; and Abe, ever the opportunist, wheedled permission to enter a whaleboat in the Wertenberg Cup Race. The Captain specified that the boat's crew "practice on their own time so as not to get behind in the ship's work." Never, before this, had the Captain permitted athletics of any kind.

Abe had a hard time recruiting a crew. The men were afraid that Ridd might hold it against them if anything went wrong.

"The boat crew's having a tough time, suh," Abe told me (I carried the title of Athletic Officer).

"Who's in it?"

"Percy, Spring, Kaput, Harding, me, and Yoder."

"Chief Yeoman Yoder?" This rather surprised me because Yoder was a reservist on temporary duty. In private life he worked as a press agent for a movie company. The guy was a bald-headed runt. Smart, but certainly not athletic enough to pull in a killing whaleboat race.

"Yes, suh," said Brown. "Yoder's our coxswain."

"Has he had any experience?"

"No, suh. But I couldn't get anyone else."

"Let's see," I said, "you have Spring, Percy . . . yourself, Kaput, Yoder . . . and Harding. That's still one shy?"

Brown grinned, "I came up to

see if you'd pull in the boat's crew."

"Me?"

"I've tried every other man in the ship. They're all scared of catching hell from the Captain. If we don't get you, suh, the boat'll fall through."

And so I rowed number two oar in Abe Brown's whaleboat crew.

THE OTHER SHIPS had been training for months, and the first trials were only six weeks away. At 0500 every morning, our crew pathetically splashed along; all of us were in poor shape and without previous rowing experience. The other ships and crews hooted at us while we stumbled along.

"Hey you, Hooligan Navy, get a motor!"

"You guys want a tow?"

The name Hooligan Navy stuck and other ships howled it at us as we went by, puffing and catching crabs with our oars. Occasionally when we practiced sprinting, other boats rowed alongside us with only half their men at the oars.

These humiliating experiences snapped something aboard the *Fortune*. Our crew pitied us, but they began to talk about their Hooligans and began to figure angles which might help us. The quartermasters sewed leather pants to stop us from chafing; the machinists lathed our oars; the carpenters sanded the boat; and the crew stood our night watches so that we had plenty of rest. In short, the *Fortune* became race crazy.

Two weeks before the race, we rowed the full course for the first time. It exhausted us so that we almost couldn't make it back. The first trial was to pick the squadron champs. These would race against the champs from the Service Force and so on until the fleet winners could be determined.

The sea was smooth the day of the squadron trials. A line between the *Fortune* and a spar marked the course finish. Sailors came from all the other ships to watch the race from the *Fortune*.

Just before the race, a motor launch towed us to the starting line. As we went down destroyer row, we heard the familiar kidding.

"There goes the Hooligan Navy!"

"Get an outboard!"

Finally we settled at the starting line, the last boat in place. The starter's horn blared out, "Thirty seconds before the race!"

Yoder started to give us a pep talk when Bang! the starter's gun smoked. The other boats leaped ahead in a cloud of spray. Ours thrashed behind like a clipped duck.

"Go—go—!" shouted Chief Yeoman Yoder. "Stroke ho! Stroke ho! Give 'er hell!"

We pulled. We pulled hard. Our oars dragged like telephone poles. The boat felt as heavy as a battle wagon. The race was only 30 seconds old and already we were in last place.

"We're eight lengths astern!" yelled Yoder desperately. We couldn't get together and were entirely out of rhythm.

Suddenly Abe started chanting the *St. Louis Blues* at the same cadence as our stroking. We picked up the beat, and six oars for the first time hit the water together.

Abe chanted, "Da da di daaah, di di di doe do dooooh!"

This was our natural rhythm and we began to truck on down. Although sweat filmed my eyes, I saw a couple of boats now astern of us. Abe appealed to St. Louis mama to shovel on more coal, and our oars began to steam. We passed some more boats.

"Halfway mark!" said Yoder. "We're holding fourth place!"

Halfway, I thought. Only halfway, and a couple of more strokes will paralyze me. Behind me I heard Kaput grunting, and Spring gasping like a wounded bull. Abe's chanting wasn't so loud any more, but the music still reached us. He increased the cadence and we picked up a couple of strokes.

"Three-quarters mark!" said Yoder. "We're in number two spot! *Lane's* only a boat length ahead!"

"A quarter to go," mumbled Kaput, "I can't . . ."

Brown sang loud again. From the corner of my eye I saw him, big and black and glistening, his muscles about to burst out of his skin, practically pulling the boat alone. My arms felt like stone and I saw red spots floating all over the place, but the sound of Abe's deep voice touched off a sort of belligerent strength. The others must have found the same valve, for the boat snapped ahead.

"Hundred yards to go!" Yoder shrieked. "We're neck an' neck with the *Lane*—take it from 'em, take it from 'em!"

I felt like passing out. Five-inch shells exploded in my head. Abe bellowed, "Don't give up now, for God's sake, don't give up now!"

I took a couple of more strokes. Somewhere a gun fired.

Yoder shouted, "It's all over! Toss oars!" The whole Hooligan crew couldn't have tossed one oar together. We looked at Yoder for his decision.

"Close!" said Yoder. "If they beat us, it was only by a foot."

The *Lane* boat drifted near-by. Her crew laughed, shouted—they threw the coxswain overboard.

Old Abe's nostrils quivered. "Well," he remarked sadly, "we nearly made it."

A loudspeaker boomed from the judges' boat. "The winner is the boat in lane 13; the *USS Fortune*!"

The *Lane* crew fished their coxswain out of the bay, and we threw Yoder in.

"Hot damn!" said Brown.

"Broth—er!" said Kaput.

"*Fortune, Fortune, Fortune!*" howled several hundred sailors.

The night after the race—well, I guess everyone in the tin-can Navy remembers what happened—how the crew chipped in and bought Abe Brown a yellow, secondhand Ford. And how half the *Fortune* crew wound up in the local bastille for excessive celebrating.

The following Saturday we raced in the second heat. We Hooligans came in fourth and were eliminated. But that didn't make any difference; that one shot of victory in the squadron race was all the *Fortune* needed. The boys got the taste of winning, and "Hooligan" became a war cry.

The *Fortune* started winning places in other things. We took a third place in communication competition, a fourth in fleet gunnery. Despite Ridd's bad moods, and despite the exec's family troubles, the *Fortune* became a hot ship. The junior officers and men worked hard for their own pleasure.

Just when the *Fortune* was gathering momentum, the crew received a final present. The Old Man and the exec both received orders detaching them. But Captain Ridd got in the last word. Along with his orders came a commendation from the Admiral:

"You took command of the *USS Fortune* at a time when she stood last in the fleet. You exhibited such fine leadership and devotion to duty that you inspired the officers and men under you. The *Fortune's* morale and efficiency rose to a high standard. You are hereby commended for a job well done. This commendation is to be placed in your record, along with my personal recommendation that promotion to commander be accorded you when due."

ABE BROWN AND I became good friends; and the better I knew him, the more I realized that he was a great man. One day, to my surprise, he told me he'd like to learn to read and write. "How did you make chief steward without reading and writing?" I asked him. "The regulations say that . . ."

"I fooled 'em," he said, laughing. "I murdered my way through. All I can do is sign my name."

That reminded me about the murder and chain-gang incident he told his first day in the ship. I asked Abe if it were true. He laughed harder, his broad shoulders shaking.

"Why surely, suh, you must know by now I'm the biggest liar in the Pacific Fleet. Yassuh, but they's all *good* lies."

One Friday night, Rodriguez threw a wild birthday party for himself. When he returned to the ship at 0800 on Saturday, he could hardly stand up. At 0830 he passed out. Because the weekly Captain's inspection which took place at 0930 was an all-hands evolution, Brown decided he had to help his shipmate. Carrying Rodriguez aboard a commercial shore boat, he gave the civilian operator $10.

"Take this here drunken steward over to the pier and let him sleep in the boat until your next trip. Before you come back, go to the store and buy two heads of lettuce and two bunches of carrots. On the 11 o'clock trip, bring this guy and the lettuce and the carrots back. I'll be here to pick 'em up. Keep all the change."

At Captain's inspection, Brown made the muster report, "All present or accounted for, suh."

"Where's Rodriguez?" asked the Old Man suspiciously.

"Rodriguez, suh? Oh, yassuh, I sent him ashore to get fresh vegetables for the wardroom mess. He'll be back at 1100, suh."

Abe wanted to learn to read and write, so we held school. Almost every evening I went over his primer with him. He learned his ABC's remarkably fast and soon entered the Cat, Rat, Dog stage. In a couple of months he read simple books. Then he plunged into Mark Twain's *Roughing It.*

He studied through it laboriously, underscoring the words he couldn't figure out. It took him a couple of weeks to look them all up. As he learned a word, he removed the pencil mark from under it. When all marks had been removed, Abe sat down and read the book for pleasure.

Shortly after completing *Rough-*

ing It, Abe tiptoed to my stateroom.

"Abe," I said to him, "what's eating you?"

He stood in front of me without saying anything, his head bowed. The muscles in his face twitched and suddenly tears rolled down his cheek. He flopped into the chair and wept silently—a great 260-pound hunk of muscle with cauliflower ears.

I said nothing, just waited until he was ready. In a few minutes he dried his tears.

"Suh, this is the greatest day of my life." He blew his nose. "You-all been teaching me to read and write . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, I been working pretty hard and I got so I could read books . . ." He blew his nose again. "But I been scared to write. I feared maybe it'd look funny and no one'd read it and maybe they'd laugh at me. But I thought I'd try and last week I wrote a letter, the first letter I ever wrote in my life . . ." He stood up, "Me, Abe Brown, I wrote a letter! The first letter in my whole life and . . ."

A few more tears needed wiping. Then Abe continued: "I sent that first letter—I musta writ it 20 times—I sent that letter to a correspondence school. I told 'em I wanted to get an education . . ."

"What happened?"

"By God, they read my letter. And they answered it in today's mail!" He took a paper from his pocket and waved it.

"Listen," he said, "I want you to hear what they said to me. 'Dear Mr. Brown, we received your letter of the 19th and are most happy to accept you as a student. By separate mail we are sending you a series of tests which we hope you will fill out and send back to us. The purpose of the tests is to see what subjects you should study first. Once this is accomplished and your course of study is arranged, then we can discuss financial matters with you. Sincerely yours."

I congratulated him and shook his hand. Abe looked in the mirror and, unashamed, talked to himself. "You, you big black bum, you can read and write, and now you're getting letters from the mailman like everybody else." Abe turned to me, "All my life I've wanted letters. And something else I've wanted to do was to read signs and posters.

"On my last liberty, I did nothing but walk along the streets, reading them big signs and posters. And also I always wanted to write signs and posters myself so I could tell others what I was thinking about. Since I sent that letter to the correspondence school, I got confidence. I made a sign and tonight I'm going to hang it up so everyone can read it. And I'm going to sign my name to it."

From under his jacket Brown took a piece of thin cardboard on which there was rough printing, "All Hands Keep the Hell Out of the Icebox."

Abe beamed. "Lordy, Lordy," he said, "but it's great being able to read and write . . ."

THE EDUCATION of Abe Brown took place quite a few years ago. Now that I am stationed in Washington, D.C., Abe writes me every couple of months. He retired from the Navy two years ago; he is now in college under the GI Bill, studying to be a veterinarian.

"I'm having a tough time," he wrote in his large shaky hand, "because most of the other fellows have more learning than I have. And then I don't have quite as much time as they do. I sing in churches three times a week to make extra money—at 11 on Sunday I sing solo in the Episcopal Church, at eight on Sunday morning I sing in the Baptist Church, and on Saturday I do my stuff in the Synagogue. Of course, there's a lot of rehearsing, but I get about $22 a week extra out of it.

"As you can imagine, living in a Quonset hut with four kids (Dan is in high school, the twins are in the eighth grade, and little Joanna is in kindergarten) doesn't help studying either. It's funny, me being in college and Dan in high school and yet him helping me with my mathematics all the time.

"It may be tough for an uneducated man like me to get through college and pass my veterinarian's tests (the dean says it may take an extra year). But I'll make it somehow or other. It may sound impossible, but someday people will be calling me Doc . . ."

There's no doubt in my mind, Abe Brown. Not a bit.

Travel Is So Broadening

A QUITE PRETTY YOUNG LADY who had occupied an upper berth in the Pullman couldn't find one of her slippers—popularly called mules—when she was ready to climb down the ladder in the morning.

Surmising that it might have fallen into the aisle, she searched thoroughly, but there was no slipper. So, on the chance that it could have inadvertently slipped into the lower berth, she drew apart the curtains, cautiously of course, and peeked in.

To her chagrin the gentleman occupant was there and awake, and the young woman found herself stammering, "I—I—I'm terribly sorry, but I was looking for a mule."

To her further chagrin he smiled, raised both hands to the sides of his head, tilted the fingers forward, and brayed enticingly.—IDA HUGLIN

A FOREIGN ATTACHÉ to the United Nations became enamored of a charming New York lassie, but before he could win her affections he was recalled for a conference with his government. While waiting to return to America, he studiously applied himself to a glossary of English words and phrases, so that he might be properly prepared to express his affections for his lady love.

When the date of his return to New York had been decided, the smitten diplomat carefully took stock of his English, and wrote his adored a letter ending with this tender declaration:

"Once more, my dear, I shall gaze into your unmatched eyes."

—*Wall Street Journal*

LIGHTING DARK LIVES

by PRISCILLA JACKSON

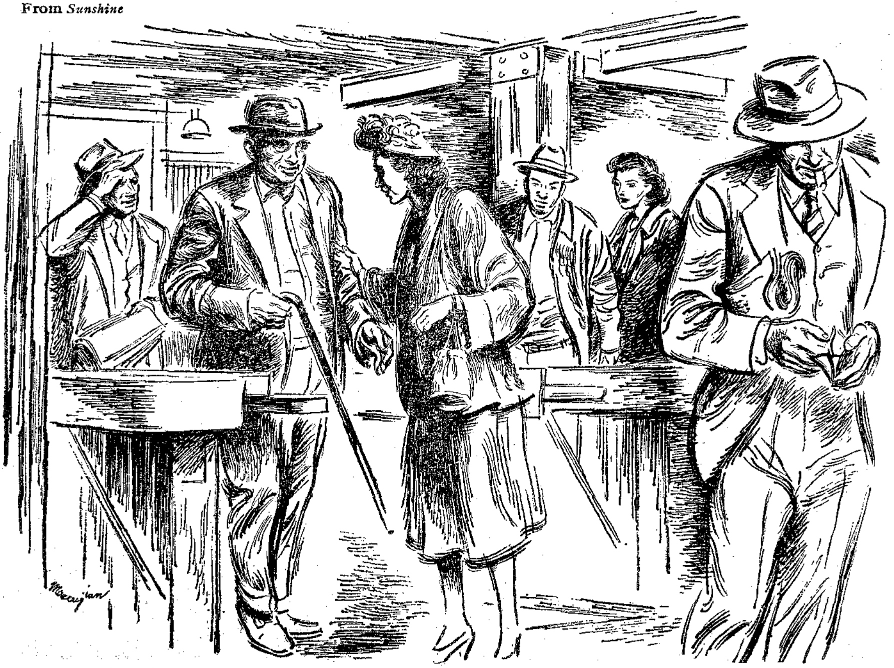
AMIDST THE RUSH and roar of the New York subway, a small, neatly attired woman may be seen holding a bespectacled man by the arm, paying his fare, and leading him through a turnstile. No one jostles them, for in the man's hand is a white-tipped cane.

The woman is Avis Thomson, retired missionary giving spare time to the New York Lighthouse Association, an organization which offers assistance to the blind. For three months every summer, she goes to Cornwall-on-Hudson to serve as guide at the Hardy Memorial Home, where groups of the blind come for vacations.

During the winter, Miss Thomson, like many other women with free time, acts as a guide to Manhattan's blind. She takes one woman to visit relatives on one of the last farms left on Staten Island. She takes a Greek to visit his cousin, a New York florist, and learns of the many Greeks who have recreated their Mediterranean climate among hothouse flowers. She takes mothers to visit daughters, and sons to visit hospitalized parents. She even takes the blind on magical excursions to parks, museums, movies, and concerts.

Usually it is by way of the subways, for she knows them thoroughly. But however she travels, Miss Thomson uses her own eyes to provide a flashlit path for others who must live in darkness.

From *Sunshine*



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

Surgery Fixes Ailing Hearts

by **J. D. Ratcliff**

Men of medicine are making dramatic strides with a series of amazing operations

In modern surgery's sweep of progress, physicians devised operations on all but one body organ—the human heart. Now, even this organ is yielding. Half a dozen operations have been devised to correct a variety of defects.

An operation on a heart is something like repairing a plane in flight. It can't be stopped while surgery is in progress. It must beat steadily, pumping blood to nourish tissues, particularly brain tissues. If it is stopped for more than three or four minutes, death is inevitable. Further, any heart surgery carries the risk of uncontrolled hemorrhage—another way of spelling death.

Almost the entire history of successful heart surgery has been written within the last decade: and the most striking advances have come during the last five years. Hundreds of people are alive today only because a small band of pioneering surgeons have had the courage to enter this delicate and hazardous field.

The first of the great heart operations was developed by a daring Boston surgeon, Dr. Robert E. Gross, when he decided something might be done about a common heart defect with a mouth-filling name—*patent ductus arteriosus.* Before birth of a baby, lungs are not inflated. Instead of going from heart to lungs, blood is short-circuited via a small duct into the main arterial system of the body.

At birth—in most people—this duct closes and blood is shunted to the lungs to gather oxygen, formerly supplied by the mother. But in many people the duct fails to close properly. A series of complications arises. The heart is sorely overloaded and is prey to deadly infection. Most people with this defect are dead by 30.

Surely, Gross calculated, something could be done for them. In the course of doing this something, he devised one of the most delicate operations ever attempted. Working surely and swiftly—and without interfering with heart action—he developed a means of entering the chest and tying off the leaking duct. Then, to make the operation still more successful, he decided to suture both ends and then cut the duct.

Gross' own figures are the best tribute to his great skill. Not long ago he reported on 133 operations of this type. In the entire group, only five deaths occurred!

THE FAMED "BLUE BABY" operation came along in the mid-40s. In this sickness, there is a too-narrow opening in the pulmonary artery, which leads from heart to lungs. Not enough blood passes to the lungs to bring sufficient oxygen to the tissues. Besides, the blood returns to an overworked heart. Surgery here consists of replacing the constricted artery with an open one.

An even more dramatic, though less publicized, operation of the same type has been developed by Dr. Clarence Crafoord in Stockholm. In some people, fibrous tissue develops in the aorta—the main heart artery which feeds into the body's arterial system. When the aorta is thus narrowed the blood pressure rises to a very high level and the heart must work too hard. It will, in time, simply work itself to death. To correct this, Crafoord cut out the fibrous portion of the aorta and sewed the ends together.

The Gross and Crafoord operations are for congenital defects. Another piece of surgery is being developed for one of the great killers—coronary sclerosis. The heart is by all odds the hardest-working body organ—pumping, in a day's time, about two-thirds of a railroad tank car of blood, and beating, in the average life span, something like 2.5 *billion* times.

In order to do its work, the heart demands a steady blood supply. It doesn't feed on the blood it pumps, but derives its food from an intricate network of arteries.

In millions of people, chiefly older people, the arteries which nourish the heart become hard and narrowed, until at last they are unable to meet the extra demands of even light exertion. When overtaxed, the heart protests. Its protests take the form of the severe pains that go with a heart attack.

People with such sclerotic hearts may live for years by limiting physical activity intelligently. However, another series of drastic things may happen. Clots often form on such hardened arteries. They may grow large enough to choke off a major heart artery. This is that top killer, coronary thrombosis.

Many of the people to whom this happens die with the first attack. In others, the portion of the heart denied nourishment slowly develops into a scar, but is no longer able to do useful work.

Several pioneering surgeons have sought a means of correcting this by giving a blood-hungry heart an extra supply of nourishment. They reasoned that any tissue hungering for blood avails itself of any supply. Therefore, why not graft any convenient tissue to the heart, and let the heart draw on the blood supply of that tissue?

Working along these lines, Dr. Laurence O'Shaughnessy, top-flight British surgeon, utilized the omentum—a flap of tissue that hangs in the abdomen. He made a small opening in the diaphragm, drew the omentum into the chest cavity, and grafted it to the heart. A number of patients got excellent results from this drastic surgery.

Tragically, O'Shaughnessy was killed at Dunkirk before he could perfect his operation and teach it to others. But fortunately, another of the great pioneering surgeons was working along the same lines.

In Cleveland, at Western Reserve Medical School, Dr. Claude S. Beck decided 15 years ago to see if it was possible to supply additional red blood to the heart muscle. After considerable experimental work, Dr. Beck devised an operation based upon two objectives. One was to graft tissues onto the surface of the heart. From these grafts, blood vessels would grow across to the heart. The other objective was to make one coronary artery connect with a neighboring one by making a set of by-passes. Thus if one artery were blocked off, the blood could go through another.

A NEW SURGICAL approach has also been developed to one of the most prevalent and serious of all heart diseases—that which results from rheumatic fever. This disease inflames the heart in many cases, causing valves to become thickened, scarred, and leaky.

A number of surgeons have attempted a desperate remedy—to enter the heart and cut scar tissue away from valves. Most such attempts ended in death. Then Dr. Horace Smithy, young surgeon at the Medical College of South Carolina, developed a new technique to get inside the heart without causing fatal blood leakage; then to get at the valve itself.

To help in his task, he invented a tiny, sickle-shaped knife. Before entering the heart, he made drawstring stitching—such as is used on a tobacco pouch. Then he made his incision inside the stitching, a small opening large enough to admit a finger. He could then feel his way toward the leaky valve. At the same time his finger would staunch the flow of blood.

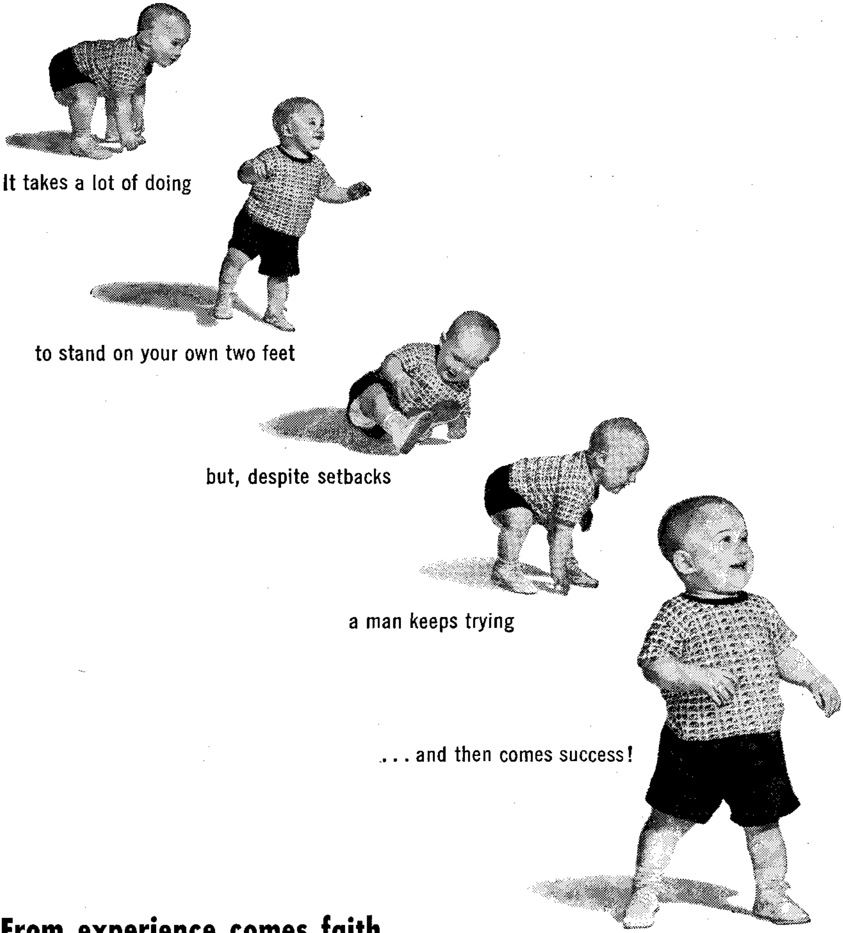
Once he had explored the leaky valve, Smithy slid his tiny knife under his finger into the heart—to make a better opening in the scarred valve. After the knife was withdrawn, Smithy pulled the drawstring which closed the wound.

Development of this operation had one ironic twist. Two years ago, before he could put the finishing touches on his operation, Dr. Smithy, 34, died of rheumatic heart disease. Now, other surgeons are carrying on his work.

In several types of heart surgery, it has been necessary to borrow arteries from another part of the patient's body. In effect, this means that gravely ill people, poor surgical risks by any standards, must subject themselves to *two* operations. One exciting new development is aimed at correcting this.

Fourteen hospitals in New York City are cooperating in setting up a central artery "bank" at Bellevue Hospital, to which all will contribute and from which all may draw. In effect, they are attempting to keep on hand a stock of heart spare parts taken from accident victims.

As yet, this work is in its earliest stages and there are scores of unanswered questions. No one knows how long arteries may be stored, or what the best storage conditions are. Will arteries from, say, a six-year-old child grow normally when


It takes a lot of doing
to stand on your own two feet
but, despite setbacks
a man keeps trying
. . . and then comes success!

From experience comes faith . . .

Every man's life is a series of falls and comebacks. Experience gained makes him better able to avoid mistakes, to achieve success. Experience teaches him where to look, which people to count on, what things to trust . . . where to place his faith.

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, Anesthetics, Biologicals, Antibiotics, Sulfonamides, Endocrines, Nutritional and Medical Specialties.

The priceless ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB

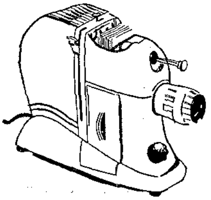
transplanted into the body of a 30-year-old man? So far, no one knows. But preliminary evidence indicated that blood vessels may be kept for considerable periods, and satisfactorily transferred from one person to another.

Yet another development is in the works, one which promises to give heart surgeons a great boost forward. The ultimate goal in all such surgery is to have a "dry" heart to work on—in other words, an empty heart which does not have to circulate blood while surgery is under way. A pump would answer this problem, but it would have to be a highly specialized pump. Besides moving blood, it would also have to aerate it, give it a fresh supply of oxygen.

A number of such pumps are now being developed. The Swedes have one, and others are being perfected in this country—at Yale, the University of Minnesota, Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles. The one furthest along is a massive apparatus built by International Business Machines Corporation for Dr. John H. Gibbon, Jr., of Jefferson. In it, a thin film of blood is spread over a rapidly spinning drum where it picks up oxygen. Once aerated, it is returned to the body from whence it came.

The IBM machine has kept dogs alive as long as 46 minutes. If it works as well in humans, this would be ample time to complete some types of heart operations.

Compared to all work in the past, advances in heart surgery in the last few years are little short of breath-taking. If they prove as successful as first reports indicate, heart disease may cease to be mankind's No. 1 enemy.



Coronet's Color Stories

—*On Your Own Screen!*

FROM THE PAGES of CORONET to your screen comes a new series of thrilling and inspirational color slides . . . *The Story of Jesus*, *Discovery—1492*, *The Ten Commandments* from the illuminations by Arthur Szyk, and *Alexander The Great*. Perfect for showings at home, church or school.

And now, as presented in this issue of CORONET—*They Won The Frontier*, dramatic picture story of the men and women who fought to open up the West.

These are just a few of the beautiful and artistic features made available as color slides by CORONET. For a complete list of these 2" x 2" slides, write today to: Society For Visual Education, Inc., 1345 West Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Ill.

FREE! *"Adventures in Conversation"* Just mail COUPON

Adventures in Conversation
THE FASCINATING NEW WAY TO
WIN POISE · POWER · PERSONALITY

MAKE YOUR CONVERSATION BRING MORE POISE, POWER AND PERSONALITY

HOW we modern, active Americans dislike to be bored! We like entertainment, sports, and adventure. One night it's the movies. The next night it's bridge. Even when we do spend an evening at home, we must turn on the radio or television. Anything to escape boredom.

But a change is taking place. Some say that the war has been a factor. All over, thinking people are beginning to weary of the quest for diversion. Too many movies, too much bridge or canasta . . . too much running around . . . what, they ask, can be more boresome?

A New and Happier Life . . .

More people are beginning to relax. They are finding a new happiness in the finer things of life. And that is leading to an ever-widening desire for conversation. But no more silly gossip about the neighbors . . . no more stupid remarks about the weather . . . no more tedious tales of family trouble. Instead, bright, sparkling words that arouse attention.

Just a Few Simple Rules

Conversation has certain fundamental rules. The good talkers whom you admire know these rules and apply them whenever they converse. Learn the rules and make your conversation brighter and more impressive.

When you have learned the magic power of words, you may find yourself becoming more popular and winning new friendships in the business and social worlds.

A Famous Course—

Several years ago a woman famous in adult education had a revolutionary idea. Impressed by the fact that thousands were needlessly retarding their progress through lack of good conversational ability, she decided to help them.

The result was a remarkably simple course through which thousands have discovered powers of conversation they never dreamed they possessed.

The woman's name is Ethel Cotton. You may have heard her over stations of the National and the Columbia Broadcasting Systems.

Countless students who have taken her Course tell us they have found nothing like it. They say that it is not only intensely practical, but also exciting and inspiring.

Send for FREE Book!

You, too, can take the first step that may better equip you for social advancement and for new helpfulness in the business world, by sending for our new free booklet, "*Adventures in Conversation.*" It's free!

This booklet describes in detail Ethel Cotton's simple and practical method for self-training in the art of Conversation right in your own home.

Yes, this booklet is FREE! Just fill in and mail the coupon. Don't delay another second. Take the step TODAY that may mean so much to you.

Conversation Studies, Dept. 1456
1315 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Conversation Studies, Dept. 1456
1315 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me a free copy of your new book, "Adventures in Conversation."

Name..

Address.....................................

City..................Zone.......State........

SO MUCH TO LEARN

by VALEDA VON STEINBERG

IT WAS THE LAST DAY of final examination in a large Eastern university. On the steps of one building, a group of engineering seniors huddled, discussing the exam due to begin in a few minutes. On their faces was confidence. This was their last exam—then on to Commencement and jobs.

Some talked of jobs they already had; others of jobs they would get. With all the assurance of four years of college, they felt ready and able to conquer the world.

The approaching exam, they knew, would be a snap. The professor had said they could bring any books or notes they wanted, requesting only that they did not talk to each other during the test.

Jubilantly they filed into the classroom. The professor passed out the papers, and smiles broadened as the students noted there were only five essay-type questions.

Three hours passed. Then the professor began to collect the papers. The students no longer looked confident. On their faces was a frightened expression. No one spoke as, papers in hand, the professor faced the class.

He surveyed the worried faces before him, then asked: "How many completed all five questions?"

Not a hand was raised.

"How many answered four?"

Still no hands.

"Three? Two?"

The students shifted restlessly in their seats.

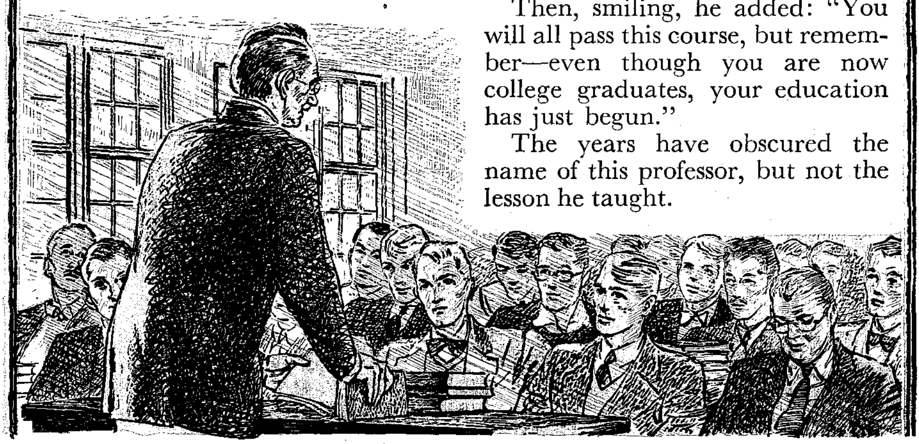
"One, then? Certainly somebody finished one."

But the class remained silent.

The professor put down the papers. "That is exactly what I expected," he said. "I just want to impress upon you that, even though you have completed four years of engineering, there are still many things about the subject you don't know. These questions you could not answer are relatively common in everyday practice."

Then, smiling, he added: "You will all pass this course, but remember—even though you are now college graduates, your education has just begun."

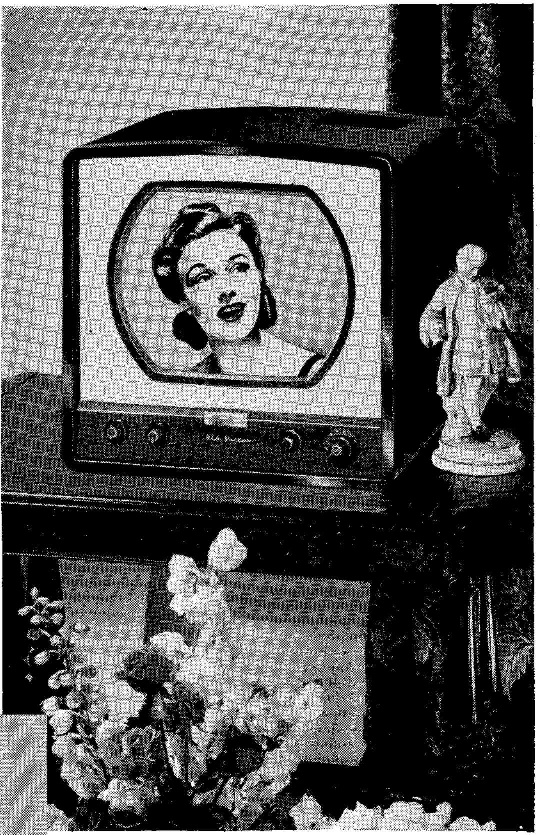
The years have obscured the name of this professor, but not the lesson he taught.



ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHE

The 18 new RCA VICTOR television sets are MILLION PROOF

proven in over a million homes



● When more than a million families choose one kind of television, that's convincing proof of its superiority. RCA Victor television is Million Proof.

Here's the Newport—one of 18 great sets with the new Eye Witness system of high-powered TV circuits. You'll agree its 16-inch pictures are television's finest.

New, more compact cabinet, *new low price*—and *only* when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract.

RCA VICTOR

Newport

with television's clearest, steadiest 16-inch pictures

Model 6T53 only 199^{95} plus $1.16 Fed. tax

Price shown is suggested list price subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in the far West and South.

RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corporation of America

• World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television •

Miracle Metal of 4,000 Uses

by **Norman Carlisle**

Science and industry are taking full advantage of aluminum's amazing versatility

Aluminum engineers have a wonderful piece of hocus-pocus that is guaranteed to startle anyone. The engineer asks a spectator for a handkerchief, which he lays over a sheet of aluminum. Next, he proceeds to press the lighted end of a cigarette on the fabric. Then the handkerchief is returned to its unbelieving owner, quite undamaged. This bewildering feat is possible because the sheet of aluminum carries off the heat so rapidly that the handkerchief never becomes hot enough to burn.

This might have remained simply a mystifying oddity, had not an engineer chanced to leave his cigarette burning on the edge of his desk. What happened then was just more evidence that even those who work with aluminum all the time cannot keep up with the possibilities of a wonder metal that already has more than 4,000 uses to its credit.

By the time the engineer noticed his cigarette, his desk top was deeply marred. He let out a yelp and dashed for the laboratories. There he proceeded to get the answer to a highly obvious question: if aluminum could keep cloth from burning, why couldn't it perform the same miracle with a piece of wood?

A little experimenting proved that it could. The trick was simple. Take ordinary wood veneer used in making furniture, and under the top layer put a thin sheet of aluminum foil. Then try burning a hole in the top of a dresser, desk or table made of the stuff. The fact that it won't burn is evidence of aluminum magic at work.

Ever since a Danish chemist succeeded in extracting some little chunks of the metal from a clay bank some 125 years ago, scientists have been fascinated by aluminum. But nature, which made it the most abundant of all minerals, also craftily contrived to make it one of the hardest to extract.

Aluminum is locked in an ore called bauxite. Getting it out by chemical means was such an im-

Memorable Screen Triumphs...

for your 16mm showings!

PYGMALION—Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller in George Bernard Shaw's famous play. Daily rental, $20.00.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT—Comedy-romance at its best, with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. $17.50.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Laughable love story starring Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell. $17.50.

PENNY SERENADE—*A human and tender love story starring Irene* Dunne and Cary Grant. $17.50.

SPECIAL! THE ETERNAL CITY—An Ideal *exclusive* in brilliant color showing shrines of the Holy Jubilee Year in Rome. 25 minutes, $7.50.

Advance booking requests on these outstanding motion pictures have been exceptionally heavy. But—if you act now—you can still reserve the films of your choice when you want them. Each feature comes complete with at least one selected short at no extra charge, guaranteeing 1½ hours or more of sparkling entertainment.

16mm film users . . . just fill in the coupon and drop it in the mail. We'll confirm your order well in advance.

Ideal Pictures

65 E. South Water St., Dept. C-109, Chicago 1, Ill.

Please send me the films checked for showing on the indicated days:

	Preferred Date	2nd Choice Date		Preferred Date	2nd Choice Date
☐ **Pygmalion**					
☐ **His Girl Friday**			☐ **Penny Serenade**		
☐ **It Happened One Night**			☐ **The Eternal City**		

Name__________ **Position**__________

Organization__________ **Address**__________

City__________ **Zone**_____ **State**__________

Make, model 16mm sound projector__________

(Good in the U. S. only)

possible job that 100 years ago aluminum sold for $545 a pound. Emperor Napoleon III of France used it for forks and spoons which he set before only his most honored guests.

Two men were responsible for aluminum's transformation from a precious metal to a universal substance. They were Paul Héroult, born in France, and Charles Hall, an American. While still in college, both tackled the baffling problem of obtaining aluminum economically. In 1886, each of them, individually yet almost simultaneously, discovered how aluminum could be extracted by the help of electric current. Neither had ever heard of the other or known of his work; yet the steps which they followed to reach their conclusions were the same, and even the wording of their descriptions was almost identical!

When Hall and some venturesome associates began to produce aluminum in 1888, they offered the metal at $8 a pound, a fantastically low price at the time. Industrialists agreed it was cheap, but what was it good for?

Today, engineers from such concerns as Reynolds Metals Company and Aluminum Company of America are more likely to ask, what *can't* you do with this most versatile material? You can cast, press or bend it into almost any conceivable shape, roll it into sheets, draw it into wires thinner than a human hair, strand it into cables, grind it to powder.

The fact that aluminum is one of the lightest metals known would in itself give it a lot of jobs to do, even if this virtue were not coupled with a seemingly incongruous companion quality, strength. Though it weighs only one-third as much, aluminum can actually be stronger than steel. Small wonder that new aluminum uses are popping up by the hundreds to create a revolution in agriculture, transportation, construction, and countless phases of your everyday life.

Take this fabulous aluminum foil, for instance. Roll aluminum long enough and hard enough in powerful machines, and out comes a sheet thinner than most paper. There the resemblance stops, for the foil has some astonishing properties that are upsetting a lot of old ideas about keeping food. Delighted housewives in New York got a sample of that recently when they discovered that they could buy lettuce as dewy fresh as when it was picked in a California field, 3,000 miles away. The secret was simple: the crates in which it had been shipped were lined with aluminum foil.

Wrap vegetables in foil and you can cook several kinds in the same pan without any of them affecting the taste of the others. You can wrap a cut onion or a muskmelon in the stuff and place it in the refrigerator, without risk of contaminating other foods.

Sometimes this magic paper surprises even the manufacturers. One company turned out an all-aluminum cigarette package, made of heavy foil, eliminating the two layers of paper and one layer of cellophane in the usual package. Two years after the first experimental packages were made, and cigarettes sealed in them, a salesman took six cartons to Europe to show to cigarette manufacturers there.

When a customs official came to the cigarettes, the salesman asked

Only

PERMA·LIFT

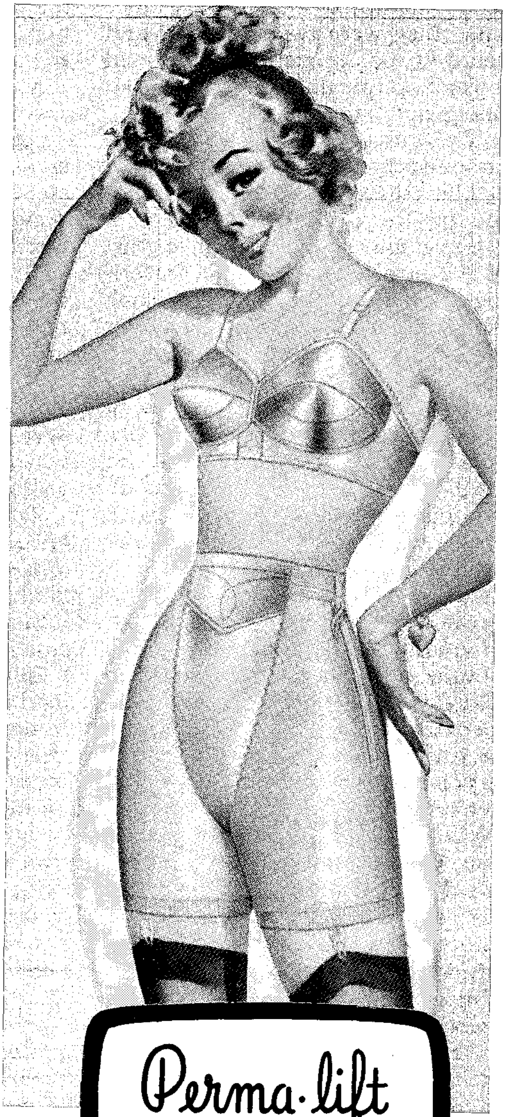
panties have the
Magic Inset

"No Bones About It—
Stays Up Without Stays"

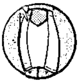
Insure your fashion future with a sleek, smooth "Perma·lift"* Pantie. Designed to make every girl a beauty queen, your "Perma·lift" Pantie is comfortable beyond belief. The Magic Inset, delicately designed in the front panel, does the trick. No poking bones or pinching stays to bother you, yet your "Perma·lift" Pantie can't roll over, wrinkle or bind. The patented all-elastic legband construction is something special too—your pantie won't ride up, always stays comfortably and firmly in place. At your favorite corsetiere, $5 to $10.95.

Also enjoy a "Perma·Lift" Bra—America's best loved bra with "The Lift that never lets you down".

*"Perma·lift", a trademark of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Chicago



Look for the Magic Inset



Perma·lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PANTIES
NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS

to be exempted from paying duty since they were two years old and couldn't be smoked. The official looked skeptical. "Go ahead and smoke one," the salesman urged.

The customs man puffed, then announced, "You'll pay the duty."

The cigarettes were as fresh as the day they were packaged.

The engineers already have a list of 500 possible uses for foil, including throwaway liners for cooking pots to eliminate scouring. Better yet, the food companies, in their search for a disposable container that will serve as a cooking pan as well, have developed a tray-like package that has been tried for soup, stews, pies, and other foods. You just pop the tray into the oven, as you would any baking dish, and when you are through, toss it away.

STARTLING AS IT may seem, aluminum has even found its way into clothes. Experimenters discovered that foil, sandwiched between layers of transparent plastic film, could be slit into thin strips to make a glittering silver thread. Going a step farther, it dawned on them that by coloring the adhesive used to keep plastic and foil together, they could get the shimmer of gold, the burnished red of copper, or any color desired. Now the glittering material is turning up in hundreds of textile products—bathing suits, dresses, draperies, and upholstery.

Aluminum experts have houses with aluminum walls that never have to be painted, aluminum siding that looks like wood yet won't crack, warp, rot or burn. And, of course, there is aluminum paint. Used as a priming coat, it is saving homeowners millions by prolonging the life of paint. Used in construction, aluminum has the priceless advantage of being resistant to rust.

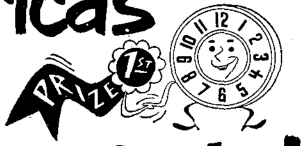
More than half a century ago, it played a unique role in the construction of the Washington Monument. Engineers wanted a shining metal cap for the memorial and had decided to use bronze coated with platinum. Then they received a letter from William Frismuth, a German immigrant who had been a student of Frederick Wöhler, first man to produce aluminum. Frismuth asked, why not use aluminum? The engineers decided to try it, and commissioned Frismuth to make the cap. Fifty years later, it was still in good condition.

Today, aluminum is used as a matter of course for the decorative details of nearly all big buildings. Yet aluminum men say that the building industry hasn't scratched the surface. To prove it, they point to a four-and-a-half-story office building in Davenport, Iowa, the nearest thing to an all-aluminum structure.

Its walls, including aluminum outer surface, concrete block, aluminum foil insulation, lathing and plaster, are only eight inches thick instead of the usual 18 inches. It was built in a fraction of the normal time, because no scaffolding had to be erected. The aluminum pieces are so light that they can be handled from inside the building.

Aluminum's amazing lightness promises a revolution in agriculture, fulfilling the dream of a *portable* irrigation system. Always before, farmers in many areas couldn't afford either permanently installed irrigation systems or the manpower necessary for moving heavy iron or steel pipes. But the day is coming

Voted America's FINEST new kitchen clock!



GENERAL ELECTRIC

The G-E Gourmet
ONLY
$6.50*

*Plus applicable taxes. Prices subject to change without notice.

This is the beautiful GOURMET, the new, sensational kitchen clock that so many women say is America's *finest!*

The *Gourmet* is so easy to read from any part of the room. Neatly designed numbers stand out clearly. Easy to clean! In red, green, yellow, and white.

Like all General Electric Clocks, the *Gourmet* gives you these advantages:

1. *No winding*—runs electrically. 2. *Quiet*—no disturbing ticktock. 3. *Dependable*—long life. 4. *Accurate*—on time *all* the time. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

when irrigation, once confined to arid regions of the West, will be a commonplace on every American farm. You can understand when you hear of experiences like that of the Missouri farmer who was one of the first to experiment with the new idea.

Up to late summer, there was plenty of rain, but then his corn crop began to wither. Instead of standing by helplessly, he just moved the aluminum pipes and sprinklers into the cornfield and pumped water from a pond.

Aluminum has appeared in the fields in another unexpected form. If you happen to see a glittering sheet of metal between rows of crops, you are witnessing an astonishing development that is going to take a lot of the heartbreak out of farming. A special aluminum foil, unrolled in long sheets, is laid over the ground to keep in the moisture and keep out weeds and excessive heat. Tests have shown crop increases as high as 200 per cent.

Certainly, aluminum has an uncanny faculty for being just the material for an incredible variety of jobs. Take the headache that confronted atomic scientists when they wanted containers for uranium that wouldn't absorb too many precious neutrons and at the same time would be noncorrosive. They tested a lot of metals and, sure enough, aluminum won out.

Or look what happened when the petroleum industry began worrying about disastrous oil-tank explosions caused by static electricity. Since aluminum is virtually spark-proof, tanks made of the metal solved that problem too. No wonder the silver-gray stuff rates as the world's most versatile material.

A "Run" for Your Money (Answers to quiz on page 29)

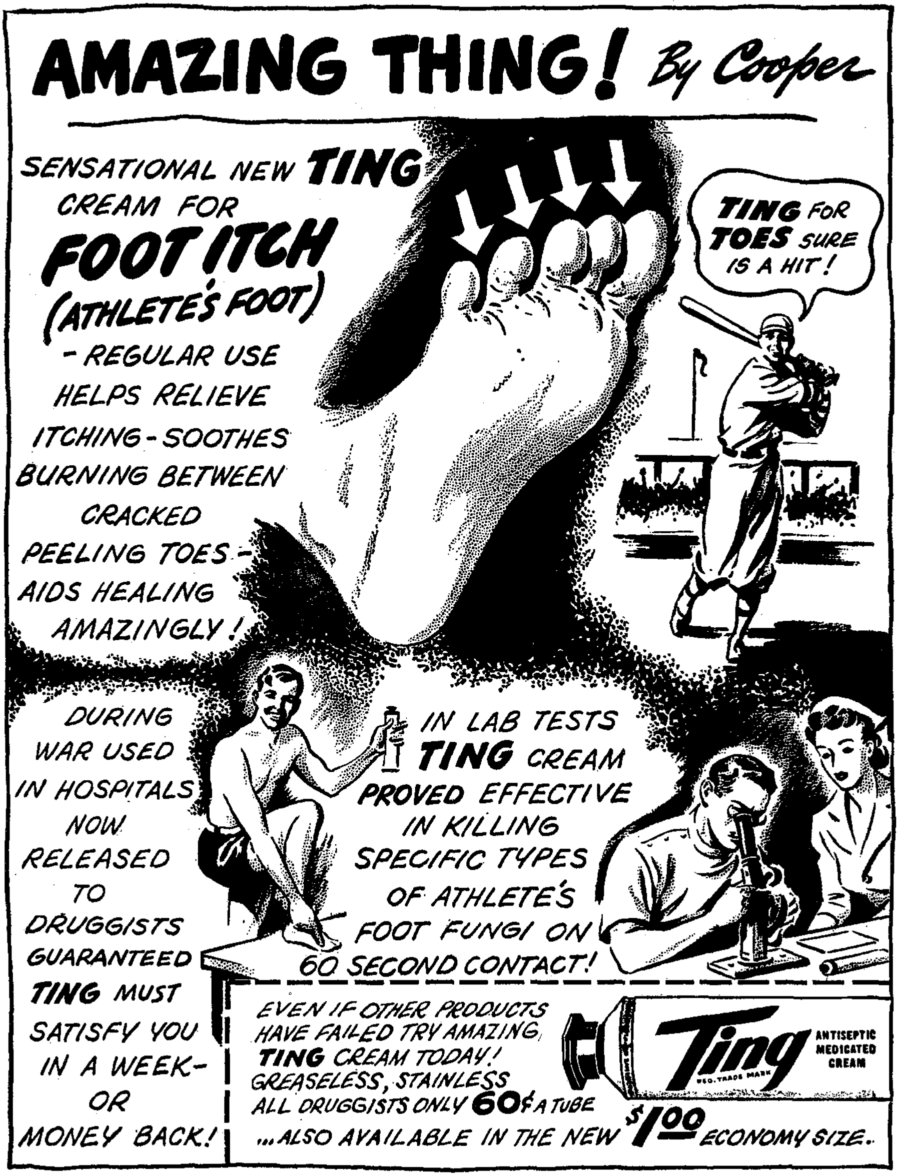
1. RUNway; 2. RUNT; 3. CRUNCH; 4. RUNner; 5. PRUNE; 6. RUNning; 7. shRUNK; 8. outRUN; 9. foreRUNner; 10. GRUNT; 11. RUNabout; 12. tRUNK; 13. spRUNG; 14. RUNG; 15. bRUNT; 16. wRUNG; 17. overRUN; 18. dRUNK; 19. unstRUNG; 20. RUNaway.

Fact or Fiction (Answers to quiz on page 95)

1. Fact (in Colorado); 2. Fact (an extinct bird); 3. Fiction (a mythological creature); 4. Fiction (an unfinished novel by Henry James); 5. Fact (one of the Wonders of the Ancient World); 6. Fact (on the Bronx campus of New York University); 7. Fact (in Ireland); 8. Fact (a real forest in England); 9. Fiction (from a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes); 10. Fact (one in Colorado, one in New York).

PHOTO CREDITS: Page 6, Clemens Kalischer; 8, Acme Newspictures; 10, United Artists, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and 20th Century-Fox; 12, Wallace Litwin; 69, 71, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79 (top), 82, 83, 84, Tad Horton; 70, Anthony Linck; 72, 79 (bottom), 80, Joe Clark; 81, Wright Morris; 109, 111 (top), 113, International News Photos; 111 (bottom), Sam Caldwell; 112, American Red Cross; 115 (top), 120, Keystone View Company; 115 (bottom), 116, New York *Daily News*; 117, 124, Wide World Photos; 118, 119 (bottom), Brown Brothers; 119 (top), Bill Kuenzel from Miami *Herald*; 123, Acme Newspictures.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.



AMAZING THING! By Cooper

SENSATIONAL NEW **TING** CREAM FOR **FOOT ITCH** (ATHLETE'S FOOT) - REGULAR USE HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING - SOOTHES BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED PEELING TOES - AIDS HEALING AMAZINGLY!

TING FOR TOES SURE IS A HIT!

DURING WAR USED IN HOSPITALS NOW RELEASED TO DRUGGISTS GUARANTEED **TING** MUST SATISFY YOU IN A WEEK - OR MONEY BACK!

IN LAB TESTS **TING** CREAM **PROVED** EFFECTIVE IN KILLING SPECIFIC TYPES OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON 60 SECOND CONTACT!

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED TRY AMAZING **TING** CREAM TODAY! GREASELESS, STAINLESS ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY **60¢** A TUBE ...ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW **$1.00** ECONOMY SIZE.

Take Your Choice

—of films . . . new 16mm sound motion pictures,

—of rental libraries . . . a nation-wide rental organization, ready to serve you.

Both are offered by Coronet Films—nation's leading producer of 16mm educational motion pictures. Yes, each month Coronet Films releases a group of new productions. Immediately, these are shipped to leading rental libraries across the country. Thus, *you* are able to receive prints for school, church or other group use within a few days after their release. This month, Coronet Films announces these six new films: *Understand Your Emotions*, *Appreciating Our Parents*, *Ways To Better Conversation*, *How To Get Cooperation*, *Let's Have Fewer Colds*, *The Italian Peninsula*.

They are all available *now* from the following film rental libraries. Each of these centers offers low rates with special teacher services and a choice of more than 300 titles.

For immediate bookings, write or phone your nearby film library *today!*

Ideal Pictures Corporation
52 Auburn Ave., N.E., Atlanta

ILLINOIS
Watland Brothers
13039 S. Western Ave., Blue Island

Audio-Visual Aids Service
Southern Illinois University, Carbondale

Visual Aids Service
University of Illinois, Champaign

Ideal Pictures Corporation
58 E. South Water St., Chicago

Lundgren's Camera Shop
419 Seventh St., Rockford

John Ott Film Library, Inc.
730 Elm St., Winnetka

INDIANA
Audio-Visual Center
Indiana University, Bloomington

Ideal Pictures Corporation
815 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis

IOWA
Ideal Pictures
1108 High St., Des Moines

Bureau of Visual Instruction
Extension Division
University of Iowa, Iowa City

KENTUCKY
Ideal Pictures
423 W. Liberty St., Louisville

LOUISIANA
Ideal Pictures Corporation
3218 Tulane Ave., New Orleans

MASSACHUSETTS
Ideal Pictures
40 Melrose St., Boston

MICHIGAN
Ideal Pictures Corporation
7338 Woodward Ave., Detroit

Locke Films, Inc.
120 W. Lovell St., Kalamazoo

MINNESOTA
Ideal Pictures
301 W. Lake St., Minneapolis

University Extension Division
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis

Ideal Pictures Corporation
915 S.W. 10th St., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
Indiana Film Library
State Teachers College, Indiana

TENNESSEE
University Film Library
Box 8540, University Station, Knoxville

University Film Library
West Tennessee Branch
U. T. Junior College, Martin

Ideal Pictures Corporation
18 S. 3rd St., Memphis

University Film Library
Middle Tennessee Branch
2321 West End, Nashville

TEXAS
Ideal Pictures
4000 Ross Ave., Dallas

UTAH
Bureau of Audio-Visual Instruction
Brigham Young University, Provo

Ideal Pictures
10 Post Office Pl., Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA
Ideal Pictures
219 E. Main St., Richmond

WISCONSIN
Fond du Lac Camera Center
7 S. Main St., Fond du Lac

Photoart Visual Service
844 N. Plankinton Ave., Milwaukee

CANADA
Benograph
279 Fort St., Winnipeg, Man.

Benograph
577 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

Benograph
100 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Benograph
1330 Sherbrooke St., West, Montreal, Que.

Benograph
Moncton, New Brunswick

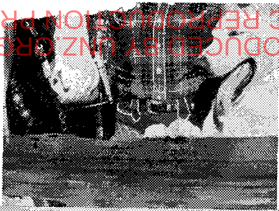
HAWAII
Ideal Pictures
1370 S. Beretania St., Honolulu

For additional information on all Coronet motion pictures, write:

Coronet Films

CORONET BUILDING
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

CISCO KID & PANCHO



GENE AUTRY

HOPALONG CASSIDY

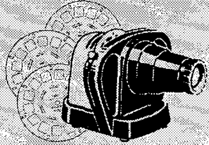
Kids

See favorite Cowboy Stars
in lifelike three dimensions
on View-Master picture reels

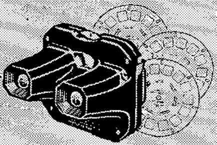
Now . . . kids of all ages can enjoy thrilling View-Master pictures of popular Cowboy Stars in the true-to-life realism of three dimensions. Other fascinating stereo subjects for children include Tarzan, Wild Animals, Indians, Fairy Tales. Stereo Kodachrome pictures are mounted in seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. At selected Photo, Gift, Department Stores. View-Master Stereoscope $2.00. Reels 35c each, 3 for $1.00. Jr. Projector $9.95.

FOR 2 DIMENSION PROJECTION

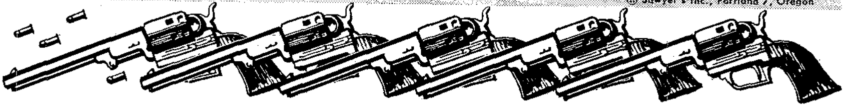
FOR 3 DIMENSION VIEWING



ASK TO SEE SAWYER'S
VIEW-MASTER®
STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES



® Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon



A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

SAVED BY A SCOURGE

IN THE SUMMER of 1910, cotton farmers of Enterprise, Ala., made a frightening discovery. The bolls of their cotton plants matured as empty husks. The dreaded boll weevil had invaded Enterprise on its march north from the Mexican border.

Next year, in an all-out effort to make up losses, the farmers planted hundreds of extra acres to cotton. The crop was anxiously watched. Sprays were lavishly administered. But the tiny weevil won again. The harvest was pitifully small.

Near ruin, Enterprise farmers decided to try crops unheard of in the South in pre-weevil days—corn, potatoes, hay, and sugar cane. The innovation seemed suicidal, yet, to everyone's astonishment, it worked. The harvest was abundant. Markets were found. Enterprise was back on its feet.

More good fortune followed. The lowly peanut prospered, and soon the little town—so hard hit by the boll weevil—was the peanut capital of America. In 1918, more than $5,000,000 in "peanut money" rolled in.

Grateful citizens responded with another revolutionary idea. While the rest of the South spoke venomously of the boll weevil, Enterprise townsfolk erected a monument in the insect's honor! The legend reads:

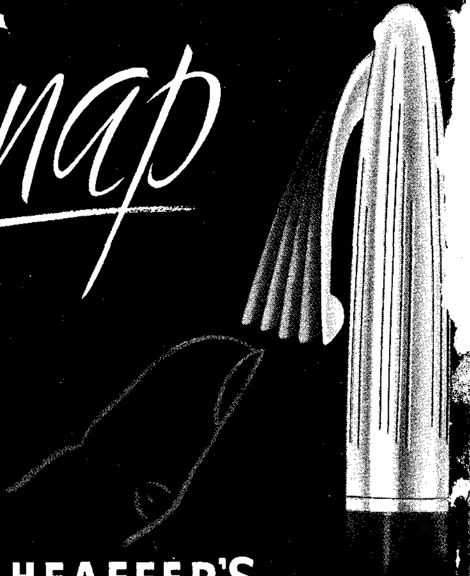
In profound appreciation
Of the Boll Weevil
And what it has done
As the herald of prosperity
This monument was erected
By the citizens of
Coffee County and Enterprise,
Alabama.

—ANTHONY STANDEN

Adapted from *Insect Invaders*. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

IT'S A *Snap*



SHEAFFER'S

...hardest pen in the world to lo

Clip it to a heavy sweater, slip it over the pocket of the thinnest summer shirt...a Sheaffer's pen stays snug and safe. For Sheaffer's exclusive Sure-Grip clip, available on all White Dot models, is permanently pressured by a powerful, hidden inner spring. It helps you keep the pen most worth keeping...Sheaffer's!

SHEAFFER'S
WHITE DOT ● OF DISTINCTION

VALIANT
Pen...$12.50
Set...$17.50
No Fed. Tax
Sets or Singly—Gift Boxed

America's FIRST *Choice*

COPYRIGHT 1950, W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO.

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADIS
IN CANADA: MALTON, ONTARIO